E. K. WATERHOUSE.

MUDGE MEMOIRS.

MUDGE MEMOIRS:

BEING A RECORD OF

ZACHARIAH MUDGE,

AND SOME MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY; TOGETHER WITH A GENEALOGICAL LIST OF THE SAME.

COMPILED FROM FAMILY PAPERS & OTHER SOURCES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

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B.A. UNIV. COLL., OXON.

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TO MY MOTHER

THIS RECORD

OF HER

ANCESTORS.

PREFACE.

THE notes in the handwriting, for the most part, of Mr. Richard Rosdew of Beechwood, from which I have gained much information, have been placed at my disposal by my father.

I have confined myself, as far as possible, to arranging and transcribing the matter before me; hence the archaisms in phraseology, which occur on the earlier pages.

As the sources of information relative to the subjects of these memoirs are limited and scanty, the following lines do not profess to be more than sketches.

Such as they are I commit them to the press, and I do so respectfully, ever mindful of the memory of those whom they record.

I beg to express my thanks to Dr. Ginsburg for his seasonable advice, and for the loan of some valuable mezzotint proofs, and to all those from whom I have received assistance; and I beg further to acknowledge my obligations to the late Mr. Alfred Mudge, for the pains he took with the proof of the genealogical table.

In conclusion, I must add that it is with deference I put forward this book, so unskilfully handled, and intended originally for those to whom it would be of family or personal interest, trusting that whoever takes it up will treat it with leniency and consideration.

NANSAWSAN,
1883.

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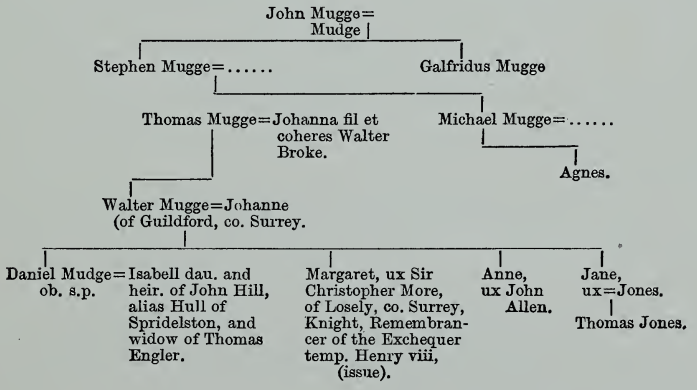
INTRODUCTION.

THE name of Mudge was originally Mugge; both spellings occur in a pedigree of the 15th century, which is recorded in one of the early Visitations of Surrey, to be found in the Harleian MSS. 1561, fol. 7, and additional MSS. 14311, fol. 139, in the British Museum.

The pedigree is as follows :—


John Mugge= Mudge
Stephen Mugge=.....
Galfridus Mugge
Thomas Mugge=Johanna fil et coheres Walter Broke.
Michael Mugge=.....
Agnes.
Walter Mugge=Johanne (of Guildford, co. Surrey.
Daniel Mudge= ob. s.p.
Isabell dau. and heir. of John Hill, alias Hull of Spridelston, and widow of Thomas Engler.
Margaret, ux Sir Christopher More, of Losely, co. Surrey, Knight, Remembrancer of the Exchequer temp. Henry viii, (issue).
Anne, ux John Allen.
Jane, ux=Jones.
Thomas Jones.

The will of the Walter Mugge mentioned in this pedigree, made on the 9th of February in the year 1494–95, was proved on the 1st of April following. In it he bequeaths his lands in Surrey to his wife Johanna for life, with remainder to his son Daniel. His lands in Devonshire he leaves to his executors on trust. The will is specially interesting, on account of the description it contains of the Mudge Arms. He directs his executors to erect within the Church at Guildford, where he desired to be buried, two stones of marble over the graves of Thomas Mugge, his father, Geffrey Mugge, and Walter Broke and Alice his wife. On these stones pictures of these persons were to be engraven, and also their arms, which he particularly describes. Those to be engraven on the Broke monument were to be 'three red lions with a chevron sable, the field silver;' the arms to be cut on the Mudge stone were to be 'three cockatrices in sable and the field silver.' In the pedigree of Sir Christopher More, in 'Le Neve's Baronets,' the alliance with Mudge, as above, is stated, and the arms of the family are given, also 'Argent, a chevron between three cockatrices sable,' which agree with those described in the will.

I am indebted to Mr. Alfred Mudge[1] for bringing these facts under my notice, which I have however verified for myself.

[1] Memorials, being a genealogical, biographical, and historical account of the name of Mudge in America from 1638 to 1868, by Alfred Mudge. Boston: printed by Alfred Mudge & Son, for the family. 1868.

Other wills bearing the name of Mudge are as follows:

WALTER MUGGE, Clerk, dated November 2nd, 1565, proved 4th of May, 1566.

JOHN MUDGE, of Thorn Falcon, in the county of Somerset, dated the 6th of April, proved the 3rd of May, 1571.

ROBERT MUDGE, citizen and 'clothworker' of London, dated the 12th, and proved the 17th of September, 1593.

EDMUND MUDGE, citizen and wax chandler of London, dated 21st of November, proved the 14th of December, 1603.

HAMLET MUDGE, of Milton near Gravesend, dated 10th of March, 1630–31, proved 3rd of April, 1632.

WILLIAM MUDGE, of Badbury, in the parish of Chiseldon, Wilts, dated 10th of May, 1604, proved 9th of February, 1604–5.

ANTONY MUDGE, of Kingsteignton, in the county of Devon, letters of administration dated 8th of October, 1630.

THOMAS MOUDGE, of Alborne, in Wiltshire, dated the 13th of March, 1632–33, proved the 6th of July, 1633.

ELIZABETH MUDGE, of Stroud, in the county of Kent, dated 10th of June, 1639, proved 12th of March, 1640–41.

JOANE MUDGE, of the parish of St. Nicholas, in the county of Devon, widow, dated the 29th of January, 1650–51, proved the 13th of May, 1654.

WALTER MUDGE, of North Curry, in the county of Somerset, dated the 30th of November, 1659, and proved the 4th of December, 1660.

GILBERT MUDGE, of Shadwell, in the county of Middlesex, 18th of March, 1679–80.

JOHN MUDGE, of Radcliffe, county of Middlesex, 20th of December, 1692.

Wills proved in the City of Exeter:—

THOMAS MUDGE, of Little Walsingham, county of Norfolk, dated June 4th, 1527, proved June 26th, 1527.

THOMAS MUDGE, of Paignton, dated March 4th, 1598–99, proved July 6th, 1599.

THOMAS MUDGE, of Blackdon, in the parish of Paignton, dated December 28th, 1595, proved January 6th, 1592–96.

SIMON MUDGE, of Deane, dated April 14th, 1605, proved May 16th, 1605.

THOMAS MUDGE, of Morvale, dated May 29th, 1613, proved May 31st, 1613.

ROBERT MUDGE, of Instow, dated August 19th, 1616, proved September 7th, 1616.

JOHN MUDGE, of Bishop's Blagdon, in the parish of Paignton, dated April 17th, 1628, proved October 21st, 1628.

The name of Mudge is to be found in the register books of many a Devonshire parish, and is still common in the west of England.

Of the derivation of the name, there have been many conjectures; it may come from the Anglo-Saxon Môd, courage; though the ancient spelling of the name Mugge, would suggest rather its affinity to the name Mügge, which is often met with in Germany, and points more certainly to a Teutonic origin; or it may be derived from the Old English Mugge, Mug, to hide or conceal.

A word or two with regard to the following pages.

They are the records, not of men who have risen to any special distinction in the history of their times, but of men who have made the most of small means and common opportunities. Opportunities all men have; but it is those who make full use of them in the line of their calling and according to the natural bent of their genius, who are enabled to rise above the common level of mankind. It is the glory of our country that men such as these should have in all periods abounded, not all equally distinguished, but men

penetrated with the spirit of excelling in the sphere of life in which they found themselves. With the subjects of our memoirs, these spheres were those of a clergyman, a physician, a mechanician, a soldier who had little to do with the din of battles, and a sailor. It may be said that there have been many such characters; I trust there have been, but all such records are interesting and useful, and bring with them lessons of encouragement for those who follow after them. One without any social advantages made for himself his position by his own ability, a man of powerful intellect, who is acknowledged to have exercised a permanent influence on the mind of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Another devoted his long life to the course his genius directed; and his perseverance enabled him to overcome the obstacles which prevented his inventions receiving for a long period their just acknowledgment. A third showed the superiority of a mind, attuned by discipline, over bodily pain; and though for many years a martyr to disease, made such use of the hours of relaxation from the duties of his profession, as to be able to complete an invention, requiring laborious experiments, which received the approval of the scientific world. Again another by steady application to his work, brought topographic and geodesic art to an excellence hitherto unattained in this country, and prepared the way for the further improvements which later years have developed. To say no more on what will be gathered better from the Records themselves, all I would here say

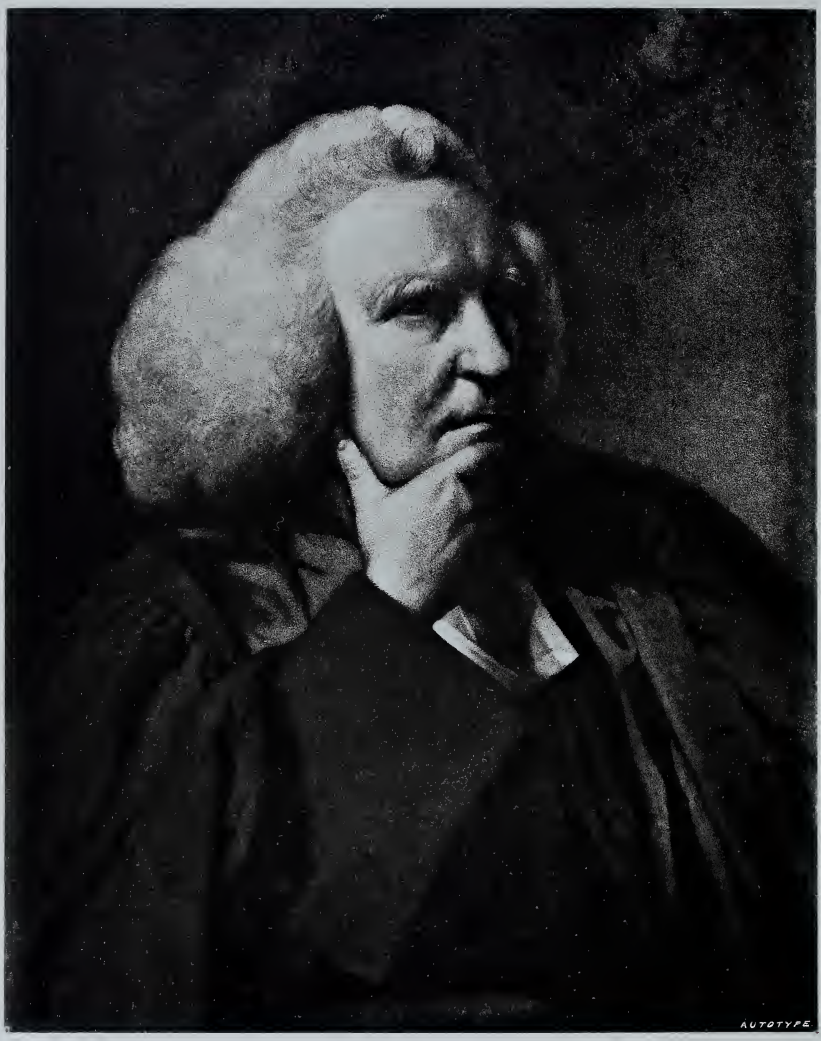
is this, that each little (and in many cases it may be very little) of what is good and noble, that a man does, in any way making use of the great and varied qualities bestowed upon him, developing his talents, or benefiting his fellow-men—each little helps to bring us nearer that perfection which is the true destiny of man.

"I too rest in faith,
That man's perfection is the crowning flower
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing,—seen in living blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow...
The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends; that order, justice, love,
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure
As roundness in the dew-drop—that great faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past."

George Eliot.

"Old times, old friends, and old events recalling,
With many a circumstance of trivial note,
To memory dear, and of importance grown."

Charles Lamb.



ZACHARIAH MUDGE.

ZACHARIAH MUDGE,

Prebendary of Exeter: Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth.

****

"Not propp'd by ancestry . .
. . . . . .
"The force of his own merits makes his way."
Henry viii.

****

ACHARIAH MUDGE was a native of Exeter, in the county of Devon, and was born in the year 1694. Nothing is known of his origin, except that his parents were in humble circumstances, and were probably of the artisan class. He received his early education at the Grammar School in Exeter, where he shewed himself then, even at that early age, a boy of remarkable ability. He remained there till the age of 13 or 14, when in 1710 he was sent to Mr. Hallett's Academy in the same city, that he might be trained for the non-conformist ministry,

his family being Presbyterians. Here also he maintained his character for intelligence, and shewed considerable aptitude for learning. In early life, out of school, he shewed also the same enquiring disposition, and thirst for knowledge. On one occasion, during the holidays, he set out and walked to London with only a few pence in his pocket. The immediate cause of this expedition was that he had the misfortune, while still a lad, to fall in love with a certain Mary Fox, whom, a few years later, he married. She was older than he was and declined his attentions: this drove him to desperation. "Acccordingly," I quote from Mr. Fox's account, "one day he marches off, without any money in his pocket, any linen to change, or any recommendation to any one person in the world to supply his necessities, and very heroically takes the road to London; I have forgot what particular passages befell him in his journey thither, though I have heard the story from himself, but I remember he told me that when he came there he had not one farthing to get a lodging, or to buy a piece of bread, till by accident he found a half-penny as he was crossing St. James' Park; with this he bought a brick,[1] and then proceeded to the Tower Wharf to try if he could get on board a ship that was bound to the East or West Indies. But in this he was disappointed, for he could find no master or voyage, and it now growing towards night, and hunger, weariness, and grief pressing upon him, he knew not

[1] A small loaf of bread.

where to go, or what to do; at length observing some empty sugar hogsheads upon the wharf, he thought it would be better lodging in one of them, than in the street, and accordingly got into one of them, and took up his lodging there for that night. He slept soundly, and got out early next morning without being taken notice of, and then went in pursuit of his favourite scheme again to enter aboard some vessel bound abroad, but this absolutely failing, and being reduced to begging or starving, he began to entertain some thoughts of returning home, and accordingly he pursued his journey with all that expedition, which his affairs required. His first night's lodging was under a hedge, he having nothing to purchase a little straw, much less a bed, but he slept well, and should have been much refreshed, had he not fallen into a dream, which much discomposed him; what the dream was I know not, but it had a great effect on him, for he travelled a vast way in his sleep, and crossed many a hedge in the night, and at last awoke in a terrible surprise, not knowing where he was, or how he got there; at length he met a person, who told him where he was, and by whose direction he found the way to Salisbury, where providence directed him to an old schoolfellow, who relieved his hunger, and gave him lodging.

" From thence he came directly to Exeter, to the great joy of his mother, who after all the inquiry she could make about him, had given him up for lost, and expected to hear

that he was either hanged or drowned."[1] On his return, his only distress was, that he had worn out his shoes by his long tramp. He used often in after life to refer to his juvenile excursion, which he always mentioned with much pleasure.

His schooling was paid for by a Mr. George Trosse, who thought highly of his abilities, and in his will, dated November 23rd, 1711, when he was 81 years of age, left all his Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French books, to be divided between his cousin John Trosse and Zachary Mudge, "to be equally divided, but the said Zachary Mudge to have the choice of each division." This legacy no doubt gave him the first incentive to the Study of Hebrew, in which he became so great a proficient.

When he had completed his education at Mr. Hallett's, he became second Master in the School of Mr. John Reynolds, Vicar of St. Thomas the Apostle in Exeter.

This was an important step in his life.

It was doubtless under Mr. Reynolds' influence that he first turned his thoughts to a comparison of the doctrines of the Established Church, and those of the non-conformist body to which he belonged. And it was doubtless moreover at this time, that the seeds of that friendship were sown, which bore fruit in a life-long intimacy with his son

[1] MS. entitled "Worthies of Devon," by Mr. J. Fox, formerly belonging to James Northcote, now in the Proprietary Library, Plymouth.

Samuel Reynolds, Master of the Grammar School at Plympton, and his celebrated grandson Sir Joshua.

Zachariah Mudge must have married Mary Fox soon after he joined Mr. Reynolds' School, in the year 1713, by whom he had three children, Zachariah, Mary, and Thomas, while residing in Exeter.

In 1717 after the birth of his son Thomas, or early in 1718, he left Exeter, and went to reside at Bideford, where he undertook the charge of the Grammar School. He was nominated to the Mastership of the School by Miss Sarah Stucley, a lady in the neighbourhood; she was the daughter of the celebrated Lewis Stucley, Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and married George Buck, Mayor of Bideford. Here Mr. Mudge took boarders into his house, and the School became, under his successful management, in a more flourishing condition, than it had been for many years. Amongst the scholars he produced, may be mentioned Dr. John Shebhare, who was pensioned at the commencement of the reign of George III, at the same time with Johnson, which occasioned the pun, that the King had "bestowed his favours on a he-bear and a she-bear."

In 1718 his son Richard was born, and in 1721 his youngest son, John.

During this period of his life he entered into a long correspondence with Bishop Weston of Exeter, on the Doctrines of the Established Church, and in this correspondence he was joined by his friend Samuel Reynolds.

This correspondence, which has unfortunately been lost, resulted in Mr. Mudge joining the Church of England.

It is much to his credit, that when he became a member of the Church of England, he sent to the West of England Branch of the Non-Conformist Association to which he belonged, the sum of £50, a sum which he considered would repay them for any expenses his education might have cost them.

In 1729 he decided on taking Holy Orders, and applied to the Bishop. Bishop Weston very carefully examined him, an unusual thing in those days, being scrupulous of granting Orders to one, who had not had a University Education ; but when he had examined him, and found what a master he was of the learned languages, he was astonished, and not only ordained him, but ever afterwards treated him with very particular respect.

Mr. Mudge was ordained Deacon on September 21st, 1729, St. Matthew's Day, and Priest on the following Sunday, September 27th.

In December of the same year he was instituted to the living of Abbotsham near Bideford, on the presentation of Lord Chancellor King. He owed this preferment to a Mr. John Atkins of Exeter, in whose house his wife had formerly resided. In 1732 he became a candidate for the Church of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, being induced to do so by a Mr. Herrings who for some time was Churchwarden of that Church. Mr. Mudge was introduced to Mr. Tolcher

one of the Aldermen of Plymouth, with whom lay the Election of a Vicar, by a Mr. Thomas Jan, a gentleman of considerable fortune near Bideford, in the following terms:

"This accompanies my worthy friend Mr. Mudge, who I hear is well recommended, and hath your interest to be your Vicar, so I need say nothing to induce you to be hearty, and to exert yourself for his succeeding therein, which if he doth, I am very sure your Parish and Town will be happy in a virtuous good man, and an ornament to his Profession. I have known him long, and have so great a value for him that his leaving this town will make me like, and be much less at, it, than hitherto, yet I can't but wish him in a place where he'll shine, and be better known than in the small Parish he hath at present."[1]

The candidates preached before the election at St. Andrew's, that the Mayor, Corporation, and Inhabitants might judge of their respective abilities. Mr. Mudge was so eloquent and impressive, that he obtained the suffrages of the majority of the Electors.

The account of his election and induction is recorded in an old Diary:

"August 23rd. This day came on the election for a Vicar for St. Andrew's Church wheare one Dr. Burnett and Mr. Zachariah Mudge was put up as candidates, and Mr. Wadon, Mayor, after all the Government had struck,

[1] Extract from a letter dated Bideford 20th May, 1732.

said there was fourteen for Dr. Burnett, and fifteen for Mr. Zachariah Mudge, but then Mr. Mayor said that all the Government was not theare and talks of adjourning to the houses of two, which weare then sick in theare beds, and one of them almost dying, but the opposite party said there was never any such custom, but only those that did meet to the Guildhall, which caused a great dispute, and the Black Book was sent for, and thare it appeared very plain it was to be decided by them only which appeared at the Guildhall, and had most strokes of the Electors theare, and then Mr. Mayor declared Mr. Zachariah Mudge, Vicar of St. Andrew's Parish. A man admired by most of the town, but only a sett of men used all the arts, and base tricks, to set him aside; theare weare severall other candidates sett up, but those trickers got them all to give up theare pretentions purely to put aside the said Mr. Mudge, though a a very deserving man both in lerning, and moralls. For Mr. Mudge, was 7 aldermen and 8 common counsell. For the Doctor, 4 aldermen and 9 others. The said Mr. Mudge was inducted the 15th day of September, being Friday, just after the morning prayers, which was after this manner. Mr. Bowden y^e^ Vicar of Charles' Parish, and Mr. Foster Elector (Lecturer) of St. Andrew's and Mr. Cocke and Mr. Hering, the two Churchwardens with a few others with Mr. Mudge stood at the chancell doore, every body being com out of church, they lockt the doore and then they unlockt itt and let y^e^ said Mr. Mudge walk in, then lock the

doore upon him, then he goes and made sum short prayer, as is supos'd to himself, itt being usuall att such tyme, then he went in the tower and struck severall strokes on one of the bells, and came out to the aforesaid gentlemen, and ask them to walk into his church, when they walked in and signed the instrument, hee brought from the Bishop's Court, and then all that weare there wish't him long life and happiness, then he invited them to drink a glass of wine to Morgan's after evening prayers, having noe place of his own.—Mark, none signed it but they who let him in."

Such is the account of Mr. Mudge's induction into the Living of St. Andrew's, worth it is said at that time £2000 a year. Thus, notwithstanding the obstacles of birth and education, by his own abilities and perseverance he found himself before the age of forty appointed to one of the most valuable and important preferments in the west of England.

The Bishop still maintained his regard for him, for on December 18th, 1736, Mr. Mudge was made Prebendary of Exeter.

In 1739 he published a volume of Sermons, dedicated to the Bishop of Exeter. Those sermons have always been held in high estimation for the strength of their reasoning, and the hard matter they embodied in them, particularly those "On the Evils of Anarchy," and "On the Origin and Obligation of Government."[1] One of these

[1] Sermons on different subjects. London, Printed for S. Birt, at the Bible and Ball, in Ave-Mary-Lane; E. Score, over against the Guildhall, Exeter; and B. Smithurst, at Plymouth, 1739.

two, the last most probably, was reprinted by his friend Edmund Burke in the form of a pamphlet, who considered it, as he said, the best Antidote to the Jacobin principles of the day, and referred to it in the House of Commons. Lord Chatham also used to speak very highly of these sermons, the volume was a favourite work with him. It is not fifty years ago since this volume was recommended, amongst other standard works of English Divines, by Bishops for the study of Candidates for Holy Orders. Sir Joshua talked of republishing the whole of these sermons, but he did not carry his intentions into effect. Sir Joshua on one occasion praising Mr. Mudge's sermons, Johnson answered, "Mudge's sermons are good, but not practical. He grasps more sense than he can hold, he takes more corn than he can make into a meal, he opens a wide prospect, but it is distant, it is indistinct."

Dr. Watken's in an account of Mr. Mudge, says that, besides the book of Sermons, he printed a single sermon preached at the visitation of Bishop Lavington. This discourse according to Dr. Watkens is a well reasoned discussion of the arguments in favour of an establishment; he never saw but one copy of it, which he gave, with the volume of sermons, to Bishop Horsley, who expressed a desire to keep them with a strong approbation of their merit.

In 1744, Mr. Mudge published a translation of the Psalms with notes, from the original Hebrew, which he

calls "An Essay towards a new English version of the Book of Psalms, from the Original Hebrew."[1] Of this book Orme remarks, "His Hebrew criticisms are not always sound, though his version of particular Psalms are frequently elegant and happy;" and of his notes Horne says, "Some of his notes are more ingenious than solid." He gave up much time for many years to the translation of the Bible from the Hebrew, a considerable portion of which he lived to accomplish, but it has never been published. Mr. Gandy alludes to this work of his life in a sermon which he preached after Mr. Mudge's death at St. Andrew's.

"His character was indeed rendered truly amiable and respectable by an union of the best qualities of the head and heart. His understanding, naturally vigorous and comprehensive, was enlarged and disciplined by study and contemplation; well versed in every branch of learning, and nicely skilled in the original languages of the sacred writings, he bent himself almost wholly to the work he was so well fitted to undertake, and to which the obligations of his profession very happily led him; the testimonies of GOD were indeed his delight and his councillors, and in the latter years of his life were scarcely ever out of his hands. Hence his profound knowledge in the doctrines, as well as the duties of Religion, which in these matters made his authority almost decisive. The public already enjoy some fruit of his learned labours, in the elucidation of the Holy

[1] The MS. in possession of Rev. W. C. Raffles Flint.

Scriptures, and it were much to be lamented by all that wish well to the interests of Piety and good learning, if any production of so much genius should be lost to the world."

Mr. Fox who at times speaks somewhat disparagingly of Mr. Mudge, however bears testimony to his ability and learning. "His character is so well known in the places where he had lived, that I need say but little about it. He was without dispute what we call a genius, and had it been his fortune ever to have been known at the Temple, the Rolls, or at Boyle's Lectures, he would certainly have passed for a great man.

"How far his own scheme of Christianity would have passed upon the world I know not, for it was very metaphysical, and fit only for the perusal of deeply abstracted minds.

"He always thought, or pretended to think, that all other schemes were defective, which I suppose might be the reason why in the first place he was a thorough Deist. He once talked it over with Dr. Clarke, who I was told had little to say against it, though I never heard, that he ever said anything for it. He had a good measure of contempt for all our great men, both divines and philosophers, he allowed them indeed to be honest, but then he said, they saw but a little way."[1]

[1] If a like tendency to depreciate were not noticeable in other lives contained in the MS, the fact that Mr. Mudge left the non-conformist body in which Mr. Fox was a minister, and he never seems quite to have forgiven his friend for so doing, might suggest a cause. Moreover Northcote well says that it is very easy to make any one appear ridiculous with whom one lives on terms of intimacy.

Mr. Mudge was very particular in the discharge of his parochial and religious duties, and whilst he was able he always took part in the Church services. For some years he had a Curate to assist him in his work, the Rev. John Gandy, for whom he conceived great regard; he was most anxious for him to succeed him at his death, in the Vicarage, which he did; and these two, so attached to each other, presided over the Parish of St. Andrew's for 92 years.

In society Mr. Mudge was extremely affable and cheerful, and was particularly fond of the company of children, and young people, but, as he advanced in years, afraid that his age might be a restraint on their mirth, he would after a while steal away, and then rub his hands and say he had gained a victory over himself.

In conversation he showed himself a man of much thought, never content with taking a superficial view of any subject, but was accustomed to look deeply into things and thus judge of their effects.

One of his sayings used to be "If you take too much care of yourself, nature will cease to take care of you." On one occasion being asked what he considered to be the first quality of style in writing, he replied, "unmistakeable perspicuity."

His son, Dr. Mudge, relates the following anecdote of him:

"I was accustomed to hasten to my father with any great news that arrived, but was often mortified by his not

receiving it with the warmth that animated myself. When the news of Wolfe's victory at Quebec arrived, I hastened to him with the Gazette, and after reading it to him with much glee, I could not avoid remarking to him that he did not seem elated with this great success; on which he said, 'Son, son, it will do very well, whilst the Americans have the sea one side, and the French on the other; but take away the French, and they will not want our protection.' He clearly saw at the moment in the capture of Quebec, the expulsion of the French from Canada, and the consequent independence of America."

Dr. Johnson made Mr. Mudge's acquaintance when on a visit to Plymouth in 1762. Boswell speaks of this visit in his life of Johnson. "Reynolds and he (Dr. Johnson) were at this time the guests of Dr. Mudge, the celebrated surgeon and physician of that place, not more distinguished for quickness of parts and variety of knowledge, than loved and esteemed for his amiable manners; and here Dr. Johnson formed an acquaintance with Dr. Mudge's father, that very eminent divine the Reverend Zachariah Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, who was idolized in the west, both for his excellence as a preacher, and the uniform perfect propriety of his private conduct. He preached a sermon purposely that Dr. Johnson might hear him, and we shall see afterwards that Johnson honoured his memory by drawing his character."[1] On one occasion, during his visit

[1] Vol. 1, p. 347.

to Plymouth, the following little incident occurred. One of the civic authorities, an old man, did himself the honour to call on Dr. Johnson on a Sunday morning and conduct him to the Alderman's seat in St. Andrew's Church. Very proud of his companion he tried to make the most of him, and not being quite so religiously minded as the Doctor, he interrupted him during the service by several trifling remarks; the Doctor at last became indignant, and rising up thundered out, "I am surprised that an old man, and a magistrate, does not know how to conduct himself in the house of GOD."

While at Plymouth, Johnson saw a great many of its inhabitants, and was not sparing of his entertaining conversation. It was here that a lady asked him one day how he came to define in his Dictionary, *Pastern* the *knee* of a horse; instead of making an elaborate defence as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."[1]

No doubt more than once Johnson partook of the hospitality of the Vicarage. On one occasion when dining there, Johnson, whose 'inextinguishable thirst for tea' is well known, after having disposed of seventeen cups of tea, presented his cup to Mrs. Mudge for another, "what"! said the lady, whose skill in tea making had been no doubt tried by this unusual demand on her teapot, "what! another, Dr. Johnson"? "Madam, you are rude."

[1] Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. I, 266, 348.

This reminds us of an occurrence at a Mrs. Cumberland's, where both Johnson and Reynolds were dining. Sir Joshua ventured to remind Johnson that he had had eleven cups of tea, which drew down on himself the reprimand, "Sir I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number up my cups of tea"? and then laughing in perfect good humour, he added, "Sir—I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number." When he saw the readiness and complacency, with which that lady obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her and said, "Madam I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did awhile ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done upon yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose but to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of. So Madam I had my revenge of her, for I swallowed *five and twenty* cups of tea, and did not treat her with as many words."[1]

Whether the lady here referred to is Mrs. Mudge we do not know, though it is quite probable that it is. She was of a careful and economical disposition, and it must have sorely gone against the grain with her, thus to minister to Johnson's insatiable thirst. Dr. Mudge, her son, used to

[1] Leslie's Life of Sir J. Reynolds, I. 387.

say she was specially parsimonious in little things, and instances the fact that when he was a child, if he asked her for an apple, she could not bear to give him a good one, and always contrived to pick out the worst.

We leave Johnson and his teacups with the lines he made one day at Miss Reynolds' tea table.

> "Oh! hear it then my Renny dear,
> Nor hear it with a frown—
> You cannot make the tea so fast,
> As I can gulp it down."[1]

Mr. Mudge generally made, in his later years, an excursion to London annually with his wife to visit his friends Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, accompanied by a female servant. Travelling at that time was not very rapid, they took their time about the journey, and the same chaise and horses with an old postilion called Pinchy, took them from Plymouth to London and back.

It was on these visits that he formed and maintained his acquaintance with Burke, whom he met with many other distinguished men, Garrick, Goldsmith, and others at his friends' houses. Burke refers to his acquaintance with Mr. Mudge, and the influence Mr. Mudge had over Sir Joshua Reynolds' character, in a letter writen to Mr. Malone in 1797.

"Though Johnson had done much to enlarge and

[1] Northcote's Life of Reynolds, p. 47.

strengthen his habit of thinking, Sir Joshua did not owe his first rudiments of speculation to him. He has always told me, that he owed his first disposition to generalize, and to view things in the abstract, to old Mr. Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, and father of the celebrated mechanic of that name. I have myself seen Mr. Mudge the clergyman at Sir Joshua's house. He was a learned and venerable old man; and, as I thought very conversant in the Platonic philosophy, and very fond of that method of philosophizing. He had been originally a dissenting minister, a description which at that time bred very considerable men, both among those who adhered to it, and those who left it. He had entirely cured himself of the unpleasant narrowness, which in the early part of his life had distinguished those gentlemen, and perfectly free from the ten times more dangerous enlargement, which has been since then their general characteristic.

"Sir Joshua had always a great love for the whole of that family, and took a great interest in whatever related to them.

"His acquaintance with the Mudges ought to be reckoned among the earliest of his literary connections. If the work (the 2nd edition of Malone's book) should come to a second edition, I hope you will not omit this very material circumstance, in the institution of a mind like that of our friend. It was from him that I first got a view of the few that have been published of Mr. Mudge's sermons,

and on conversing afterwards with Mr. Mudge I found great traces of Sir Joshua Reynolds in him, and, if I may say so, much of the manner of the Master ....."[1]

Burke wrote this letter, on receipt of the first edition of Malone's book, he was then dying.

Malone had requested him to throw his thoughts on paper relative to Sir Joshua Reynolds, while he was employed in drawing up his account of Sir Joshua. Burke, being very ill at the time, could do no more than put down a few hints, which after his death were transmitted to him.

" He was a great generalizer, and was fond of reducing everything to one system; more perhaps than the variety of principles, which operate in the human mind and in every human work, will properly endure. But this disposition to abstractions, generalizations, and classifications, is the great glory of the human mind; that, indeed, which most distinguishes man from other animals, and is the source of everything that can be called science. I believe his early acquaintance with Mr. Mudge of Exeter, a very learned and thinking man, much inclined to philosophize in the spirit of the Platonists, disposed him to this habit. He certainly by that means liberalized in a high degree the theory of his own art, and if he had been more methodically instituted in the early part of his life, and had possessed

[1] Leslie's Life of Reynolds, vol. II, p. 638. cf. Account of Life of Reynolds by Edmund Malone, p. xxxiii, xcviii Ed. v.

more leisure for study and reflection, he would, in my opinion, have pursued this method with great success."

Mr. Mudge seems to have exercised a remarkable influence over the minds of those who came in contact with him; according to Northcote, by Johnson and many others, he was 'esteemed an idol'; Burke[1] always bowed to his opinion, and Sir Joshua used to say that he was the wisest man he had ever met with in his life. Mr. Mudge's word was with Reynolds a sufficient answer to any arguments. On one occasion, when conversing with Northcote, he expressed his impatience of some innovations, at which the other said, "At that rate the Christian Religion could never have been established." "Oh!" replied Reynolds, "Mr. Mudge has answered that,"[2] which seemed to satisfy him perfectly.

In 1769 Mr. Mudge set out from Plymouth on his usual excursion to London, and slept the first night at Coffleet, the seat of Thomas Veale, Esquire, about 8 miles from Plymouth. Here he was seized with an attack of gout, which proved fatal on the 2nd of April. He always had a great sense of humour; on the night of his death as a servant of Mr. Veale, Betty Miller, was rubbing his back, he said to her, "Betty, do you know your right hand from your left"? "Lor! yes sir," she answered, "I hope I do,"

[1] Burke on having a grandson of Mr. Mudge introduced to him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, said, "I have lived in intimacy with two generations of Mudges, and have much pleasure in making the acquaintance of a third."

[2] Northcote's Conversations,

on which he kindly replied, "'Tis more than I do, for they appear both right hands to me." These were his last words.

The Body was brought back to Plymouth, and was interred by the Communion Table in his own Church, and on the next Sunday, Mr. Gandy preached the sermon before alluded to, taking for his text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Once has his form been seen since, though but for a moment. Some few years ago during some alterations in the Church, the vault was opened. The coffin was decayed, but Mr. Bone the builder, who was present, saw as distinctly as possible the form of the old Vicar. Every feature was perfect, and on the head was a scarlet nightcap: but in an instant the whole had disappeared, and a little dust only remained.

In the London Chronicle of May 2nd appeared his character drawn by Dr. Johnson.

"He was a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion and reverenced as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superfluous, and that general benevolence by which no order of men is hated or despised.

"His principles both of thought and action were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he

attained, what enquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity; a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction, but his firmness was without asperity, for knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it. The general course of his life was determined by his profession; he studied the sacred volumes in the original languages; with what diligence and success, his notes upon the Psalms give sufficient evidence. He once endeavoured to add the knowledge of Arabic to that of Hebrew; but finding his thoughts too much diverted from other studies, after some time desisted from his purpose.

"His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary.

"How his sermons were composed may be learned from the excellent volume he has given to the public; but how they were delivered can be known only to those who heard him. His delivery though unconstrained, was not negligent, and though forcible, was not turbulent. Disdaining any anxious nicety of emphasis and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity, it roused the sluggish and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject without directing it to the speaker.

"The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour. At the table of his friends he was a companion, communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please and easy to be pleased. His acquaintance was

universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid.

"Though studious, he was popular; though argumentative, he was modest; though inflexible, he was candid; and though metaphysical, he was orthodox."[1]

Mr. Mudge married, as we have previously said, Mary Fox; the date of her death is not ascertained.

In 1764 he married Elizabeth Neell, who survived him. She died June 12th, 1782.

His features have been handed down to us in the portraits, which were painted of him by Hudson and Reynolds.[2]

Sir Joshua painted Mr. Mudge three times. For the first two pictures he sat in May 1761 and in May 1762. They are both nearly full face portraits. They have lost a good deal of their original colouring; and the second one has been cleaned, having been partly damaged by having a jug of boiling water thrown over it accidentally, when lying on a table. The third picture was painted in 1766, when Mr. Mudge was in his 72nd year.

In Sir Joshua's note book is this entry:

"1766 May—Mr. Mudge."

[1] Vide Boswell's Life, vol. IV, p. 82.

[2] There is another portrait of Mr. Mudge by R. E. Pine, painted for his friend Mr. Heath, Town Clerk of Exeter, who in return presented Mr. Mudge with his portrait by the same artist. This latter hangs now in the Town Hall, Exeter.

and Dr. Mudge's notes in his pocket book confirm it.

"1766 Tuesday, April 8th. My father set out for London at noon."

"Thursday June 5th. My father and Mrs. Mudge returned from London."

"1767 Monday March 9th. Received my Father's picture from London."

Of this last mentioned portrait, which represents Mr. Mudge in deep thought, and which is well known by the excellent Mezzo-tinto engraving of it, Leslie in his life of Sir Joshua says:

"The admiration of Reynolds for Dr. Mudge seems to have inspired him to surpass himself (if possible) in the Doctor's portrait. It is a noble head painted with great grandeur, and the most perfect truth of effect. The chin rests on the hand; and Chantrey, who carved the whole composition in full relief, told me that when the marble was placed in the right light and shadow, the shape of the light, that falls behind the hand, and on the band and gown, was exactly the same in his bust as in the picture."[1]

Chantrey's fine representation in marble of the picture, stands at the East End of the South Aisle of St. Andrew's Church. It was executed at the instance of Mr. Rosdew at the cost of £500, and bears the following inscription:

"Zachariah Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, and Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth. Born 1694; died 1769. In private life he was amiable and benevolent; In his ministry faithful, eloquent and persuasive. Distinguished for knowledge among the learned, and for talent among men of Science."

[1] Vol. i, p. 270.

The following letter is interesting, it is from Mr. Edmund Bastard, of Kitley, to Mr. Richard Rosdew, and refers to the bust which Chantrey was executing at the time.

"April 23rd, 1829,

My dear Rosdew,

"I have seen Chantrey this morning as well as the Bust, with which the Archdeacon was exceedingly struck, as indeed every one must be. It is entirely finished, except smoothing off a little of the rough part of the block below the Bust, and making the place for the inscription, and engraving the inscription. All this may be done in a few days and by any of the workmen. Chantrey's part of the work is completed.

"With regard to the place, he is exceedingly anxious to see and select it himself, as the whole effect of the work must depend on the situation of the light, etc. For this purpose he has almost promised me to come down in the early part of the summer, but I am to see him again in a few days, when I hope to settle that point decidedly.

"At present he is very busy, as the works for the exhibition at Somerset House must be sent in on Monday and Tuesday. I think he will certainly come, if he possibly can, as he is very anxious about the matter. With regard to the inscription, he shewed me what you had sent him, viz :—a copy of the inscription on the grave stone. I told him I concluded that was what you wished to have, particu-

larly as I believed it was from the pen of Dr. Johnson. If I am not correct in this, pray let me know. The original inscription is

'Here lieth the Body of Zachariah Mudge.'

"I observe a pencil suggestion you have made to substitute for those words, 'Sacred to the Memory of Z. M.' which is quite correct. It occurred to me however, that it might be still better to omit the words altogether, and to have the inscription commenced simply with the words 'Zachariah Mudge.'

"I mentioned this to Chantrey, and he agreed with me.

"I am however anxious to have your opinion about it, which I will communicate to him as soon as I receive it. I am happy to tell you that he will send off your picture in a few days, as he has quite done with it. Jackson has copied it for him in a manner quite satisfactory. He showed us the copy, and I think it the best copy I ever saw of any picture . . . . . .

Your sincere friend

Edmund P. Bastard."

So great was Chantrey's admiration of the portrait of Z. Mudge, that he offered to execute the bust without charge, if he might be allowed to retain the picture. As naturally he was not allowed to make such an arrangement, he was permitted to have the picture copied. This copy by Jackson is alluded to in this letter. At the sale after Lady

Chantrey's death in 1853, it was put up as the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Evidently the public did not agree with the auctioneer in their opinion of the value and authenticity of the picture, as it was knocked down to a picture dealer named Farrar for £39 18s.

S. W. Reynolds, who has engraved this copy by Jackson, has perpetuated the mistake, by ascribing the picture to Reynolds, and saying further, "In possession of Sir Francis Chantrey." In May 1829, Mr. Bastard again refers to Chantrey and the bust. "With regard to their visit to Devonshire, they are at present in such a state of uncertainty, whether to move altogether from their residence, or to alter and enlarge their present premises, that we cannot press them to fix the time.

"I have very little doubt however of their coming, particularly as Mr. Cunningham tells me, that Chantrey is sure to come to fix on the spot, as the work is so great a favourite; so that when we have got the statue off he will be sure to follow."

Chantrey eventually did select the site for the bust. On his coming to see the statue after it was in its place, he was much struck with a light grey vein in the marble, which he said he had not noticed before, corresponding in its position on the hand, to one of the veins on the back of the human hand. This little accident he said was worth the whole of the statue.

On the 14th May, Mr. Bastard writes, "I wrote to

you in haste yesterday, being anxious to tell you of my last visit to Chantrey.....with respect to the bust he is more than ever pleased with it; he has been so much abused by his friends, and particularly those who are artists, for not having sent it to the exhibition."

Mr. J. Brooking Rowe in his Ecclesiastical History of Old Plymouth, has with much care and judgment, extracted from the well kept volumes of accounts of St. Andrew's Church, all that is most important in them. From this book I have selected those items, which are of interest, that occur during the time of Mr. Mudge's Incumbency. First as to the bells. "In 1709, Colonel Jory presented the Church with a peal of six new bells. In 1733, there is a charge paid Mr. John Pennington for casting the fifth bell, as per agreement, £41 16s. Towards the cost of this bell £54 18s. 6d. was collected from the parishioners. Recasting a bell ought not to have cost this sum. Colonel Jory's peal was a heavy one, and in 1749 in consequence of the tenor having been cracked, it was cast into a peal of eight, the cost being defrayed by voluntary contributions. Of these bells the seventh and tenor fell while in full swing in 1752, doing a great deal of damage to the belfry and Church, falling through all the floors of the tower. I do not find that any of the ringers were injured; but the necessary repairs amounted to a considerable sum. With the exception of the tenor, and new first and second, the bells now in the tower are those cast in 1749 by

Thomas Bilbie, and his name and initials are on all except the fifth. The sixth and seventh give us the information

Thomas Bilbie cast us all,
Thomas Bilbie cast all wee.

Bilbie's Tenor cracked in December 1839 and was recast by Messrs. Mears in 1840."[1] It bore the following inscription :

"Ego sum vox clamantis Parate. Zach. Mudge, Vic. Georg. Marshall, Rich. Hicks, Eccles. Guard; Conflabat Stipe Publice Collata Tho. Bilbie 1749."

A tablet in St. Andrew's Church states that the clock in the tower of this Church was made by Mr. Thomas Mudge of London 1706. This is evidently wrong. Thomas Mudge was not born till 1717, and "I do not think he did any work except for private individuals and the trade, until he entered into partnership with William Dutton in 1750. Under any circumstances the St. Andrew's clock could not have been made until after 1736, at which time Thomas Mudge finished his apprenticeship with Mr. Graham. Of course there may be a question as to whether it was made by Mudge or not; but Mr. Jeffery, who has now the charge of the clock, says that the workmanship is very excellent, and he has no doubt but that it is rightly ascribed to Mudge. If so it must have been made at least thirty years later than the date mentioned on the tablet—1736."[2] The first account we have of an organ in St.

[1] The Church of St. Andrew, p. 37.
[2] p. 93.

Andrew's is in 1735, three years after Mr. Mudge's appointment to the Church, when one built by James Parsons was opened on the 7th of December in that year.[1] The choir or singing men, as they are called, of Exeter Cathedral attended on the occasion, and the Vicar, Mr. Mudge, preached.[2] There is no notice of what was paid for the organ, but the money was raised by subscriptions, and so was the salary of the organist, John Evans." In 1748 James Parsons cleaned it, charging 8s. for the work, and in 1749 the subscriptions for the organist's salary fell off, and the Vicar made up the required sum. This was repeated several years; but at last the salary of £14 is regularly entered by the Churchwardens in their accounts, and it was increased by an endowment, and an annual payment from the town. The organ renovated and improved remains still in the Church.

In 1737 Samuel Addis bequeathed £400, the interest of which was to be applied towards the salary of the organist.

In 1737-38 there is reference made in the Churchwardens books to chorister boys.

In the Churchwardens accounts, there are during Mr. Mudge's incumbency one or two curious entries, which are worth transcribing.

[1] The Church of St. Andrew, p. 44.

[2] On the Nature of Divine Worship, No. 8 in the volume of Sermons.

In 1740–41 the accounts were kept with particular neatness and enquiries appear to have been made with some care in order to ascertain the actual income of the Church. The Churchwarden was probably John Facey, linen-draper and alderman, whose portrait is in the Athenæum, Plymouth. His comments on some of the charges made by the sexton, Samuel Rhodes, are amusing. He objects to some items, and gives the reason. The sexton charges 4s. 6d. for a flasket to carry the plate in. Mr. Facey remarks that John Jenkin offered to sell him one for 2s. 6d. "For three bottles of oyle at 1s. 4d. each, which he could not buy under 1s. 7d. each, and therefore I presume there was none used, 4s." Rhodes took care not to make this mistake in subsequent years; the charge in after years is always higher.

"For two hair brushes, for each of which he could not pay above 1s. 8d. and charges 4s.

"For a dozen brooms for which he did not pay above 9d. or 10d., 1s. is charged.

"1745.—N. B.—The green velvet cloth, with fringe much worn, was stolen from the communion table the evening that Lieut. Woolley was buried, being the 27th day of February, 1745. Cash paid for crying the green velvet communion table cloth stole from the table, 6d." Happily it was afterwards recovered.

"1749. To a large umbrella for ye use of ye ministers at burial, £1 16s." This seems a large price.

"1751. Fees to Bishop's Courtt for getting off the presentment of not having a hood, 12s. 3d. This doubtless refers to Mr. Mudge not being a graduate of a University."

"1752. Occurs a payment for killing vermin. To two badgers, four hedgehogs, 4d. each, and one fitch, 3s. 6d." [1]

ZACHARIAH, the eldest son of the Reverend Zachariah Mudge, was born at Exeter 1714. He was a

[1] The Church of St. Andrew, p. 48, 49.

surgeon and practised for some time at Tiverton. He was a man of superior talents.

He died at the age of 39, on board an Indiaman at Canton in 1753.

MARY was the only daughter of the Reverend Zachariah Mudge, she was born at Exeter in 1715.

THOMAS MUDGE.

THOMAS MUDGE.

****

"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
"Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

Hamlet.

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THOMAS MUDGE,[1] the second son of the Rev. Zachariah Mudge, was born in Exeter, in the month of September, 1717. Soon after his birth his father removed to the Grammar School at Bideford, in North Devon, where under his immediate care, he received his education. At a very early period of his life, Mr. T. Mudge gave strong indications of that mechanical genius, by which he afterwards became so eminently distinguished; for while he was yet a school boy, he could with ease take to pieces a watch, and put it together again, without any previous instructions. At the age of fourteen he was

[1] Vide Universal Magazine, 1795, p. 311.

bound apprentice to Mr. George Graham, watchmaker, opposite Water-lane, Fleet-Street, a distinguished philosopher as well as the most celebrated mechanic of his time.

He afterwards succeeded to Graham, as Graham succeeded Tompion, making, as it was said, the grandfather, father, and son, of watchmaking. Mr. Mudge soon attracted the particular attention of his master, who so highly estimated his mechanical powers, that upon all occasions he afterwards assigned to him the nicest and most difficult work; and once in particular, having been applied to by one of his friends, to construct a machine new in its mechanical operation, his friend, some time after it had been sent home, complained that it did not perform its office. Mr. Graham answered, that he was very certain the complaint could not be well founded, the work having been executed by his apprentice, Thomas, and it appeared upon examination that Mr. Graham was fully justified in this implicit confidence in his apprentice, the work having been executed in a very masterly manner, and the supposed defect arising entirely from the unskilful management of the owner.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr. Mudge took lodgings, and continued to work privately for some years. About the year 1757, he married Miss Abigail Hopkins, the daughter of a gentleman at Oxford.

The circumstance which, as it were, first rescued him from obscurity is somewhat remarkable; Mr. Ellicot, who

was one of the most distinguished watchmakers of his time, and who had been often employed by Ferdinand vi, King of Spain, was desired by that prince to make him an equation watch. Mr. Ellicot, not being able to accomplish the undertaking, applied to Mr. Shovel, an ingenious workman, to assist him; but he also being unequal to the task, mentioned it to Mr. Mudge, with whom he was very intimate, and who readily undertook to make such a watch. He not only succeeded to his own satisfaction, but to the admiration of all who had the opportunity of inspecting it. This watch having been made for Mr. Ellicot, his name was affixed to it, as is always the custom in such cases, and he assumed the whole merit of the construction. An unfortunate accident, however, did justice to the real inventor, and stripped Mr. Ellicot of his borrowed plumes. Being engaged one day in explaining his watch to some men of science, it happened to receive an injury, by which its action was entirely destroyed; and he had the mortification to find, moreover, upon inspecting the watch, that he himself could not repair the mischief. This compelled him to acknowledge that Mr. Mudge was the real inventor of the watch, and that to him it must be sent to be repaired. This transaction having, in some way or other, come to the knowledge of his Catholic Majesty, who was passionately fond of all mechanical productions, and particularly of watches, that monarch immediately employed his agents in England to engage Mr. Mudge to work for him; and such was his

approbation of his new artist's performances, that he honoured him with an unlimited commission, to make for him, at his own price, whatever he might judge worthy of his attention.

Among the several productions of Mr. Mudge's genius, which thus became the property of the king of Spain, was an equation watch, which not only shewed the sun's time, and mean time, but was also a striking watch, and a repeater, and what was very singular, and had hitherto been unattempted, it struck and repeated by solar, or apparent time. As a repeater moreover, it struck the hours, quarters, and minutes. From a whim of the king, this watch was made in the crutch end of a cane; in the sides of which were glasses covered with sliders, on the removal of which the works might be seen at any time; and his Majesty being very fond of observing the motions of the wheels at the time the watch struck, it was his practice, as he walked, to stop for that purpose. Those who saw him on these occasions observed that he shewed signs of the most lively satisfaction. The price of this watch was 480 guineas, which from the expensive materials and nature of the work, afforded Mr. Mudge but a moderate profit for his ingenuity, and he was strongly urged by several of his friends to charge 500 guineas for it, which the king would readily have paid. To this Mr. Mudge replied, that as 480 guineas gave him the profit to which he was fairly entitled, as an honest man, he could not think of increasing it, and

he saw no reason why a king should be charged more than a private gentleman.

Indeed, the king of Spain had such a high opinion of his integrity, that he not only used to speak of him as by far the most ingenious artist, as a watchmaker, he had ever employed, but excelling also in his sense of honor and justice. Mr. Townsend, then secretary to the Embassy at Madrid, once told Mr. Mudge, that his Catholic Majesty had often expressed to him his great admiration of his character, and would frequently ask his assistance to enable him to express the name of "Mudge."

In 1750, Mr. Mudge entered into partnership with Mr. William Dutton, who had also been an apprentice of Mr. Graham. They took a house in Fleet Street,[1] and till Mr. Mudge's retirement from business, worked together with perfect harmony, and good understanding. In 1760, an event happened, which Mr. Mudge ever after considered as the most fortunate in his life. This was his introduction to his Excellency the Count Bruhl, who first came to England that year, as Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of Saxony. This nobleman, who to many other valuable qualities united great knowledge of mechanical operations, and an attachment for such pursuits, ever after

[1] "In Fleet Street at No. 67 (Corner of Whitefriars St.), once lived that famous watchmaker of Queen Anne's reign, Thomas Tompion, who is said in 1700 to have begun a clock for St. Paul's, which was to go 100 years without winding up. He died in 1713. His apprentice, George Graham, invented, as Mr. Noble tells us, the horizontal escapement in 1724 He was succeeded by Mudge and Dutton, who in 1768 made Dr. Johnson his first watch. The old shop was (1850) one of the last in Fleet St. to be modernised."

treated Mr. Mudge with the most generous friendship; evincing on every occasion, the most ardent zeal for his fame and fortune by the most active services.

About this time Mr. Mudge appears to have first turned his thoughts to the improvement of time-keepers; for in the year 1765, he published a small pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the means of improving Watches, and particularly those for the Use of the sea." In this publication, says Mr. Ludlam, the true principles upon which all time-keepers must be constructed, are clearly laid down, and the means of improvement fully pointed out. Mr. Mudge had formed the plan of his time-keeper in his mind sometime previously, even before Harrison obtained his rewards. Several years after, when Mudge had carried his invention into effect, and the excellence of it was shewn by the performance of his time-keeper, he was asked why he had not made it before the reward was granted to Mr. Harrison, and publicly disputed the prize with him. He answered, that he thought Mr. Harrison a great and deserving character, and that after having spent almost the whole of his life in the laborious pursuit of an object, for which his genius so well qualified him, he could not prevail upon himself, to attempt the production of anything, by which Mr. Harrison might be deprived of the reward to which he was so well entitled. It is in allusion to this, that Mr. Mudge, in his preface to "Thoughts on improving watches," says, "as Mr. Harrison has now made his discovery, and in

consequence of it will soon receive his reward, it cannot be supposed to be done with a view to prejudice him."

In 1771, Mr. Thomas Mudge quitted business and retired to Plymouth, that he might devote his whole time and attention, to the improvement and perfection of time-keepers, especially for the purpose of discovering longitude at sea. It will doubtless not be considered out of place by those, who are unacquainted with the nature of the attempt to ascertain the longitude by time-keepers, to insert a clear and easy explanation of it by Harrison, in a pamphlet that he wrote in 1767, which will help them to estimate more truly the value of Mr. Mudge's labours.

"The Longitude of any place, is its distance, east or west, from any other given place; and what we want is a method of finding out at sea how far we have got to the east-ward or west-ward of the place we sailed from. The application of a time keeper to this discovery is founded upon the following principles:—the earth's surface is divided into 360 equal parts, (by imaginary lines drawn from north to south) which are called degrees of longitude: and its daily revolution east-ward round its own axis is performed in twenty four hours; consequently, in that period, each of these imaginary lines, or degrees, becomes successively opposite the sun, which makes the noon, or precise middle of the day, at each of those degrees; and it must follow, that from the time any of these lines passes the sun, till the next passes, must be just four minutes, for twenty four hours being divided by 360 must give just that quantity; so that for every degree of longitude we sail west-ward, it will be noon with us four minutes the later; and for every degree east-ward, four minutes the sooner, and so in proportion for any greater or less quantity. Now, the exact time of the day, at the place where we are, can be ascertained by well known and easy observations of the sun, if visible for a few minutes, at any time from his being ten degrees high, till within an hour of noon, or from an hour after noon, till he is only ten degrees high in the afternoon; if therefore at

any time, when such observation is made, a timekeeper tells us at the same moment what o'clock it is at the place we sailed from, our longitude is clearly discovered. To do this it is not necessary that a watch should perform its revolutions precisely in that space of time which the earth takes to perform hers; it is only required, that it should invariably perform it *in some known time*, and then the constant difference between the length of one revolution and the other, will appear to be so much daily gained or lost by the watch, which constant gain or loss is called the rate of its going, and which being added to, or deducted from, the time shewn by the watch, will give the true time, and consequently the difference of longitude."

The improvement of time-keepers for nautical purposes had long been an object of public attention, and in the reign of Queen Anne an Act of Parliament was passed, offering the following rewards to any person, who should either by the invention of a time-keeper or other methods therein stated, determine the longitude within the following limits: namely £10,000 if such method should determine the longitude to one degree of a great circle, or sixty geographical miles; £15,000 if to two thirds of the distance; and £20,000 if to half the distance. Under this Act of Parliament, John Harrison, the celebrated mechanic, after prosecuting his labours with great assiduity during a considerable part of a very long life, and contending, it is asserted, with great personal opposition from an official quarter, obtained the reward of £10,000; and upon his petitioning Parliament for a further recompense, in consideration of the services he had rendered the public, such an additional sum was granted him, as, together with what

he had received previously from time to time from the Board of Longitude, to enable him to continue the undertaking, made in the whole £20,000.

Mr. Harrison's time-keepers, however, though very ingenious machines, were not found after some time to answer the purpose of determining the longitude with so much certainty and exactness, as to render no further improvements necessary; and another Act of Parliament was passed in the 14th year of George III, offering other rewards for a more perfect method. But although the degree of exactness required by this Act, was four times as great as by the former, yet the rewards were lessened to one half.

Mr. Mudge retired to Plymouth as we have already stated, in 1771, and a few years later[1] he was honoured by the king appointing him his watchmaker, which gratified him much, for, as he said, it was an office voluntarily given to him, when there was no prospect of his being enabled to execute any further work for their Majesties.

He began to prosecute at once what he had meditated long before, the improvement of time-keepers for discovering longitude at sea; after some years of labour he completed one time-keeper which he put into the hands of Dr. Hornby, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. After this gentleman had tried it for four months, during

[1] 1776.

which time it went with great accuracy, it was then committed to the care of Dr. Maskelyne, as Astronomer Royal, to be tried by him at the observatory at Greenwich, in the course of the years 1776 and 1777. After it had been under his care a considerable time, the Board of Longitude, by way of encouraging Mr. Mudge to make another, so as to become properly a candidate for the specific rewards of the Act of Parliament, thought proper to give him £500; for it was expressly required by the Act, that two time-keepers should be made upon the same principles, and both tried at the same time, that if each should go with the required degree of exactness, it might with the more certainty appear to result from the perfection of the principles upon which they were constructed and not from accident.

It was asserted at the time, that this resolution of the Board of Longitude was not made in conformity to the wishes and representations of the Astronomer Royal, whose treatment of Mr. Mudge's time-keepers while under his care, it was further said, was neither fair nor proper. Be this as it may, Mr. Mudge was much annoyed at the treatment he received from Dr. Maskelyne, both at this time and on later occasions, though from the natural modesty and integrity of his character, and his high sense of honour, he refrained from taking any practical steps, to defend himself and the soundness of his inventions. One day, Dr. Maskelyne asked him, whether he intended to follow

the example of Mr. Harrison, and write against him, Mr. Mudge assured him that, whatever might be the ultimate fate of his time-keepers, he certainly would not.[1]

Though unwilling to defend himself he found, however, an active champion of his cause, in his son, who brought the charge above mentioned against the Astronomer Royal in "A Narrative of facts relative to the time-keepers constructed by Mr. Thomas Mudge." Dr. Maskelyne published a vindication of himself in "An Answer to the Narrative of Facts," and Mr. Thomas Mudge, jun., published "A Reply."[2] The first time-keeper, after it had been tried by the Astronomer Royal, was in possession of M. de Zach, Astronomer to the Duke of Saxe Gotha, from May 1786, to July 1788, during which time he carried it from London to Gotha, thence to Hyeres, thence by sea to Genoa, thence by land to Pisa, Milan, and back to Hyeres. At the end of about a year's absence from Gotha, to which place he returned by Genoa, after having travelled over several thousand miles, he found that it had preserved the same regularity of going, which it had when it first came into his possession; and by its very great accuracy, he was enabled to ascertain the longitude of several places, with a greater degree of precision, than ever had been done before.

In the years 1784 and 1785, this time-keeper was carried on two voyages to Newfoundland by Admiral

[1] Reply to Dr. Maskelyne, p. 17.
[2] 1792.

Campbell, and in each voyage went so well, as to determine the longitude within one mile and a quarter, on the first voyage, and to six miles and an eighth on the second. In consequence of this, the Admiral, a man of great scientific knowledge, and accuracy of observation, repeatedly declared that in his opinion, such time-keepers were capable of answering every nautical purpose that could be required of them.

After Mr. Mudge had received the £500, instead of making only one more time-keeper, which would have been sufficient to answer the purpose of the Act, he immediately set about making two; the more fully, if they went well, to shew by the number made, that it was to the principle of their construction, and not to chance, that they were indebted to the accuracy of their going. When these were completed, they likewise in pursuance of the requirements of the Act, underwent a trial at the hands of the Astronomer Royal.

These two time-keepers are known by the names of the Green and Blue[1] Chronometers, and were tested in 1779-80, 1783-84, and finally in 1789-90. While they were in the hands of Dr. Maskelyne for the first trial, those interested in their success, evidently suspected some mismanagement or unfair treatment of them. In a letter of Mr. Mudge to his friend, Mr. Dutton, dated Dec. 28th,

[1] In possession of the Rev. William Mallock.

1779, he says: "You give me but a bad account of the watches at Greenwich. I am resolved not to suspect the integrity of those under whose care they are, till I have some glaring proof of unfair dealing; though I assure you, that which I have here (meaning the first time-keeper) though nothing has been done to it except putting some oil to it, when you sent it down two years ago, goes incomparably better. I have been obliged to make use of it as my regulator for eight weeks past, and I found by a transit of the sun two days ago, that the observed error differed only about ten seconds, from the error computed from its rate of going."

In July 1790, the year's trial required by the Act expired, about a fortnight previous to which a Board of Longitude was held, when Dr. Maskelyne's report of the going of the time-keepers was so favourable, that it was declared, that directions should be given at the next board, to apply to the Admiralty for a ship, in which they might be sent to sea in further compliance with the Act. At the meeting of the next Board, however, Dr. Maskelyne produced certain calculations, in order to prove that neither of them had gone within any of the limits of the Act; and therefore, at the Board, held towards the close of 1790, in consequence of the Doctor's Report, it was determined that no further trial of them should take place.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact however, that in the face of this official censure on the instruments, these

time-keepers went, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, so very much better, both before, and after Dr. Maskelyne's trial of them, with Dr. Hornby and Mr. Dutton, than they did while in possession of the Astronomer Royal. Dr. Maskelyne also, is stated to have said, after the year's trial had closed, that both the time-keepers had gone within the limits of the Act, that one of them had gone within the strictest limits appointed, and the other within the most extended limits.

This was the immediate cause of the controversy before mentioned, and one or two extracts are introduced here, from the "Reply to the Answer of Dr. Maskelyne."

Speaking of the excellence of his father's work, Mr. Mudge, junr., says: "There are no time-keepers in existence made by Mr. Arnold, Mr. Earnshaw, and Mr. Emery, or by any other person which have been in use for several years, and still preserve so great a degree of perfection as to go generally within half a second a day; a degree of excellence which not only the two time-keepers that were last rejected, and are now with Mr. Dutton, continue to possess; but also the first, which was made about eighteen years since, and is now going in the hands of his excellency Count Bruhl. As I am at present speaking of the actual merit of my father, in comparison with that of other watchmakers, I will mention one proof of his superiority, which to my mind is incontrovertible, which is, that the natural vigour of his

genius enabled him to strike out *at once* those principles of construction of his time-keepers which were calculated to impart the greatest excellence to them; and it is a fact that though Mr. Arnold and other time-keeper makers, have been continually altering the construction upon which they have made their time-keepers, because they found from time to time, that they were not to be depended upon, my father has never made any alteration in the construction or invention of his, but they are exactly the same now as they were in the year 1774, when he finished the first he made; and in consequence of this certainty in their principles, they have not gone, some well and some ill, but all the three successively, which he has made, have invariably arrived at a great degree of perfection."[1] In another place he says, "I have always been led to consider my father's case, and Mr. Harrison's, to be similar ones, from an opinion that they were both men of genius, whose abilities have been engaged in the pursuit of the same object, in which pursuit, both have met with the same opposition from a prejudiced individual (Dr. Maskelyne), with this only difference, that in the end Mr. Harrison, when he was near eighty years of age, got £20,000 as a reward for his labours; though my father, whose genius and merits, may by his friends be thought equal to Mr. Harrison's (for he does not pretend to superiority) who has made time-keepers which have been

[1] Reply, p. 73.

found to possess a degree of perfection many times greater than those of Mr. Harrison, and who like Mr. Harrison, has spent the greater part of a long life in the pursuit of objects of public utility, after having attained the same age, has, for his labours, received as yet but £500, and is now by increasing age and infirmities at last deprived of the power, however strong his inclinations may be, to attend to them any longer."[1]

"In referring to the comparative rate of going between my father's time-keepers and that made by Mr. Harrison himself, it will be found that one of them has gone with seven times, and the other with nine times the perfection, Mr. Harrison's did."[2]

The following passage shows the simplicity and integrity of Mr. Mudge's character.

"When Mr. Harrison's time-keeper was tested at the Observatory, precautions were taken that one of the two keys of the case in which the watch was, should be kept by one of the officers of Greenwich Hospital, who had to attend the daily observation, and see the watch wound up. Mr. Mudge, however, took no such precautions with regard to his, and was frequently condemned by Admiral Campbell, for his imprudence in leaving his time-keepers so entirely to the Doctor's mercy, without check or control whatever. The

[1] Reply, p. 77.
[2] p. 87.

case was this that Mr. Mudge felt the influence of a conscious pride, which is not unfrequently found to attend the minds of men of true genius, and in contradiction to what the world would reckon proper attention to the dictates of prudence, and a due regard to his own interest, was determined, that, if, when he had done what he was satisfied was of considerable benefit to the public, the public would not take care, that fair and proper measures were pursued to determine the merit of his labours, he would not take it upon himself, to describe the restrictions necessary for the purpose."[1]

Mr. Mudge's case seems specially a hard one, for, when he set to work to make the improvements he so well carried out, the Act of Queen Anne was still in force, and in view of the rewards, offered in this, he devoted his time and labour, but when however, the first time-keeper was completed and ready for trial, the new Act was passed with its more stringent regulations under which it had to be tested. And whatever doubts there may be about his being entitled to the rewards under the last Act, there can be no doubt entertained, but that he would have gained the highest rewards offered under the Act of Queen Anne.

One more passage must be inserted, in which his son speaks of the assiduity and skill with which Mr. Mudge carried out his work, even when advanced in years.

[1] Reply, p. 100.

"The first of my father's time-keepers was completed in somewhat less than three years, and as it was then quite a new invention, much time must have been necessarily employed in making a variety of experiments, in order to ascertain the precise effect of the principles intended to be made use of, and the most proper method of applying them; added to which it is likewise to be recollected, that my father was even then sixty years of age. The two last were made in about two years, and of the time that since elapsed, much has been taken up in various public and private trials; my father also lost a considerable time by sickness, and other unavoidable interruptions of different kinds. Indeed old age had at last so entirely disqualified him for employments of this kind, that I have frequently heard him and his friends speak of his having finished some nice part of his work, merely by the touch, his eyes having so far failed him, that even with the assistance of glasses, they were not in this instance of any service to him."[1]

In June 1791 Mr. Thomas Mudge, junr., presented from his father, a memorial to the Board of Longitude, stating, that although his time-keepers, during the time of their public trial, had not been adjudged to go within the limits prescribed by the Act of Parliament, yet, as the Board were of opinion, that they were superior to any that had been hitherto invented, and were constructed on such prin-

[1] Reply, p. 157.

ciples as would render them permanently useful; as the memorialist moreover had employed near twenty years to bring them to the perfection they possessed; and as the first time-keeper made by him, had been going upwards of sixteen years, with such an uniform degree of excellence, as evidently to prove, that the principles upon which his time-keepers were constructed, were permanent in their nature; therefore the memorialist trusted that the Board would exercise the powers vested in them by Parliament, and give to him, on his making a discovery of the principles upon which his time-keepers were constructed, such a sum of money as his invention and great labours should appear to deserve.

This memorial being unsuccessful, Mr. Mudge in 1792 presented a petition to the same effect to the House of Commons. Nothing could be done that year, on account of the lateness of the session; but in the next, a committee of the House was appointed to consider the value of the invention, of which Mr. Windham was chairman, and Mr. Pitt, Mr. Elliott, afterwards Lord Minto, Mr. Bragg, Mr. Bathurst and others were members, and these were assisted by a committee of men of science, philosophical instrument makers, and watchmakers, including among their number, Atwood, Ramsden, Troughton, and De Luc. The committee reported so highly on Mr. Mudge's work, and admitted on all hands, that he was one of the first watchmakers which this country had produced, that notwithstanding all

the opposition of the Board of Longitude, the merits of Mr. Mudge, from the testimony of so many men, of high rank in talents and science, appeared so conspicuously to the House, that it was pleased to vote him in the most honourable manner, and by a great majority, the sum of £2,500, which, with £500 given him before by the Board of Longitude, made in all £3000.[1] Although this sum was confessedly inadequate to the just claims of Mr. Mudge, and far inferior to what Harrison had received, yet the grant in itself was a great public recognition of his labours, when it is considered, what a strong official opposition he had to contend with, and also, that the application to the House was made at a period, when the expensive demands of a war caused all private applications for grants of money to be ill timed, however just the claim of the petitioners might be.

[1] The Report of the Committee was presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Windham, June 11, 1793.

June 17, "It was resolved: "That an address be presented to His Majesty; humbly representing to His Majesty, that Thomas Mudge, Watchmaker, having employed many years and much pain and labour in endeavouring to improve the principles of his art, had succeeded so far in his said endeavours as to be the author of an invention likely to be of the greatest advantage in the construction of time-keepers; and humbly beseeching His Majesty that, in consideration of the merit of the said invention such as it now appears upon examination to this House, and without precluding the said Thomas Mudge from any further reward, which from future experience of the value of his invention, he may appear to be entitled to, His Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant to the said Thomas Mudge upon his making a discovery of the principles of his invention to such persons as His Majesty may think proper to appoint, a sum not exceeding £2,500; and to assure His Majesty that this House will make good the same."

His Majesty's answer was received by the House, June 19, 1793.

Mr. Mudge did not long survive this honourable, though tardy testimony to the utility of his mechanical labours. In the year 1789, on the death of his wife, he had given up housekeeping, and resided sometimes with his eldest son in London, and sometimes in the country, with his other son, John Mudge, Vicar of Brampford Speke, near Exeter.

He died on the 14th of November 1794, in the seventy eighth year of his age, at the house of his eldest son Thomas, in Newington Place, Surrey.

A few days after this sad event his son wrote to Mr. Richard Rosdew of Beechwood,

"Dear Rosdew,

"You will have learnt by my brother's letter, that on Friday last, we lost our father; as it related to him, it was an event, that had long been desirable, for, having survived his powers of enjoyment, and suffering much infirmity both of mind and body, he had been accustomed to look forward to death, as a friend that would release him from his sufferings. In this state, I was very far from wishing the continuance of his existence; nevertheless, death is in itself so very serious an event, that it cannot take place without affecting our feelings, and it has now given to my mind a melancholy regret, as being separated from a parent, for whom I had the most lively affection. I would most readily have buried my father in the spot you mention, had he not expressed a wish to me, about 6 weeks ago, to be

buried at St. Dunstan's, and I am sure you will think with me, that such a desire supersedes every other consideration.

"To you my good friend I am persuaded, any memorial of my father will be considered as possessing some value, and as the only work of his, which remained in his possession at his death, was his striking clock,[1] (which indeed is the last of his performances) my brother and myself request it as a favour that you will accept it, and that you will consider it as a token, as well of the sense we both have of the many kindnesses for which we are indebted to you, as for the high estimation in which you were held by my father.

As it wants cleaning, I will not send it to you, until I have got it cleaned, and then unless you would wish it conveyed in any other manner, I will have it packed in a box, and send it to Plymouth by the waggon. I am much concerned to hear of the illness of Mrs. Rosdew, but I hope it will soon be got the better of; and your brother who dined with me on Sunday, has given me much satisfaction in informing me, that he thinks there is nothing serious to be apprehended.

All my family unite in best wishes for you and Mrs. Rosdew,

Dear Rosdew,

Your sincere friend,

THOMAS MUDGE.

New Inn, 18 Nov., 1794.

[1] In possession of the Rev. W. C. Raffles Flint.

The allusion in this letter to the place of burial selected for Mr. Mudge, refers to a suggestion made by Mr. Rosdew, that his remains would most fittingly be laid by the side of those of his great predecessors in the study of watchmaking, Tompion and Graham, in Westminster Abbey.

He was buried, according to his desire, in St. Dunstan's. To speak of Mr. Thomas Mudge in general terms only, as the first watchmaker of his age, would be unjust. He excelled not only in scientific ability, but also in practical workmanship, so much so, that few men have since been found equal to the construction of his time-pieces with the same degree of perfection; for his inventions were fully equalled, if not surpassed, by the execution of his work.

Besides his superior merits, in bringing time-keepers to a greater degree of perfection than had been hitherto attained, he did the mechanical world no small service, by the invention of a scapement for pocket watches; which was one of the most considerable improvements that had been made upon them for a great number of years.

We cannot bring to a close this sketch of Mr. Mudge's life, more suitably than in the words of Count Bruhl. "Dr. Maskelyne speaks of my great attachment to Mr. Mudge. To that charge I must plead guilty, and bear with resignation any blame or reproach, arising from my partiality for a man, whose superior genius as an artist, united with the liberality of a mind replete with candour, simplicity, modesty, and integrity, deserves the highest admiration, and

respect; whose name will be handed down, to the remotest posterity, with the same veneration, which attends the names of his predecessors in the same line, Tompion, Graham, and Harrison, who, while living were admired by their contemporaries, and whose fame adds to the splendour and glory of this great nation." [1]

Two anecdotes still remain to be recorded as striking proofs of Mr. Mudge's great mental powers. Count Bruhl, when he first came to England in his diplomatic capacity, brought an ingenious watch from Paris, made by the celebrated Bertoud, intending it as a present to the king. This watch, however, not performing its offices, was sent back to to the inventor in order to be rectified. After its return, it still continued imperfect, and on further applications to M. Bertoud, that artist acknowledged with great candour, that although he thought the principles on which his watch was constructed were good, he was himself unable to carry them into effect. The Count then applied to Mr. Mudge, requesting him to undertake the task; but deeming it an indelicate circumstance, to interfere with the inventions of another artist, Mr. Mudge expressed his reluctance on the occasion. The importunity of the Count, however, added to the regard he had for his esteem, induced Mr. Mudge at last, to waive his objections; and he had the satisfaction to be completely successful in setting the watch to rights.

[1] A short explanation of the most proper methods of calculating a Mean Daily Rate by the Count de Bruhl, p. 15.

The other anecdote relates to a large and complicated watch belonging to his Majesty the King, which had long gone so ill, that it had been repeatedly put into the hands of the most distinguished watchmakers; all of whom, though confident in their own abilities to give it the requisite perfection, had been obliged to abandon the watch as incapable of amendment. It was then put into the hands of Mr. Mudge, who happily succeeded. This circumstance gave His Majesty a very high opinion of his superiority over every other watchmaker. In 1777, as has been already mentioned, he appointed him his watchmaker, and often honoured him with conferences on mechanical subjects. Her Majesty Queen Charlotte likewise expressed a great esteem, not only for his talents as an artist, but his character as a man. At one time, she presented him with 50 guineas, for only cleaning a watch; and it was through her recommendation to the Lord Chancellor, that his second son obtained the living of Brampford Speke.

We conclude this short life of Mr. Mudge by appending one or two letters addressed by him to Count Bruhl.

Plymouth, April 17, 1772.

Sir,

I received the letter your excellency did me the honour to write me, and it flatters me not a little, that you should think anything of mine, so much worth your trouble.

The reason of my troubling you now is, to acquaint

you that the bearer (Mr. Townley) has applied to me (he says at the request of several friends of mine) for my consent, to his taking a copper plate[1] from the picture you did me the honour to have done of me, by Mr. Dance. I am myself entirely indifferent about it, and leave it therefore wholly to you, to do what you think proper. The gentleman, Mr. Townley, I know very well, but am an entire stranger to his ability as an engraver; *that* you will be able to judge of by the specimens he will bring with him, when he delivers you this, which he desired as an introduction to you. I have enclosed to you the letter he wrote to me upon this occasion.

I know not well how to express the sense I have of the honour their Majesties do me, in condescending to remember and inquire after me. I assure you, it sits warm at my heart, and I do not know two (independent of their station) that I would sooner wish to be remembered by. To your excellency I owe that pleasure.

I am, Sir, your most obliged—obedient servant,

THOMAS MUDGE."

Plymouth, March 1, 1776.

"Dear Sir,

I write a line or two, rather because I have been long in your excellency's debt, than that I have anything in

[1] For description of the engraving see Smith's British Mezzotint Portraits, pt. i, p. 189, No. 50.

particular to say. The observations you were so kind as to make of my watch, I have mentioned to Mr. Dutton, with my reasoning upon them; which, I find he has communicated to you, as I intended he should.

I now begin to wish to know, how it has behaved since it has been in his Majesty's possession, which is near a month. I must confess, what Mr. Dutton told me, gives no great hopes. He says, that except the first day or two, it has gone very well; but that exception destroys all the rest, as I do not see if it goes ill a day or two, what security there is against its going ill for a longer time, unless that going ill arises from apparent causes, and such as may be remedied.

I did not know with certainty who the Mr. Pitt was, that was so kind as to offer to lend a helping hand to the further prosecution of it, if it should be found right to do so, till Mr. Dutton told me, it was the Mr. Pitt of this country; for I cannot boast the honour of being acquainted with him, although my brother is intimately so; nor did I know that he had ever been acquainted with my having made such a watch, or that he was at all curious, or interested himself, in any branch of mechanism. . . . . .

I am . . . . .

THOMAS MUDGE."

Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford, proposed to Count

Bruhl, that they should jointly be at the expenses of Mr. T. Mudge's machine, in order that he might be properly qualified to be a candidate for the public rewards.

Plymouth, December 15th, 1776.

"Dear Sir,

To day I was honoured with your excellency's favour of the 12th instant, to acquaint me that I was appointed watchmaker to his Majesty, in the room of the late Mr. Lindley. To you, Sir, I entirely owe it, and am sorry I cannot make a better return for your good offices, than by barely acknowledging, and most gratefully thanking you for them, which I very sincerely do. I must confess my pleasure was much heightened by the warmth with which my Lady Egremont interested herself in my behalf, I have it from Mr. Dutton, for which her Ladyship will please to accept my sincere and hearty thanks. I have a letter also from my friend Mr. Dutton, to whom I am under the greatest obligations, acquainting me with the same circumstance, and to tell me, as you do, that it is necessary for me to come to town, either immediately, or at the meeting of Parliament, after the holidays, the sooner he says the better, to be sworn into the office, a ceremony that I did not before know was necessary. I shall certainly comply with your injunctions, but must confess should wish it to be postponed till after Christmas, for many reasons. If I am so far indulged, I will certainly be in town, by the time

the Parliament meets; but this shall depend upon the instructions I shall receive from you or Mr. Dutton, which, if necessary, you will be so good as to give, as soon as you conveniently can.

Mr. Maskelyne, Mr. Dutton tells me, has changed his tone much of late, whether he has any end in it, I know not; however, as so much depends upon him, it is more encouragement to go on, than to be constantly upon the hunt for something to depreciate my watch, which has been, I think pretty evidently the case. If I am permitted to put off my coming to town till after Christmas, I shall bring your excellency's little clock with me, I hope with the satisfaction of having done everything that can be done to better it, and indeed everything that is necessary; the going of it since the last alteration seeming to promise so much.

I am . . . . . .

THOMAS MUDGE."

THOMAS MUDGE, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Mudge, whose life we have just recorded, was born Dec. 6th, 1760.

He practised as a Barrister in London for some years.

As the advocate of his father's cause, with regard to the excellence of the Chronometers sent by the elder Mr. Mudge to the Observatory at Greenwich, he was engaged in a controversy, with Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer

Royal, and published two books on the subject, entitled "A narrative of facts, relative to the time-keepers constructed by Mr. Thomas Mudge," and, "A reply to the answer of Dr. Maskelyne."

His advocacy, as we have seen, was successful in procuring for his father some public recognition of his labours, in the vote of the House of Commons.

As soon as the reward was voted, Mr. T. Mudge, junr. started a manufactory of the time-keepers on Mr. Mudge's plan. He accordingly employed two workmen, and was able to complete one instrument under the advice of his father, who lived just long enough to see it finished, ten months after the manufactory was opened. He applied to the Admiralty for a contract, and eventually supplied six time-keepers for the use of the Navy. He sold also some chronometers to the Spanish and Danish Governments. The cost however of the time-keepers was greater than he expected, as they took a longer time to construct than was anticipated; the consequence was, that Mr. T. Mudge in a few years determined to abandon the scheme. He gives an account of this in a book he published in 1799. "A description with plates of the time-keepers invented by the late Mr. Thomas Mudge, to which is prefixed a narrative by Thomas Mudge, his son, of measures taken to give effect to the invention, since the Reward bestowed upon it by the House of Commons." To this is added Mr. Mudge's Tract, and a series of letters addressed to Count Bruhl between

1773 and 1787. After this Mr. Mudge seems to have gone to Jersey, where he resided for many years. He returned to England in 1830, and resided at Chelcompton, near Bath, where he died Nov. 10th, 1843.

He married Elizabeth Kingdon, by whom he had several children.[1]

There are two or three letters of Thomas Mudge extant, written from Battersea and addressed to James Northcote, R.A. In one dated Dec. 17, 1813, after alluding to the proposed sale of the portraits of John (Master) Mudge, and Tom Mudge, he concludes, "As you wished to have my lines written on the High Rocks, Tunbridge Wells, I send them to you.

"The works of man their feeble powers display,
Which mark their weakness and their quick decay;
But this great work of Nature proudly shows
The Power supreme, whence all its greatness flows;
Whose High Behest creation's wonders framed,
And thus in mighty deeds His Name proclaimed.

"For your amusement I add my Epigram on Brunel's Block Invention.

"A symbol oft a Block is made
To show an empty brainless head:
But here a block, with little pains
Displays a head that's full of brains."

In a letter dated Sep. 28, 1815, in which he regrets

[1] Her sister Sophia, married Sir Mark Isambard Brunel, and was mother of Isambard Kingdon Brunel the celebrated Engineer.

Northcote's inability to paint a portrait of his son, he adds some further verses. "I send you at the foot of my letter, my lines on the death of poor Hodge, and as I last night made use of the blank part of your note, to scribble off a few more lines, that I mean to give my godmother on the 5th of next month, on her attaining her 84th birthday."

"On the death of Major Hodge of the 7th Hussars, one of the Waterloo Heroes.

"In Natures bloom, in Natures pride
The Hero fought, the Hero died
Devoted to his Country's cause,
A grateful nation sighs applause,
While every friend, with tearful eyes
Droops o'er the mournful sacrifice."

"Lines on the birthday of Mrs. Spriggs, on attaining the age of 84.

"The Sands of life thus roll away,
And bring again that Natal day
On which we meet to celebrate
The entrance on this mortal state,
Of one, whose virtues all benign,
With bright unvarying lustre shine,
And give a fortaste here below,
Of joys which angels only know."

Of his children we will only mention here, *ROBERT*, who was born September, 14, 1792.

He entered the Navy July 1806, as midshipman, on board the *Phœnix*, Captain Zachary Mudge, in which

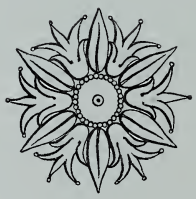
frigate (with the exception of 5 months, from October, 1808, to March, 1809, passed on board the *Naiad)*, he served on the Channel and Cork Stations until May, 1812. He then sailed in the *Bucephalus* for the East Indies, where he was, until the summer of 1814, employed in the *Illustrious*, *Theban*, and *Procris*.

After having served at Sheerness in the *Namur* and *Queen Charlotte*, he took up a Commission bearing the date February 21st, 1820. His appointments afterwards were to the Office of Agent of Transports Afloat, and to the continuous Command of the *Beaver*, *Ariel*, and *Onyx* steampackets on the Dover Station, where he remained until his death in 1871.

JOHN MUDGE, second son of Mr. Thomas Mudge, senior, was born January 7, 1763. He took Holy Orders, and in 1791 was appointed by the Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of her Majesty Queen Charlotte, to the Vicarage of Brampford Speke and the Rectory of Lustleigh, which Preferments be held for 54 years. His name appears as having been present at a Meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Exeter held 17th June, 1819. He also joined in a requisition to the Archdeacon in May, 1821.

He married Agnes Rosdew, sister of Mr. Richard Rosdew of Beechwood, by whom he had 4 children, Charlotte, John, Richard Rosdew, and Maria Janetta.

Mr. Mudge died May 3, 1847, at the age of 84.



RICHARD MUDGE,

M.A., Pem. Coll. Oxon.: Rector of Bedworth.

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ICHARD MUDGE, third son of the Rev. Zachariah Mudge, was born at Bideford in 1718, and baptized on December 26th of the same year. He was educated with his brother Thomas, under the care of his father, at the free Grammar School at Bideford. He went afterwards to Pembroke College, Oxford, and took his degree in 1739 or 40. In 1741, he was ordained to the Curacy of Great Packington, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. There is a very little known of his life, which has been left on record, from the fact no doubt, that the part of the country in which he settled down, was far removed from the west of England and the members of his family.

Mr. Mudge was promoted after a time to a chapel in

Birmingham, where he became a popular preacher, and was highly distinguished moreover as a musician.

In 1756, he was presented to the valuable living of Bedworth by Lord Aylesford and was inducted October 28th; here he resided till his death, April 5th, 1773. He died at Bedworth, and was buried by the Communion Table, in Bedworth Church.

He was a man eminently skilled both in metaphysics and theology. He acquired also considerable proficiency both in the science and art of music, and published some sonatas. He was a friend of Handel. An anecdote is related of Handel coming into the room on one occasion where Mr. Mudge was playing one of his compositions, he immediately exclaimed, "that must be Mudge for no other man could play my pieces so."

There are two of his letters preserved, which he wrote to his father, one while he was an undergraduate at Oxford, the other soon after he had taken Orders. They shew him to have been a man of considerable thought and talent, who had caught somewhat of the philosophy of his father; and they give us moreover an insight into his character. They are introduced at length.

April 10th, 1739, Pem. Coll. Oxon.

Honoured Fr:

I take the pleasure to tell you by Mr. Baker, that your compliments on my last letters are all my own. The notion

of the Divine Nature consisting in Being, and the deduction of the Attributes from that Idea, I had of you; more than that I am obliged to no one for. For I did not borrow the least tittle or hint, either in thought or expression, from Dr. Chadworth or the Archbishop, one of whom I never saw, and had but just begun the other. I'll just tell you an observation of mine own on that notion, that is apt to sound odd enough at first. While I was th' other day looking over Dr. Clarke's attributes, I accidently turned to that page, where he quotes the Proposition, upon which he founds the Aphorism of Spinoza; which seems to me to be so very much the same with some thing I asserted in my last, that Dr. Clarke probably would, nay must, have condemned me, for as rank an Atheist as the other. The Proposition I mean is this, "Præter Deum nulla dari neque concipi potest substantia," which, I think expresses, not one jot more than, Being is absolutely everything, which really is, in opposition to mere privation, and negation of entity. In what sense Spinoza meant that proposition, I can't say; but, I think, taken and explained rightly, 'tis a necessary demonstrable truth. For consider it thus. The Divine Nature, i.e. (according to me) Being, is infinite reality; according to those who choose to conceive it, under the notion of absolute perfection, is infinite or all perfection. This, Dr. Clarke and everybody else must allow. Now I would only ask any one, what he means by infinite Reality or Perfection? For Dr. Clarke seems to

think there may be infinite Perfection or Reality, (which are the equivalent at the bottom, for degrees of Perfection, and can mean nothing more than degrees of positivity or reality, in opposition to privation,) and quite distinct from other little finite Perfections or Realities not comprehended in it, indeed, created by that Infinite, but however quite distinct from it; this to me is absolutely inconceivable. I can no more conceive little finite perfections quite outside and distinct from Infinite Reality and Perfection, than I could little spaces or durations, outside and distinct from, those comprehended in Infinite Space and Duration. I conclude therefore, that no reality, or, which is the same, Substance, (for the Idea of Substance includes reality) can be conceived, but God; i.e. but what, as it were, belongs to and is inside infinite Reality, or God. But here Dr. Clarke cries out; what then? Matter, for it is a Substance, according to you, is God; senseless, stupid, passive, extended solidity! But Matter, as senseless, stupid, passive, extended, and solid, is far from having anything of Perfection or Reality, and consequently of substantiality in it. The three first qualities are totally privations of reality; the two last are nothing outside us, but entirely relative to our sense. So that matter is really Being, variously exhibited to sense; and those qualities rather owe their being to man, than God. I have not time to prove what I've asserted, nor indeed, to express myself clearly, tho' I hope I have not done it so ill, but you will see my meaning.

What Spinoza meant, I said before, I could not tell; but if Dr. Clarke is arguing against the Proposition, as a false one in itself; I think he did not understand it. I will only add that upon the same principle, our Pow'r, our Wisdom &c., are the Pow'r and the Wisdom &c. of God, so far participated. This seems to open a fine scene of things, which I have neither leisure, nor capacity to enlarge upon, tho' I apprehend it. Tho' what I've said, and the whole system of Metaphysicks, which goes upon the same first foundations of Nature, (which I have a confused notion of now in my head) be perfectly the truth of things; yet 'twill be a very difficult matter, to make proselytes to it; for it requires a true metaphysical head, than which nothing is more rare. There are many here in Oxford who are thought, and think themselves to have very good heads that way, who in my opinion are perfect blunderers, and have never had one peep through the curtain, into the first Principles of Nature. So that a true Philosopher, is like one placed in the most delicious spot of all nature, with the noblest and most beautiful prospect about him, attended with this misfortune, that the air is too thin and fine for the constitution of any one besides himself, excepting perhaps two or three. The notion of the Divine Essence consisting in Being, will turn into a demonstrable truth, what Dr. Clarke has been pleased to reject with disdain as a contradiction, and a mere unintelligible absurdity; viz., that the Eternity of God is not to be conceived by a successive

duration without beginning or end; which I thus demonstrate. Duration is not applicable to the Essence of things, but only to the Existence of anything, as distinct from its Essence. Those things are therefore, the only subjects of duration, whose Existences and Essences are distinct, which is true of ev'ry Nature but the Divine, whose Existence is his Essence, to which therefore duration cannot be with any sense applied. And if men can't help attributing duration to God, and imagining Him older this moment than He was a thousand years ago, 'tis because they have not at that time a true conception of the Deity, and consider His Existence like that of other things, distinct from his Essence, which it is not. For if this was not the case, they must immediately see the absurdity of it. For who would bear to hear himself say, that the Essence of a square is older now, or has dured longer than a thousand years ago? Successive duration therefore is absurdly applied to God, because His Essence and Existence are individually the same. Dr. Butler is not received so cordially here as you would imagine; which I take to be a reflection on the metaphysical heads of this place, rather than on the book. As for the young fellows of my own acquaintance, I have had hard struggles with them; but finding it to no purpose to argue with them, who think that must be obscure and unintelligible which they don't easily undersand, I content myself with desiring 'em not to judge without apprehending, or censure without judging. You must know that the fault

they charge him with is obscurity almost impenetrable, Indeed it is not very strange, if one considers that metaphysicians have left the world this good while, and, soaring above the sphere of men and things, have look'd for the supports of natural, and revealed religion in the abstract world. For which reason, when they are brought down here among us, and desir'd to look before 'em, they are in the utmost confusion, can't distinguish the tendencies of Nature, from the perversions of it, nor the general rule from the exception, without which it will be no easy matter to understand Dr. Butler. They seem to be pretty much in the same case with those in Plato's Republick, who were brought down from the upper light of the sun into the subterraneous cave, or the Philosophers that descended from the empyreal sphere, where they had been contemplating the good and fair, to find it out in the administrations of men. Besides, Dr. Butler argues with a view to a whole system of things, which is very uncommon, and out of the way to the generality of reasoning heads. There are two different species of reasoning metaphysical heads, one which divides things, the other which compounds 'em; or, in other words, the first reasons by minutely considering particular things, and nicely distinguishing: the last by taking in, in one comprehensive view, a whole scheme of things. That has sharp discerning eyes, but is close-sighted; This requires eyes that are strong, and can take in objects all around at a great distance, and is by far, I

think, the finest, and most noble way of thinking, and very rare; one may, for distinction's sake, call the former microscopick, the latter telescopick Philosophers. There is too a way of talking, which results from a fine sense of things, which very few are capable of fully relishing, and seeing the whole beauty and strength of. For this reason you hear a thousand panegyricks upon Cicero's Philosophy, and scarce ever a hearty commendation of Plato; this sets Woollaston far above Butler, for this reason too the whole force of your sermons, which are full of that way of thinking, will fully be possessed but by a few.

My duty to my mother, to whom my hearty thanks for her present. My love to my brother, and service to Mr. Herring. I have been expecting your letter, which I hope will not be now long a coming.

I am,

Your most dutifull son,

RD. MUDGE.

Honoured Sir,

I find by your last that I have offended the Bishop by drinking the Church's prosperity, as you did last election by voting. You'll excuse my putting together two cases so unparallel. But methinks there is some pleasure in the

reflection that the matter of the crime is somewhat alike, tho' not the manner of it. I was gay, and in high spirits indeed, when I committed that misdemeanour, but since 'tis carried to his Lordship, and I have lost my interest by it, it is some satisfaction to me to think it was not without a mixture of indignation, an indignation certainly very justifiable and right in the heart, tho' possibly it was imprudent to express it. I am not eager for preferment on my own account, and therefore if I had only myself to consider, should not be at all disturbed at this accident; at present I am but little; at least I am sure of this, I had rather lose the Bishop's best living by the offence, than gain it by the information. I doubt not P—— was the sycophant, the smiling villain that betrayed me; I wish I could be sure of it, that I might have the pleasure to let him know how much I despise him and his malice. But I will say no more of the matter: I'll endeavour to be contented and wish the best; I shall still however drink the Church, and let those who expect to find their account in it προπινέτωσαν. I have expressed myself pretty warmly, you see; and it is with some restlessness and impatience that I look upon the mean usage I have met with from the informer, whoever he be; and at the same time 'tis with a kind of indignant concern, that I reflect on the badness of the times, which could afford any opportunity for a Bishop to be affronted with me drinking the Church. However, I would not have you

think it a principle with me, that as nothing but the Truth should be spoke, so that should never be suppressed. I know very well, times will never be so perfect, but there will be always need in some proportion for the wisdom of the serpent, some share of which I will endeavour to be master of, for I am apt naturally to be imprudently warm. I have received your bill (which I return you my thanks for) and my box safe. As to your question as to how my ministerial function sits upon me, I find nothing wanting, so much as a voice; I am told that it is low. I deliver the Prayers and my Sermons pretty handsomely, I think, considering how few there are who perform that part tolerably. I pronounce with better spirit, than I thought I could have done in so short a time; but I cannot raise assurance enough to attempt action. I've often endeavoured it, but I feel my hands depressed with a weight, that I cannot remove. How faithful my courage would be to me, were I to mount a pulpit in a more numerous and better mix'd audience I don't know; for I have not try'd. I have no acquaintance yet, that can furnish me with an opportunity; nor indeed am like to have. When we look'd at Packington and the neighbouring great towns from so great a distance as Plymouth, nothing seem'd easier than to contract a familiarity with some persons in each: which I fancy, was owing to this, that the remoteness of the point, from whence we viewed, brought the objects nearer together to the mind, than they really are, and so

facilitated in our conception that which depends upon nearness. But now I am here, five long miles appear so much, and is a vast chasm between me and a town, to which I have not the least thing to call me. Besides I live in a single house, which therefore allows no other opportunity of getting acquaintance than thro' Lord Guernsey, who dislikes most of the clergy about him, either as bad men, or opposers of his party and its interest. At Birmingham, 9 miles off, I know one or two of the clergymen, where I will endeavour one day or other to see how I can behave in a large assembly. I am obliged to send you this letter unfranked, for Lord Guernsey is from home. We expected him to night (for he is this day 25 years of age) or to-morrow at farthest; which made me defer writing so long. But news came from him to day, that he should not be here till some time next week, and I thought you had rather pay for a letter, than be expecting one so long. I am sorry to hear that my brother's affairs are like to be more expensive than you expected. I can say I was entirely without suspicion. I know his temper well. He is too much in a hurry, hasting away to the end, if he likes it, without considering much the means: and, I think, Sir, he is more solicitous to appear a man in the world than to be one. I know him the better, because I have known myself. I hope time will correct that puerility of temper, that emptiness of mind, emptiness, considering him as one that is to act, and bear a part in the world. I wish my apprehensions were false, but, I fear, they are in

part at least true. I have but just time to send him my affectionate love, and hearty wishes he may go on with success any where out of the Hospital. My best services wait on Mr. Herring.

I am yr's and my mother's most dutiful son,

R. MUDGE.

November 26th, 1741, Great Packington.

My services, if you please, to all who ask for me.

JOHN MUDGE M.D.

JOHN MUDGE,

M.D., F.R.S.

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"Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace."

Wordsworth.

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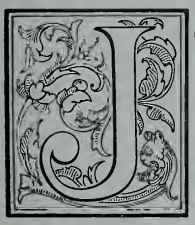


OHN MUDGE, the fourth and youngest son of the Rev. Zachariah Mudge, was born at Bideford in 1721, and baptized the same year. He received his education in early years at the Grammar School, Bideford, till his father removed to Plymouth in 1732. He then went to the Plympton Grammar School, where his father's friend, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, rector of Plympton St. Maurice, was master. When he left school, he determined to enter the medical profession, and at the age of 20 we find him as a student in the Hospital at Plymouth, not

altogether with the full approval of his father, who calculated the expenses entailed in the training and education of a medical student. Mr. Mudge, however, must have considered himself well repaid in later years, by the successful career his son enjoyed in the profession, which he chose for himself, and which was evidently the one in which he was most fitted to shine.

His progress in his profession was somewhat impeded at first by an early marriage with a Miss Bulteel, when he was entering on life. The consequence was that, as she had no fortune, and he but little practice at that time, he found himself in straitened circumstances, though his wife proved to be a careful and prudent person. She died after the birth of the eighth child.

John Mudge spent the whole of his life at Plymouth, and for many years had an extensive practice there, as a surgeon, and afterwards as a physician. "Had he been," says Fox, "in the great theatre of the Metropolis, he most undoubtedly would have surpassed every competitor; for the greatness of his natural capacity, together with the extent of his acquired knowledge, and the exquisite beauty of his disposition and manners, must have rendered him invincible, wherever he was once known."

In 1777 he published a short treatise on inoculated smallpox.

About this time he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1777, the Royal Society published his directions

for making the best composition for the metals for reflecting telescopes, with a description of the process for grinding, polishing, and giving the great speculum the true parabolic curve; for which the Society, the same year presented him with Sir Godfrey Copley's Gold Medal.

Sir John Pringle, the President, in his address on presenting the medal, says,

"Mr. Mudge hath truly realized the expectation of Sir Isaac Newton, who about 100 years ago presaged, that the public would one day possess a parabolic speculum, not accomplished by mathematical rules, but by mechanical devices.

"What acknowledgement then, gentlemen, do we not owe to our worthy brother, who for above 20 years past in the uncertain intervals of a toilsome and anxious profession, hath unbent his mind, not in the perishing recreations of the world, but in investigating with unremitting diligence, what hath been done, but concealed, by others; and in making many successful experiments towards perfecting this unimitable instrument! A liberal account of these leisure hours he hath laid before you in his instructive paper; a communication I am persuaded, that will not only preserve, but signalize his name in your records, among the very intelligent and ingenious promoters of the great ends of your institution."

In 1778 he published "A radical and expeditious cure for recent catarrhous cough," with a drawing of an Inhaler,

which became afterwards in much repute; he also published a treatise on "The vis vitæ." Dr. Mudge moreover benefited the medical world by several little publications, and was the inventor of several excellent surgical instruments, being a mechanic in practice, as well as in theory. He made several reflecting telescopes, two large ones of the power of 200, one of which he gave to Count Bruhl, from whom it passed to the Observatory at Gotha; the other belonged to his son, General Mudge.

In 1784 he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, at King's College, Aberdeen.

He was a man of great amiability of character, genial and pleasant in his manner, idolized by his family, and beloved and respected by all who knew him. His society was much sought after; and the varied powers of his mind attracted to his house the leading people of the town and neighbourhood. There seems to have been very good society in Plymouth in those days; Northcote speaks in the highest terms of it.

"I not only passed," he says, "a great deal of my younger days in the company of Reynolds, Johnson, and that circle, but I was brought up among the Mudges, of whom Sir Joshua (who was certainly used to the most brilliant society of the Metropolis) thought so highly, that he had them at his house for weeks, and even gave up his own bedroom to receive them. Yet these were not thought superior to several other persons at Plymouth, who were distinguished,

some for their satirical wit, others for their delightful fancy, others for their information, or sound sense, and with all of whom my father was familiar, when I was a boy." [1]

Amongst Dr. Mudge's friends we must mention, first, Sir Joshua Reynolds, an intimacy with whom sprang up from his earliest years, and which was but a continuation of that, which existed between their respective fathers. Northcote remarks, that Mr. Reynold's friendship for the whole family, and the interest he took in whatever related to them, were of the liveliest kind. "This acquaintance with the Mudges, both father and son, ought to be reckoned amongst the earliest of his literary connections."

"In the Autumn of the year 1762, Reynolds having impaired his health, by incessant application to his profession, paid a visit to his native county, accompanied by his friend, Dr. Johnson, with whom he was entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen, in the West of England. During their stay at Plymouth they were the guests of Dr. Mudge; a man whose virtues and various powers of mind, if described, would occupy a much larger space than I shall presume to give in this short memoir," says Northcote in his life of Sir Joshua.[2]

Dr. Johnson spent many weeks in his house, and learnt to value him as a friend and appreciate his talents. To this visit we have already referred, in the life of Dr. Mudge's

[1] Northcote's Conversations by Hazlitt.
[2] p. 62.

father. In after years, in 1783, when afflicted with a complaint that required superior skill, Dr. Johnson travelled as far as Salisbury, to meet him and seek his advice. Some extracts from Johnson's letters to Dr. Mudge, when he expected that relief for the complaint, under which he was suffering, would only be found in the use of the surgical knife, are given by Boswell.[1]

Dr. Mudge used to relate one or two anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, relative to incidents which occurred during his stay in Plymouth: one of these is as follows. A Mr. Cookworthy, a quaker, an eminent chemist, and a disciple of Swedenborg, was anxious to shew Dr. Johnson his power of discovering hidden metals by a divining rod. Accordingly a deposit was made in a garden and buried, and Cookworthy, a venerable old man with white locks, carefully and anxiously perambulated the garden with his rod, while Dr. Johnson was seen intently watching his progress. At last Cookworthy felt the power of the rod, and determined the spot where the vessel had been deposited; but unfortunately it had been placed in a different part of the garden, from whence they took up a large mortar, used by druggists. The quickness of the quaker at once endeavoured to account for the failure, and turning to his friend said "Thou seest friend Mudge how this is." "I only see," replied Mudge, "you are mistaken, friend Cookworthy, in the supposed power of the rod." "Nay!" says Cookworthy,

[1] Life of Johnson, vol. iv, p. 254.

"it is bell metal, the mixture has destroyed the native metal; and therefore it would not assimilate."

On another occasion Dr. Mudge, in conversation with Johnson, mentioned a circumstance of a most curious mode of trial, to which a friend of his, a man of undoubted veracity, had been an eye-witness. Dr. Johnson desired to have it related to him by the person who saw it; on which the gentleman, being introduced to the Doctor, repeated the circumstances, which were these; In some part of the East Indies, a man, one of the natives, was suspected of murder, and the mode taken to prove either his guilt or innocence was this. The suspected criminal was brought, guarded, and his hands bound, to a public place prepared for the trial, where was a large fire, over which was a cauldron of melted lead; into this vessel of melted lead, he was forced to dip his naked hand, which, if he was innocent of the supposed crime, it was concluded would receive no injury from the burning metal, but if guilty, would be destroyed. All the officers of the English man-of-war, then in the harbour, and of which the gentleman who related it was the purser, were present at this extraordinary manner of trial, and the gentleman averred that he distinctly saw the prisoner dip his hand into the melted lead, taking up some in his palm, and leisurely spilling it on the ground at his feet, without any apparent injury or even pain to his hand. One of the English officers present had the curiosity to put a small stick, which he held in his hand,

into the cauldron, and taking it out again, found the part, which had been immersed in the metal, nearly consumed.[1]

Dr. Johnson heard this narrative with much attention, and declared he would willingly take a voyage to the East Indies, if he could be insured to be witness of such a sight. Johnson's credulity and superstition made him a fit subject to whom to relate such a story.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, according to Boswell, used to relate the following anecdote of Johnson while at Plymouth. "Having observed, that in consequence of the Dock-yard, a new town had arisen about two miles off as a rival to the old; and knowing, from his sagacity and just observation of human nature, that it is certain if a man hates at all, he will hate his next neighbour; he concluded that this new and rising town could not but excite the envy and jealousy of the old, in which conjecture he was very soon confirmed; he therefore set himself resolutely on the side of the old town, the established town, in which his lot was cast, considering it as a kind of duty to stand by it. He accordingly entered warmly into its interests, and upon every occasion talked of the *dockers*, as the inhabitants of the new town were called, as upstarts and aliens. Plymouth is very plentifully supplied with water by a river brought into it from a great distance, which is so abundant that it runs to waste in the town. The Dock, or Newtown, being totally

[1] Northcote's Life of Reynolds p. 66.

destitute of water, petitioned Plymouth that a small portion of the conduit might be permitted to go to them, and this was now under consideration. Johnson, affecting to entertain the passions of the place, was violent in his opposition; and half laughing at himself for his pretended zeal, where he had no concern, exclaimed, "No, no! I am against the dockers; I am a Plymouth man. Rogues! let them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop."[1]

After the destruction of Rudyard's lighthouse by fire, John Smeaton was called upon, to erect upon the Edystone Rock, a building at once more substantial and permanent. For that purpose he came to Plymouth in 1756. Dr. Mudge, who always associated himself with all matters of scientific interest, at once sought out Smeaton; and the Engineer became a guest in his house during his residence in Plymouth. This was the commencement of a friendship which lasted through their lives.

It is not needful to follow Smeaton through the three years, during which he was employed in the erection of his lighthouse. He personally superintended the construction of the entire building. If there was any post of danger from which the men shrank back, he immediately stood forward and took the front place, "the post of honour," as he called it, making it a rule never to require another to undertake what he was afraid to do himself. Whilst working at the rock on one occasion, an accident occurred to him,

[1] Life of Johnson, vol. i, p. 348.

which might have been attended with serious consequences, but in which he displayed his usual cheerful courage. He was walking on some new work that had been erected, when he made a false step, and, unable to recover his balance, fell down amongst the rocks below. He found shortly afterwards that he had put his thumb out of joint; knowing that he was unable to obtain the aid of a surgeon, he determined to reduce the dislocation by himself; and giving his thumb a violent pull, he snapped it into its place again, after which he proceeded to fix the centre stone of his building.[1]

Dr. Mudge used to relate the following anecdote of Smeaton while engaged about the lighthouse. He had contracted for certain requirements for his work with a man, who made a great profession of religion, but who did not always consider strict honesty an essential. Smeaton remonstrated with him on one occasion, and finding he could get, what he wanted, made better in other quarters, refused to take any more of the material supplied by the Contractor. The man pressed hard, but Smeaton was positive. The Contractor, assuming a religious expression and tone of voice, said in a solemn manner, "Then surely the Lord will not prosper the work you have in hand." This was too much for Smeaton; his rage, which no doubt had been pent up for some time, boiled over at these words; he rose from his chair, ex-

[1] Smiles' Lives of the Engineers, vol. II, pp. 39-40.

claiming, "You puritanical scoundrel, do you pretend to be in the secrets of the Almighty?" and taking him by the shoulders threw him over the stairs. When living at Plymouth, Smeaton used to go out upon the Hoe with his telescope, in the early grey of the morning, and stand gazing through it in the direction of the rock. After a rough night at sea, his sole thought was of his lighthouse, and he would sweep the horizon with his telescope; sometimes he would have to wait long until he could see a tall pillar of spray shoot up into the air. Then as the light grew, he could discern the building standing firm amidst the waters, and thus far satisfied, he could proceed to his workshops, his mind relieved for that day.

In 1759 the work reached its completion, Smeaton fixing with his own hands the last screws of the gilt ball above the cupola, at great risk balancing himself on a few boards at the height of a hundred and twenty feet above the sea. He had caused the last mason's work to be the cutting out of the words "Laus Deo" upon the last stone set over the door of the lantern, while round the storeroom had been engraved "Except the Lord build the house, they labour is in vain that build it." When all was completed, and a great load, the anxiety of three years, had been taken off his mind, we are not surprised therefore to find him full of gratitude to God. The same motive, which led him to place the above words, caused him to take Mr. Mudge, the Vicar of St. Andrew's, to the new work. When they had

alighted on the rock, he made the old man ascend to the very top of the building, and within the lantern they raised their voices in praise to God, and joined together in singing the grand Old Hundredth Psalm, as a thanksgiving for the successful conclusion of this arduous undertaking.

The stability of the new lighthouse had to be proved, for though its strength was acknowledged, it had still to be shown whether, if such a storm as had destroyed Winstanley's Lighthouse in 1703 again occurred, it would share the same fate or not. The year 1762 was ushered in with stormy weather, and produced a tempest, which put the tower to the extremest test. Smeaton in his narrative of the building says, "my very valuable and ingenious friend, Dr. John Mudge, gave me two letters upon the subject of this storm, which coming warm from the heart, so much exceed anything I can compose, that I cannot do so well as to insert them."

Plymouth, Friday, 15th January, 1762.

"Dear Sir,

Accept my most sincere congratulations on the safety of the Edystone; as well from the danger that has threatened it, as that I think the dreadful storm it has withstood, will for ever remove any anxiety about its being injured in the future, by the united force of the wind and sea. It blew very hard the beginning of Monday night, but increased with incredible fury towards Tuesday morning; when about

six, partly from the long southerly winds, but principally by its concurring with the spring-tides, it afforded the most horrible scene of devastation. The tide rose full two feet higher, than when the Victory was lost, and when the Fish-house was carried away; or than was ever known in the memory of the oldest man living. The seas came in boldly over the Barbican wall, but one wave with such irresistible violence, that it swept away the parapet, below its foundation; and in its return carried off five people then upon it, all of whom were drowned. The new Lammy pier was swept clean away. Prodigious losses have been sustained by the shopkeepers on the quays; as in some of their shops near the Barbican, the water was as high as their counters; and the quays themselves are in so ruinous a condition, and so much of them carried away, that had the gale continued till the next tide, it is highly probable some of them would have been wholly swept away, and the houses with them.

"In the midst of this confusion there was no less than six large merchant ships wrecked in the very harbour, some of them were beat to pieces and but all lost; and this in the short space of 300 yards betwixt Teatshill and Bearhead. There were nine men of war in the sound; several of which were constantly firing signals of distress. Some cut away one, others two, another three, and one lost, all her masts and her bowsprit. Three of them only escaped with all their masts standing; one of which, to avoid immediate destruction on the south side of Mount Batten, was, by the

great dexterity of the pilot, brought in within the Fisher's Nose, and run ashore under the Lammy: but this was when the ebb had made considerably; so that she was safely got off the next tide. But it exhibited a very uncommon appearance; as I believe it was the first time that ever a man of war was seen in that place. In the Hamoaze the men of war were all this while firing signals of distress; and some of them ran foul of each other. The sea came over the dock gates, into the dock where the *Magnanime* was; but as there did not come in enough to float her, it did no considerable damage. The new dock was likewise filled. I will only mention one circumstance more, to give you some idea of the extreme agitation of the sea; the froth of it flew clean over the walls of the garrison; and in such quantities, that in one situation a sentinel was obliged to quit his post.

"In the midst of all this horror and confusion, my friend may be assured, that I was not insensible to his honour and credit; yet in spite of the high opinion and confidence I had of his judgment and abilities, I could not but feel the utmost anxiety for the fate of the Edystone, and I believe poor Richardson was not a little uneasy. Several times in the day, I swept with my telescope from the garrison, as near as I could imagine, the line of the horizon; but it was so extremely black, fretful, and hazy, that nothing could be seen; and I was obliged to go to bed that night, with a mortifying uncertainty. But the next

morning early, I had great joy to see that the Gilded Ball had triumphed over the fury of the storm; and such a one as before I had not a conception of. I saw the whole so distinctly from the bottom to the top, that I could be very sure the lantern has suffered nothing. It is now my most steady belief, as well as everybody's here, that its inhabitants are rather more secure in a storm, under the united force of wind and water, than we are in our houses from the former only."

Smeaton continues: "I wrote in return, desiring he would send me a circumstantial account of the damages, after the house had been visited."

The following is an extract from Dr. Mudge's second letter, dated Plymouth, the 24th January, 1762.

"The boat went off, with an intention to land, on Friday sennight; but there was so great a sea, and the wind being too much to the south, they desisted till the next day; when the wind being a point to the north of the west, and better weather, they got near the house, landed their things, and had a long conversation with the people.

"Smart tells me, that the ladder was carried away; and some small matter of putty, which was cracked by the last summer's heat, was washed off from the lantern. This was all that the violence of the sea had effected; that there was not so much as a single pane of glass broke. That the lantern was secured by (that perfection of ornament) the Cornice; which, when the sea rose to the top of the

house, blanched it off like a sheet. They insisted on it, that the sea went bodily over the top, for that it came in through the vents of the ball, and filled the sockets of the candlesticks. They were asked whether they had been under any uneasiness; they said, not in the least, as the house had not been affected by it, in any other way than they had before experienced. The storm in the evening of Monday began at the south-east, and they felt very sensibly a tremor from every stroke of the sea; so that while it continued there to act upon the natural cavern of the rock, it gave them some uneasiness; which though they now believed unnecessary, yet they could not help wishing it was filled up. Now, though I look upon this as a proof, that no storm will ever affect the house, as it is a plain smooth surface; and though a less sea has a greater influence on the rock at low water, than a mighty one has upon the house itself; yet I must say, that I concur with them in wishing it was done; and that for two reasons; one is, I should be glad to see every, the least, appearance of defect removed; and the other, that I should hope it would give me a chance of seeing my dear friend, once more, here. In earnest, I wish you'd complete the rock too, as well as the house; for so many vibratory strokes can do it no service.

"You seem to have been greatly affected by the little I have said of the horror of this storm; but believe me, it cannot give you even a tolerable idea of it. It has, upon

a moderate computation, done above £80,000 worth of damage, in the harbour and sound; and I cannot help repeating again, that I am very sure you may for ever rid yourself of an uneasy thought of the house, as to its danger from wind and sea."

"P.S.—I broke open this letter to mention a whimsical circumstance, that comes in my head: one of the articles, besides sugar, some flour, &c., which they landed at the house, was a gallipot of putty, to repair, as I said, the only derangement the house had suffered."[1]

Dr. Mudge's hospitality extended also to Ferguson, the Astronomer,[2] who was an inmate of his house for some months. James Ferguson's career was shortly this. He was born in Banffshire in 1710. His father, a day labourer, taught him to read and write. His early taste for practical mechanics and for astronomy, which he studied while herding sheep, was extraordinary. It attracted the notice of Mr. Gilchrist, the minister of Keith, who gave him much assistance in the pursuit of his studies. When about twenty he entered into the service of Mr. Grant, whose butler taught him decimals and the elements of algebra. After being in the service of one or two other persons, he went to reside with Sir James Dunbar of Durn; and at the suggestion of Lady Dipple, Sir James Dunbar's sister, he began to

[1] A Narrative of the building of the Edystone Lighthouse, Edit. 2nd, p. 77.

[2] Portrait of J. Ferguson by Northcote, belonging to Dr. Mudge in possession of Rev. W. C. R. Flint.

draw patterns for ladies' dresses, and copied pictures and prints with pen and ink. Having drawn a portrait, which was much admired, he began to draw likenesses from life in Indian ink: these appeared to his patrons so excellent, that they took him to Edinburgh, where he commenced the practice of his art at once. He succeeded so well, that he obtained money enough, not only to defray his own expenses, but to contribute largely to the support of his aged parents.

Though he continued to follow his profession for about twenty-six years, he seems never to have given his mind to it. He continued his attention to Astronomy, and drew an Astronomical Rotula, for exhibiting the eclipses of the sun, which ran through several impressions.

In 1743 he resolved to go to London, where he continued his profession of drawing portraits, but devoted his leisure to astronomical pursuits.

In 1747 he published his first work, "A dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon." In 1748 he read lectures on the eclipse of the sun, which happened in that year. From this time to the end of his life he continued his lectures.

Soon after the accession of George III, a pension of £50 was granted him. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; and died in 1776.

"March 1768 Sterne died," is an extract I find from Dr. Mudge's note book; perhaps he had met the author of

Tristram Shandy at Sir Joshua's house. His was a sad end, and I cannot refrain from narrating it. Early in March he lay dying in his lodging in the silk-bag shop, in Old Bond Street, without a friend to close his eyes. None but a hired nurse was in the room, when a footman, sent from a dinner-table, where was gathered a gay and brilliant party—the Dukes of Roxburgh and Grafton, the Earls of March and Ossory, David Garrick, and David Hume,—to inquire how Dr. Sterne did, was bid to go upstairs by the woman in the shop. He found Sterne "just a dying." In ten minutes, "Now it is come"! he said, put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute.

"His laurels, such as they were, were still green. The town was ringing with the success of the 'Sentimental Journey' just published. The great and gay, we see, were concerned about him. He did not choose, perhaps, that his brilliant London acquaintance should be with him at that encounter with the grim summoner, whom he had laughed at in his time, as at most things awful and venerable. Sterne's funeral was as friendless as his death-bed. Becket, his publisher, was the only one who followed the body to its undistinguished grave, in the parish-burial ground of Marylebone, near Tyburn gallows-stand. Nor was this ungraced funeral the last indignity of that poor body, over whose infirmities Sterne had alternately puled and jested. The grave-yard lay far from houses: no watch was kept after dark; all shunned the ill famed neighbourhood. Sterne's

body was marked down by the body snatchers, the corpse dug up and sold to the professor of anatomy at Cambridge. A student, present at the dissection, recognised under the scalpel the face—not one easily to be forgotten, as we know from Reynold's picture—of the brilliant wit and London lion of a few seasons before." [1]

James Northcote, as we have already seen, was also intimately acquainted with Dr. Mudge. It was through a letter of introduction from Dr. Mudge, that Sir Joshua Reynolds took the chemist's apprentice as his pupil. Northcote was then a youth, and with the letter started to London, with only his hard earned savings in his pocket. His successful career, as a painter, was an evidence of the discrimination of Dr. Mudge in thus bringing him under the notice of Reynolds.[2] Northcote always entertained a great regard for him, and they constantly corresponded with one another for many years. Some of the letters addressed by Dr. Mudge to Northcote, are here introduced.

" Dear Sir,

I have intended for several posts past to assure you of my best wishes, and at the same time to thank you for both your letters; but by some means or other I have been constantly prevented. I was rather uneasy, when I received your last, to find that by a misapprehension of Mr.

[1] Leslie's Life of Reynolds, vol. 1, p. 293.

[2] A portrait of J. Northcote painted by himself, formerly belonging to Dr. Mudge, in possession of Rev. W. C. R. Flint.

Elford, you had been informed that I was displeased with your silence; I know you will give me credit, when I assure you it was a mistake. I own, I wished much to hear from you before your brother came down, and to know what kind of prospect was placed before you; but since I received your first letter, I entirely depended for my further information on your occasional correspondence with your own house. I am much pleased to find that your father seems prepared for, and perfectly reconciled to, any schemes in the painting way, whether your encouragements should turn out sufficient to induce you to settle in London, or otherwise to tarry so long as pecuniary considerations will permit you, so as to lay in such a fund of knowledge, and make those acquirements, which will at least turn out advantageous. If upon the whole you should find that there is no prospect of setting up in London, and yet should wish to stay some considerable time longer, I must insist on the promise you gave me, that you will not suffer the scantiness of your finances to discourage your schemes, but you will candidly give me a hint, and I will with great pleasure send you a remittance immediately. As I know you are interested in everything which concerns my happiness, I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear, that I am emerging from the most oppressed and unhappy state of spirits I ever experienced, though, God knows, I have felt severe and awful dispensations of providence. I have reason to hope that my wife's illness will have a happy termination, for though she is far from well, she intends to go to Mr.

Morley's country house for her perfect recovery to-morrow. I do not know that I have anything further to add, but my thanks for the trouble you took to forward my glasses, which were exactly the *thing;* and my assurances that you have the most ardent wishes of your sincere friend,

JOHN MUDGE.

Plymouth, July 19, 1771."

"Plymouth, 11th April, 1772.

Dear Friend,

A very severe fit of the gout, from which I am not yet recovered, will only allow me at present to thank you very heartily for your obliging present of the picture, which is exceedingly well done, and I shall highly value it; and to request the favour of you to procure for Mr. Charles Fox (my neighbour James Fox's nephew), who will call on you soon, a sight of Sir Joshua's Pictures. I would have written Sir Joshua himself, but as I know he is soon to be with us, was not sure whether a letter would find him in town. All your family are well, and I am ever, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful friend,

JOHN MUDGE."

"Dear Friend,

I intended to have wrote you last post to have returned you my thanks for your kind attention to my dear Tom; I was then prevented, but now do it most sincerely, for, without a compliment, I am sure the countenance of so

worthy a friend must have been a very great comfort to him; and I do not know that anything would give me more real satisfaction, than to see the acquaintance subsisting between you, cultivated into the warmest friendship.

I find you have a brace of Pictures in the Exhibition, a young lady, and an old man; the former, I daresay, will do you credit; but the latter, as the original will be known to a number of spectators, will do you, I daresay, infinite honour; as the excellences of drawing and manner will be united. I much want to know the fate of the west country Landscape, for, *entre nous*, though I think it well enough considering, yet *considering* where it is gone, I wish it had tarried at home; for if Sir Joshua gives it a place in the Exhibition, I think it the strongest proof of his partial attachment to the place of his birth, that he can well give. Everybody knows how far application and industry will go with little genius; and the merit of the picture consists in showing how far the latter will extend without the assistance of the former; but few, that view the picture in the Exhibition, will make those allowances.

Is Comte Ugolino finished, the engraving I mean? do let me know, when you write. Be so good as to give my compliments to Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds.

Your very faithful friend,

JOHN MUDGE.

Plymouth, April 26th, 1774."

" Boconnoc, Jan. 29th, 1775.

My dear Friend,

I daresay you have considered, by my long silence, that you should hear no more from me; and, if so, must have formed conclusions, not very favourable to my gratitude or even friendship. I hope, however, you will give me credit, when I assure you that it has not arisen from want of either; for I have in truth stood self-condemned, ever since the last obliging present you made me of the excellent copy of my friend Mr. Smelt's picture[1]; so very good a one, that, if you had pleased, you might have kept the original, and palmed off the copy upon me; for, except the advantage the former has from the mellowness of tone, which is only discoverable when the two are by the side of each other, I protest I should not have known your's from the original. The same cause or causes, which have delayed my very hearty thanks to you for it, have hitherto delayed my sending it to the family; which I shall however do now very soon.

My mind has, for a great while past, been so much oppressed by the melancholy incident in my own family, and at the same time so embarassed, particularly of late, by business, that I really have scarcely had resolution to do anything, but what necessity has forced upon me. I hope, therefore, you will be so good to accept this as an apology

[1] The original by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in possession of Mrs. Bogue.

for this apparent neglect, and believe me, when I assure you that I ever had, and shall ever cherish, the most cordial friendship and affection for you. I write this from Mr. Pitt's in Cornwall. You will be so good as to give my compliments to Sir Joshua, and tell him that I believe he has forgot his promise, which I have with great impatience expected, the etching of Comte Ugolino; he was so good as to say he would give me one of the first impressions, as soon as they came to his hands; do be so good as to put him in mind of it. I hope you see my dear Tom frequently; I wish he may be as close a copyist of your virtues, as you have been with regard to my friend; which I do not despair of, as I am happy in believing him well disposed to it. My time and paper are at an end, so I shall only add that I am ever, my dear Friend,

Yours most faithfully,
JOHN MUDGE."

" Dear Sir,

If I have not given myself too much credit with you, you will believe me, when I assure you that I have, for some time past, suffered under self-condemnation, for not giving you earlier thanks for your very kind letter; but I have an excuse to offer, that you cannot feel the force of, nor will, till seventy years have gone over your head; and then you will be sensible of the rigidity and stiffness of mind accompanying them. When I received your letter, I had not

read Mr. Burke's book. I have done so since, and read it with wonder and rapture. It is certainly full of principle, and most admirably written; but I fear it is the beauty of the diction, which principally pleases this waterish age. Though the manner and method is not the best, perhaps it is almost the worst, the French could have chosen to establish their new Constitution; I am inclined to believe, when this crisis is complete, which however is at a vast distance, and the Fever of the Mind is subsided, it will settle into a better state than could have been procured by attempts to amend the old one. There is a strong analogy between the Political world and the Animal Economy; physicians have their distant and proximate causes, both which are essential to the production of disease, or that bustle in the constitution, which is necessary to the reinstatement of health in the animal; and those are so far correlates to each other, that the cause can no more subsist without the effect, than the effect without the cause. Now the alteration in the mode of thinking, which has been gradually growing in the French Nation, for above an age past, renders them intolerant of their late Government; nor is it possible to reinstate it, unless the general mind and feelings were to return to the state they were formerly in. Brutus was much mistaken, when he thought by the assassination of Cæsar he could recover the original greatness of the Commonwealth; the Romans had by degrees lost their

virtues, and they were incapable of any Government, but a despotic one. So much for politicks.

Mrs. Mudge and my family join in kindest remembrance to yourself and Miss Northcote, and I am always, my dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN MUDGE.

Pray present my kindest remembrance to Sir Joshua.

Plymouth, March 25th, 1791."

The following is a short note addressed to Samuel Northcote, James Northcote's brother.

Dr. Mudge belonged for many years to a Club in Plymouth, called the Otter Club; it was instituted by some young men, who used to meet in the mornings for the purpose of sea bathing, and once a fortnight in the evenings at a tavern for each other's society, where they supped together. Dr. Mudge was one of the founders of this Club, which was composed of 12 members, each of whom had a silver medal, which they wore at their breasts on the evening of their meetings.

Some few months before his death Dr. Mudge wrote this letter, and with it sent his medal.

"To Mr. Northcote, with a medal:

"My dear Friend, will you have the goodness to return my medal to the Club, with my most affectionate wishes for its happiness and permanence.

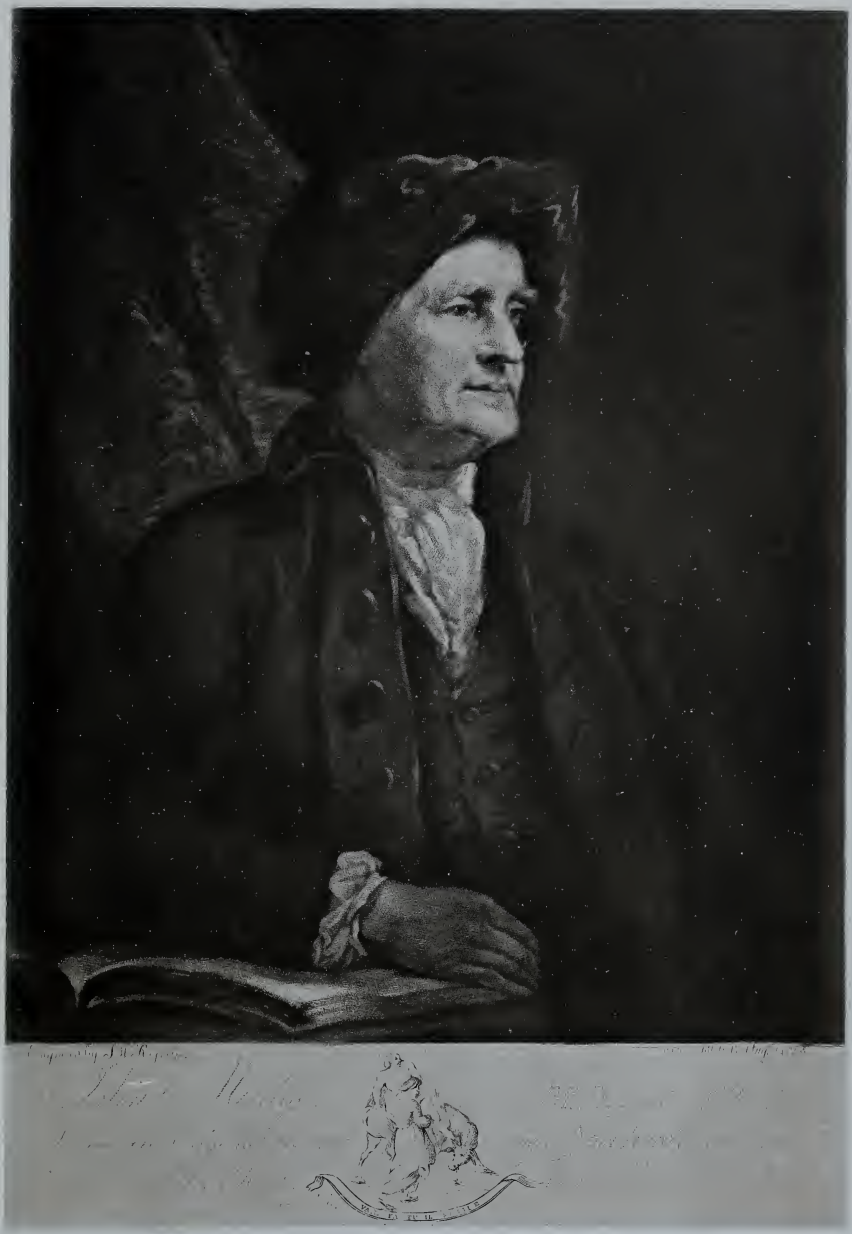
There is a time of life, when sensual pleasures grow vapid and cease to please. That period I have arrived at: but juvenile ones entangle themselves around the heart, and are the last to quit their hold; among these, this necessary sacrifice of my medal to fatal necessity I make with the greatest reluctance. I have worn it full half a century near my heart.

JOHN MUDGE.

Between 2 and 3 in the morning after a sleepless night, Oct. 1st, 1792."

Dr. Mudge seems to have had a happy knack of pleasing everyone who was thrown in his way; he was never known to mortify any person by an illiberal remark, and he would even appear pleased and give commendation, when one of his own stories was related to him, and never shew his previous knowledge of it.

His patients, who found a friend in their physician, were always fascinated by his conversation; on one occasion Dr. Warren, an eminent London physician, in sending a patient to the mild air of Stonehouse, told the lady that



he sent her to Dr. Mudge, and that if his physic did not cure her, his conversation would.

Northcote, in one of his "Conversations" with Hazlitt, speaks too of the beauty of his character. "Dr. Mudge," he says, "was one of the most delightful persons I ever knew. Every one was enchanted with his society. It was not wit that he possessed, but such perfect cheerfulness and good humour, that it was like health coming into the room. He was a most agreeable companion, quite natural and unaffected. His reading was the most beautiful I have ever heard. I remember him once reading Moore's fable of the "Female Seducers" with such feeling and sweetness, that every one was delighted, and Dr. Mudge himself was so much affected, that he burst into tears in the middle of it."[1]

This brightness and gentleness of character is the more remarkable from the fact, that for many years he suffered greatly from the gout. He had the talent however of extracting good from all that presented itself to him, and in the midst of severe pain, he would brighten up at the entrance of a friend, and cheerfully answer the inquiry for his health, by saying, "nearly gone; the thread is drawn as fine as it can be." This serenity of mind never forsook him, and it appeared from an Epitaph written with his own hand, and found amongst his papers after his death, as if he had determined, that his last hour should be placid and resigned.

[1] Conversations p. 89.

The Epitaph is as follows :—

"Janua vitæ sepulchrum est.
Hic juxta sitæ sunt exuviæ
Joannis Mudge,
Medicinæ Doctoris,
Societatis Regiæ Socii.
Ipse ille,
Spe certâ in Christo resurgendi,
pie placideque animam,
Deo reddidit
Anno Domini 17—."

His family had, in the 72nd year of his age, to fill in the blank which was left for the date, with the 26th of March, 1793. On that morning he ceased to live. He was found as if quietly sleeping, his face calm and peaceful, the book he had been reading was lying on the bed, face downwards, and not moved by the least struggle. His spirit, so gentle in life, had gently passed away to a brighter existence.

His death was felt at Plymouth, and throughout the West, as a public calamity.

He was buried near to his father in St. Andrew's Church,[1] where a monument by Banks was erected by his family, with the above inscription, in the South East Corner of the North Aisle. The following is the character of Dr. Mudge, written by Mr. Gandy on the morning of his death.

[1] Monday, April 1st. Pall bearers Lord Eliot, Mr. Elford, Mr. Samuel Northcote, Mr. Leach, Mr. Dunsterville, Mr. Bastard of Kitley, and Mr. Heywood of Merristow.

"Plymouth, March 26th.

This morning in the 72nd year of his age, died Dr. Mudge, an eminent Physician of this place, as universally lamented, as he had lived beloved and esteemed. In this excellent man were combined the best qualities of the head and the heart. His admirable genius, which signalized him, not only in the various departments of his own Profession, but in many other walks both of Art and Science, was tempered with the most engaging benevolence, and condescension; and his medical practice was combined with so unaffected a sympathy with the miseries he was called to relieve, that his patients felt he was their friend, as well as their physician. In domestick scenes, his affectionate attentions inexpressibly endeared him to his family; at the same time that the vigour, and brilliancy of his conversation, rendered him a very instructive and delightful companion. His cup of life was but too largely dashed with the bitterness of pain and sorrow; yet through the natural cheerfulness of his temper, and the affecting sense he entertained of the truths and duties of Religion, he had the happy talent of alleviating his own burdens, and those of his sympathizing friends, by extracting and enjoying whatever portion of good he found mingled with the evils of life. This sunshine of the breast never forsook him, and would no doubt have shed a lustre on his last moments, had he been called to the task of patience and resignation, by a lingering and laborious

change. But he was spared this trial, by a sudden and easy passage from this life to that better state, which is perfectly congenial to the piety and the philanthropy that distinguished him."

A few days after Dr. Mudge's death, Mr. Richard Rosdew, of Beechwood, received a letter from Mr. Thomas Mudge, which we here subjoin.

"Dear Rosdew,

The melancholy tidings of the death of my poor uncle has given us much concern. As to my father, as he is exceedingly low, and is, as Robinson tells me, going very fast himself, I have not yet told him that his brother is actually dead; tho' I have said he was in such a state that it was impossible for him to recover; I mean, when I return to day, to say I have heard of his death.

The moment I received your letter yesterday, with the character written by Mr. Gandy (which I think a most excellent one) I set to work and made three copies, which Bayly and myself put into the letter boxes of the Star, the Oracle, and the London Chronicle; upon enquiring since, I am not quite certain whether the publishers will insert it without being paid as an advertisement, but if I don't find it in the Star or the London Chronicle this evening, I will pay for the insertion of it in the Star on Monday. Before Mr. G. had written his character, I had made an attempt at the description of my uncle, which I did when I heard

from you some time since, that from the state of his lungs, he had given himself over, and you were in constant expectation of his death. What I have said I send you a copy of, on the other side, tho' I beg at the same time to have it understood, that I consider my sketch but a faint shade in comparison of what Mr. G. has done.

Remember us all most affectionately to Jane, who will, I trust, by the time you receive this, have been somewhat recovered from the shock she has received.

Adieu, and believe me very affectionately yours,

THOS. MUDGE."

Mr. Thomas Mudge's character of his uncle we add, as it is interesting to know how Dr. Mudge was esteemed by his own relations.

"On the 26th day of March, died at Plymouth at the advanced age of 72, Dr. John Mudge, an eminent Physician of that place. To those who were not acquainted with him, the just description of his virtues and abilities might appear like the exaggerated painting of an affectionate but partial friend; but by those who had the happiness of knowing him intimately, it will be allowed hardly too much, to say that no character ever existed, in whom was more eminently combined all the valuable qualities of the Head and Heart. Extensively connected with mankind, he received, from the distinguished and worthy part of them, the most flattering

testimonies of affection and esteem. Naturally of a tender constitution, and greatly afflicted from an early period of life with gout, he had frequent opportunities to manifest his cheerfulness and fortitude under the most severe pressure of pain and disease. His genius, which shone conspicuous in his professional character, did not confine itself to his medical abilities; but the energy of his mind was apparent in everything, that at any time became an object of his attention. Of the truth of this assertion one instance may be mentioned which is an extraordinary one. Several years ago amidst the fatigues of business, and the frequent interruptions of sickness, he amused himself by making reflecting telescopes; and these he brought to such a degree of perfection, that in the year 1777, on presenting to the Royal Society a paper describing the best methods of making the specula for them, he had conferred upon him the Gold Medal, as a reward for his communication.

A Christian in practice as well as in principle, when, worn out by accumulated infirmities, he saw the approaches of death to be inevitable, he calmly breathed his last, and expired with the animating hope, that his virtues and labours would be rewarded with that happiness, which a conviction of the truth of the religion which he professed, led him to expect in a future and better state."

The following notice of Dr. Mudge's death appeared in the London papers.

"Died at Plymouth on the 26th of March, 1793, after

having been subject for many years to severe and repeated attacks of the gout, which he bore with the greatest fortitude, John Mudge, M.D., F.R.S., who for his skill in the Science of Mechanics was no less eminent, than in that of Medicine, of which his improvements in the formation of Reflecting Telescopes, his excellent Medical Treatises, long and extensive practice, bear ample testimony; but to his private virtues, his social talents, the quickness and penetration of his judgment, the warmth of his friendship, and the goodness of his heart, those who had the happiness of knowing him best can speak, and long will have reason to lament his loss."

These verses, written by Mr. Andrew Sanders of Plymouth, were published in one of the London papers about the same time.

"Reader, if vice or folly mark thy life,
If guilty passions rage with baleful strife,
If aught malignant in thy mind be found,
Let not thy step profane this hallowed ground,
But if benevolence thy bosom warm,
If genius fire thee, or if science charm,
If virtue to thy soul were ever dear,
On Mudge's ashes drop the kindred tear."

The following lines also appeared in the newspapers, entitled, "An Elegy. To the memory of the late Dr. Mudge of Plymouth."

"With skill to cure, or soften human ills,
And temper e'en the malady that kills;
With worth to dignify what science grac'd,
With knowledge, learning, polished wit and taste,
We saw thee blest, and whilst we viewed, admired
What Heaven bestowed, and studious toil acquired;
Daily enriched, thy ample mind was fraught
With brilliance, fire, and energy of thought;
The heart, which felt each soft affection's power,
Seemed formed by nature in her happiest hour;
Thy talents shewed what blessings Heaven can give;
Thy manners charmed, and taught us how to live.

"The tears, which nature and affection shed
O'er the lost friend, the tribute of the dead,
For thee, oh! frequent fell; no common woe
Bade the full stream of heart-felt sorrow flow:
All who the gift of thy affection shared,
Enjoyed thy friendship, favour, or regard,
Who prized thy talents, or thy worth revered,
By whom respected, and to whom endeared,
All wept thy loss, with grief and pain severe,
Great as thy worth, and as their love sincere.

"While sad reflection all the past reviews,
And scenes now closed in retrospect renews,
Affection sees thee all thyself appear,
So great, so good, so honoured, and so dear.
And midst the sketches, memory's power displays,
Which gild the picture with its brighter rays,
The deepened traits, which meet the eye, disclose
That even thou hast tasted human woes:
That health, which followed where thy skill was tried,
Was to thyself, ah! long and oft denied:
That all the ties which round the heart entwine,
And which with added strength encircled shine,
Were in severe succession burst in twain;
Sad fruitful source of misery and pain.

"E'en midst those sorrows, and those scenes of grief,
Where the full aching heart finds no relief,
Those powers, which minds like thine alone can know,
Softened thy pangs and dignified thy woe:
And in that hour, whose sad event we weep,
When tired Nature sank to peaceful sleep,
Thy soul its proud pre-eminence displayed,
Seemed from its native Heaven too long delayed,
And, e'en on earth from human dross refined,
With scarce one struggle left the world behind,
Shook off mortality, and winged its flight
To realms celestial, and the seat of light."

Dr. Mudge was married three times, and had twenty children. The name, Mary Bulteel, is all that is on record of his first wife. His second wife was called Jane. She died in 1766 and was buried at St. Andrews.[1] He married 29th May, 1767, thirdly, Elizabeth Garrett, who survived him, and continued to reside in Plymouth after his decease. She died in 1808. Her death is recorded on the tablet erected in memory of her husband.

"Elizabeth Mudge,
optimi hujus viri vidua
obiit 6 Aug: A.D. 1808,
æt: suæ 72.

By his first wife he had a numerous family, of whom three sons and three daughters died of consumption after having passed the age of 20. Of his children we shall have to speak very shortly. There is a very fine portrait of

[1] Extract from Register. "Jane Mudge, buried Feb. 3, 1766. No charge."

Dr. Mudge, painted when he was a young man, by his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first picture Reynolds painted after his return from Italy. It is particularly described in Leslie's Life of Reynolds.

"Northcote tells us, that on his return (from Italy) he found his health in such an indifferent state, as to judge it prudent to pay a visit to his native air, but this he would naturally do whether well or ill. He remained three months in Devonshire, and while at Plymouth painted a portrait of Dr. John Mudge, an eminent physician, a man of great abilites, and not more esteemed for the variety of his knowledge, than loved for his amiable manners.

"This portrait of Dr. Mudge is now at the residence of Mr. Mudge at Sydney, Plympton. It represents Dr. Mudge almost in profile; he wears a reading cap, and is turning over the leaves of a folio. The head is a very noble one, with marked and regular features. But owing, I have no doubt, to an injudicious removal of the varnish which locked up the glazing colours, the carnations have utterly disappeared, leaving the head as modelled in the first stage of painting, in little more than tones of black and white. Both the doctor's portrait and two of his father, have been engraved; the former by Grozier, Dickenson,[1] and S. W. Reynolds, the latter by Watson."[2]

This picture was painted in 1753.

[1] Smiths British Mezzotint Portraits Pt. III. p. 1388, No. 16.
[2] Leslie Life of Reynolds, Vol. I. p. 89.

AUTOTYPE.

Northcote has left us two very good copies of this picture.

The mezzotints of this picture were never sold during his lifetime, as Dr. Mudge expressed a dislike to seeing himself put up in the printshops.

There is another portrait of Dr. Mudge, taken in later life by J. Northcote, bearing the date 1787.

The mezzotints of this were allowed to be sold.

CHILDREN OF Dr. MUDGE.

JOHN MUDGE was born at Plymouth in 1742 and baptized at St. Andrews Oct. 4th, 1743. He was the eldest son of Dr. Mudge by Mary his first wife. Though there is nothing known of his life, and he died early, his features at the age of 15 have been handed down to us by Sir Joshua: in connection with the painting of this portrait there is an interesting story.

I quote from Leslie's life of Reynolds.

"A young lad, the son of Dr. Mudge the physician, then employed in the Navy Office in London, was very anxious to visit his father on his birthday, (his sixteenth); but unfortunately he was confined to his room by illness. He expressed his disappointment to Reynolds, who said, 'Never mind, I will send you to your father,' and accordingly sent a portrait of the youth, in which he represented him as peeping from behind a curtain.

This portrait was of course a gift; though the painter was somewhat chary of making presents of his pictures. He used to say he found they were seldom highly valued, unless paid for.

Mr. Cotton points out the probability that the arrangement of the picture was suggested by a mezzotint by B. Lens."[1]

The portrait of Master Mudge, as the picture is known, was painted in Feb., 1758.

THOMAS MUDGE, 2nd son of Dr. Mudge, was born in 1743. His portrait, as his brother's, was, according to Leslie, also painted by Sir Joshua in 1758. This picture, when hanging over a mantelpiece in a bedroom, unfortunately caught fire and was burnt. There was sufficient of the features remaining, in what was rescued from the flames, for James Northcote to make an excellent copy of the picture, which is extant.

Thomas Mudge, died at Lineham, Mar. 4th, 1782. His father says, "he died with the same sweet composed countenance, he ever possessed in health, and I trust enjoys the happiness promised to the innocent and simple in heart."

MARY MUDGE, baptized at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, Mar. 18th, 1746.

CHARLES MUDGE, third surviving son of Dr. Mudge. He served in the Royal Navy, and died at St. Helena in 1775.

[1] Vol. I, p. 148.

ANN MUDGE, baptized at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, Feb. 22nd, 1748.

She married in 1782 the Reverend James Yonge of Puslinch.

The following year, 1783, she died, after the birth of a daughter.

"My dearest Nancy," Dr. Mudge writes, "was relieved from her sufferings this morning between one and two, and with the greatest calmness left the world with a thorough trust in the next."

She was buried in Newton Ferrers Church.

Mr. Yonge married afterwards, Anne Granger, sister of Mrs. Zachariah Mudge. Of the second family, James married Jane Mallock; Elizabeth married Field Marshal Lord Seaton; and Jane married the Reverend Joseph Harris, Vicar of Torre.

ELIZABETH MUDGE, baptized at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, April 3rd, 1751.

KITTY MUDGE was born in 1758, May 16th. She was married the same year as her sister in 1782, to Mr. William Rosdew.

There are two portraits, miniatures, of her extant, shewing her to have been a person of great beauty, painted by Nixon in 1780 and 1782. The last painted represents her as Ophelia. She died in 1789, May 1st, and was buried at Yealmpton, in which Church there is a tablet to her memory.

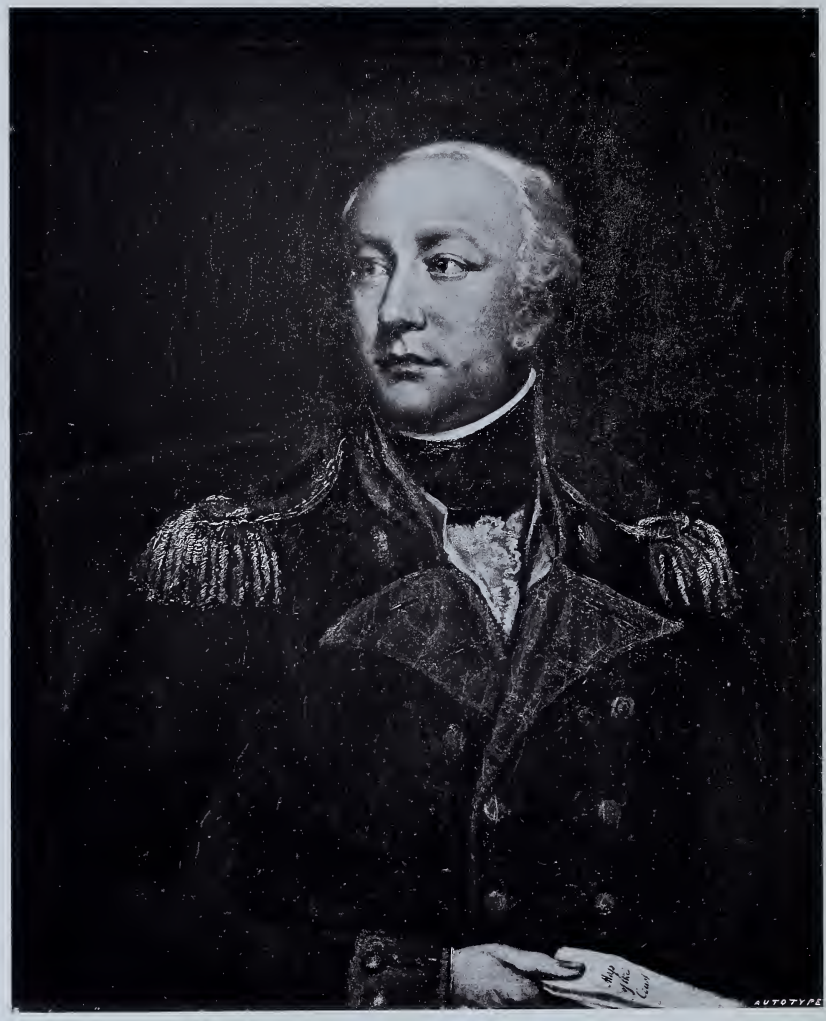
JANE (Jenny) MUDGE, daughter of Dr. Mudge by his second wife, was born on Oct 29th, 1761.

She married in 1783, Mr. Richard Rosdew of Beechwood near Plympton. Of this event Dr. Mudge has a record in his note book, "Jenny was this day married, dined at Beechwood, and gave Jenny the watch."

Her portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

She died in June, 1818, at Beechwood.

There is a monumental tablet, representing a kneeling figure, to her memory, by Sir F. Chantrey, in the South Aisle of St. Andrew's Church.



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM MUDGE.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

WILLIAM MUDGE,

Major General R.A., F.R.S., LL.D., F.S.A., F.R.A., C.M. of the Royal Institute of Paris, etc.

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"A geographic Labourer."
Wordsworth.

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ILLIAM MUDGE was born in Plymouth, December 1st, 1762. He was the son of Dr. John Mudge by his second wife, Jane. His mother died soon after his birth. Shewing a desire to enter the Army, he was sent in 1777 to Woolwich as a Cadet, where he distinguished himself by his abilities. While he was there his godfather, Dr. Johnson, paid him a visit and gave him a guinea and a book.

Of his time at Woolwich Dr. Hutton said, he was a sharp boy, but not particularly attentive. There were at

that time only two Academies, the Senior and the Junior; over the first Dr. Hutton presided, and in the Junior a Mr. Charles Green, who was rather remarkable for his slowness in teaching. In consequence of this, the friends of a lad named Hislop, (afterwards Sir Thomas Hislop), applied to the Master General for permission to qualify him for examination for the Senior Academy, that he might not lose time under Mr. Green. On this permission being granted, Mr. Green determined, if possible, to thwart the execution of its object, by sending a Cadet for examination from his Academy, in opposition to young Hislop, and selected William Mudge, though he had not nearly completed the course, but he judged from his quickness and ability that he would be likely to succeed. In this however, as might be expected, he failed, and it is to be noted that Mudge did not succeed in getting into the Senior Academy until his third examination. In 1779, he became 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was sent out almost immediately to South Carolina, where he served in Lord Cornwallis' Army. During this time there is mention made in his father's pocket book of his writing home from Charlestown.

In 1781, he was made 1st Lieutenant.

Soon after his return from Carolina, he was put on duty in the Tower, where he began studying mathematics and mechanics, which latter he practically applied to the construction of some clocks for his private amusement. He found that Shrapnel, afterwards Major General Shrapnel, to

whom he was senior in the Corps, had made considerable progress in mathematics; unwilling to be outdone in anything, and perceiving the advantage of this branch of science, hs set to work sedulously at mathematics, applying to Dr. Hutton for assistance, when he found himself in any difficulty, and thus by perseverance became at last a first rate mathematician. When the Duke of Richmond, as Master General of the Ordnance, purchased the three feet theodolite, intended for the East India Company, for the purpose of carrying out the general survey of Great Britain, commenced by General Roy, he applied to Dr. Hutton to know what officers of the Artillery and Engineers were best qualified for the management of this part of the undertaking, Dr. Hutton, after deliberation on the matter, recommended Lieut. Colonel Williams and Lieut. Mudge, as the best qualified officers; and Dr. Hutton said, that in doing so he sincerely believed he had named the best mathematicians in the two corps, and the fittest officers for this duty. Indeed, he added, it would have been very difficult to have found persons better qualified anywhere. This was in 1791. Under Colonel Williams he continued to work, till Colonel Williams' death in 1798, when he was appointed head of the Survey in the following terms :—

"SIR,

I have the commands of the Master General to acquaint you that, sensible of the zeal and ability you have shewn in that part of the Trigonometrical Survey, which it has fallen to your lot to execute on the death of Lieut. Col. Williams, it was his Lordship's intention to have intrusted

to you the conduct of its continuation; and it is with additional satisfaction and confidence that Lord Cornwallis now appoints you to that situation, assured of its coinciding with the wishes of his Grace the Duke of Richmond.

His Lordship desires that you will accordingly take on yourself the charge, as it has hitherto been held by Colonel Williams.

I have the honor to be,

R. APSLEY."

In March of the same year, he received a letter from Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, informing him that he had no doubt, as the members of the Society were well aware of the zeal, diligence and ability, he had shewn in executing the interesting duty in which he was engaged, he would be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

This work of the Survey of England he carried on with great success for many years, and always received the highest commendation from the heads of the Department, to which he belonged. With reference to this part of his work, which was the work of his life, the following remarks may very well be inserted in this place.

"Major General Mudge is best known to the world by his labours upon the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain, on which he was employed for nearly thirty years. The attention he had paid early in life to the mathematical sciences, and the habit of accuracy as well as the necessary previous information, which their study afforded, qualified

him peculiarly for that task, which he proceeded in the execution of, so much to his own credit and the advantage of the country.

"Major General Roy had measured a base line on Hounslow Heath, and conducted a series of triangles from it, (verified by another base line measured on Romney Marsh) through Kent and Sussex, to the French Coast, for the purpose of connecting the Observatories of Greenwich and Paris. The skill and ingenuity of General Roy, and of the French Academicians who performed the portion of that work, which lay on their side of the channel, had done much towards the development of the best methods and precautions, requisite in conducting surveys of large tracts of land, and in ascertaining such data as might be applied to the discovery of the figure of the earth. But what they had done, far from exhausting the field of science, and leaving merely the labour of following prescribed rules to their successors in it, tended to shew the excessive imperfections of all that had preceded them, and pointed to a road, where mathematical and philosophical genius might find ample exercise, and be rewarded by new discoveries.

"The measurements of Picard, Capini, Bougner, Maupertius, Lacaille, Boscovich, Liesgaing, Mason and Dixon, &c., had been executed with instruments far inferior to those employed in the new measures; and as those very able men were also unacquainted with the aberration of light, and various other matters, which the progress of

science had made known since their time, of course their works had lost much of their original value, and required repetition. The very eminent members of the Academy of Sciences at Paris have since pursued this subject, during all the discouragement which the political revolutions of France must have thrown in their way, with a degree of ardour which does them the highest honour. And it is not to be wondered at, that a young man of an aspiring genius, like Lieutenant Mudge, should avail himself of the opportunity afforded by Dr. Hutton's recommendation of being employed on the Survey of Great Britain, which commenced under the most favourable auspices. The Duke of Richmond, then Master General of the Ordnance, took a most decided interest in its progress, and was never deficient in attention to the suggestions of its superintendent. Thus encouraged, the conductors of the survey proceeded with unremitting alacrity, and Mudge soon distinguished himself as a prominent character in it's execution. The Duke took notice of him, treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave, what he most valued, every facility to the progress of the Survey. Mudge was in communication with most of those scientific men in this country, who had devoted their attention to the pursuit of natural philosophy and mathematics, and he used every exertion to render the work, in which he was engaged, as perfect as the state of science would admit. From Dr. Hutton, Dr. Maskelyne, etc., he derived some valuable assistance in the theoretical part of

the undertaking. However, the Survey of a country like Great Britain required much time for its execution, and it could hardly be expected, that the Duke of Richmond, whose love of science and desire to promote the internal improvement of the country had led him to direct its commencement, should remain in power, long enough to preside during the progress of any very considerable portion. A political change put a new Master General into the Ordnance; and though the utility of an accurate Survey was too obvious, and the qualifications of Mudge were too well known, to escape the observation of the noblemen, who successively held that office, yet they did not possess that degree of information, respecting the mode of conducting the Survey, and feel that lively interest in its progress, which it's founder had done. The Survey still proceeded under Mudge's direction, with great accuracy and consequent credit, but it had lost its patron, and become a work of labor. General Mudge was a man of the nicest feelings of honor, of the strictest integrity, and almost penuriously careful of the public money. With such sentiments, he was fearful lest his character should suffer by making applications for assistance, that might be deemed superfluous to those who were unacquainted with the necessities of his department, and who might, in the hurry of business, neglect to give him opportunity of affording full explanations. This disposition deprived him of those means which would, had he possessed them, have enabled him to display his abilities

to much greater advantage, both for his own fame, and the progress of the work. The public expected much more from the conductors of the Trigonometrical part of the Survey, than it was possible for the number of individuals employed to perform; and whilst a continual arrear of business was unavoidably accumulating, the ardour of Science could not but suffer an abatement. Before General Mudge could make up his mind to apply for any new assistant, the aid of that assistant had been long required; and as an assistant in the Trigonometrical department had always much to learn, and could be of little use till long after his initiation had commenced, the arrears of computation and other business could never be entirely removed. However, General Mudge had a facility in obtaining the utmost exertions of those under his directions; the uniform kindness with which he treated them always endeared him to their affections, and they on his account willingly submitted to privations and labours, which few other persons in his situation could have induced them to undergo."

In 1799, Captain Mudge, with the assistance of Mr. Dalby, published Volume I of the Account of the Survey revised from the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, and in 1801 he issued, unaided, Volume II. The same year Thomas Colby obtained his commission, as 2nd Lieutenant in the Engineers. His diligence and success in scientific study were such, that in January of the following year, at the special request of Captain Mudge, he was

appointed one of the assistants in the great work of the Survey. Entering at once on his duties, he justified the expectations formed of him, by the intelligence and conscientious activity, which he brought to the work of surveying. He was on a tour of inspection in Cornwall in 1803, when he lost his left hand by the bursting of an old pistol, and suffered at the same time such a fracture of the skull from a fragment of the barrel, that he felt the effects of the accident for the rest of his life, whenever he attempted any long continued mental exertion. Though the loss of his hand was a hindrance to the active discharge of his duties, Colonel Mudge was so well satisfied of his merits, that he kept the young Lieutenant permanently attached to the Survey. Colonel Mudge, who himself united energy of character, mathematical talent and culture, had the valuable faculty of readily observing and appreciating the existence of corresponding qualities in others; he recognized a kindred spirit in Colby, and by attaching him to himself as his chief personal assistant, conferred an inestimable benefit upon the national work which he conducted.[1]

In 1803, he published "An account of the measurement of the Arc of the Meridian; extending from Dunnose in the Isle of Wight to Clifton in Yorkshire.

During this period of his life, Colonel Mudge, as he became in 1804, resided at the Tower, from which are

[1] Vide English Cyclopœdia Biography, vol. ii, p. 311.

dated one or two letters here inserted; they are interesting, as they shew us how he entered into the passing events of the day, and they give us moreover an insight into his personal character.

"Nov. 20th, 1804.

My dear Rosdew,

Your letters and your present are at variance with each other, and I am very glad they are so, for I should be very sorry ever to receive from you an unequivocal testimony of your being seriously offended with me. Time and the run of things will shew you, that I value your friendship at too high a rate, lightly to sport with it; and I am sure if I advert to the present occasion, you will have too much goodness to retain the sentiments with which you penned your letter. Northcote has had two sittings from me and has near finished the face. He has put two much brains in it or behind it. But I perceive the likeness to be extremely strong, and I think the portrait is likely to turn out a very fine one, for he is evidently trying his best. He shall not want the necessary sittings.

My boy, thank God, is getting much better, but as usual at the expense of the Mother, who is but very indifferent. Richard continues to improve in his studies and in his appearance. Nature has written a letter of recommendation in his countenance, of the most flattering kind. He is grown very tall, and discovers no symptoms of a weakly constitution. Woolcot is hard at work at

Blackheath, preparing work for the surveyors. The moment he has done, he goes into the West, first to you for his horse. The survey of Dorset is to be taken up, and *all* hands doubled. You will say upon this, that surely I have enough on mine!

My Map goes on well and will soon be out; I trust it will afford the world some proofs that I deserve the mite I get. But if I keep my timbers stout and my planks tight, I shall never complain if I ever continue as I am.

I am glad to hear Jane is well; give our love to her, and say we send no such angry messages as she sends to me.

Yrs ever,

W. MUDGE.

P.S.—Neville has a couple of the cocks. Haddon I have not sent any to. Dick ate a whole one himself."

"Blackheath, Dec. 20th, 1804.

My dear Rosdew,

Seven parts of the New Encyclopædia, two numbers of my last paper, and one of that which preceded it, were yesterday sent off by the Plymouth wagon, directed for you.

As to the first, I apprize you of their backs being a little soiled, and of their having been mine. I send them to you because they are proofs; and proofs for love or money cannot be had, but by those whose names were first put down. Such was the case with me, and as every day's

experience tells me, that I shall every future day have less leisure for amusement, I part with them willingly, trusting you will receive them as willingly yourself. The future numbers shall be regularly sent to you. Colonel Archer is to have one of my last papers and the previous publication, if you *have* got it yourself, but if you have not, that single paper may be kept by you. The country all around us here is one white sheet, so much the better. You, I imagine, are the most destructive of Nimrods, and I wish you as much luck, health and happiness, as you can wish yourself. Our Hive begins to swarm, for all are at home except Jane's image. Little Zach has got well. On Saturday all the Nevilles came down for the Christmas. Beechwood, I imagine, will be gay and full. I should be very glad to sit down to your sirloin; but when I hear that a thousand Artillery are going on the Expedition now fitting out, and also recollect, that, but for Triangles and Maps, I might very soon winter elsewhere, I may think myself very well off, although I cannot have that wish gratified.

My head is on canvass, but not my coat; but I think of doing myself the honor of sitting, you remember the French cant, sometime next week.

I trust Jane is very well, give my love to her, and believe me, dear Rosdew,

Your sincere friend

W. MUDGE."

"Tower, January 8th, 1805.

My dear Rosdew,

I thank you for your New Year's gift, your letter; and I answer it by an early post, that the value of my reply may not be diminished by delay or apparent tardiness. I should however, if your letter had not been written, still have wrote to you, for I did not send you a line by Mr. Woolcot, and it would have been right to have told you why I had not done so.

The Philosopher left me on Saturday, and I imagine will call on you at Beechwood sometime about to-morrow. He has seen much of us of late, and can tell you, or has told you, vivâ voce, how we all are and go on. On that score, I shall not for this reason enlarge or say more of my family, than what may engage your attention on the part of your namesake, Dick. Jane's letter, with its enclosure, brightened up the eyes of our favourite boy, and he will in a day or two thank her for her donation. He has so well rewarded my care of him, in making the best of his time at Mr. Bonnycastle's, that I have thought it right to continue his old master through the holidays. He is grown very tall and personable; has become a very good Frenchman; and has attained great excellence in the art of drawing. Of his military efforts in this way I send you a small specimen; and he will very shortly send two landscapes to his Aunt, which will, I believe, not disgrace her walls. Early in February he will go to Marlow.

Mr. Woolcot will very probably have told you, that I am not yet settled in a house, my own, either by year, or lease; very difficult it is to find anything hereabouts to be had at hand, but, having two or three kind friends looking out, I hope soon to be covered with a roof of my own. Your letter holds out the hope of your visiting Town; may you not disappoint me in that hope!

The year of 1805 has begun, and I trust the conclusion of it will bring us, or see us possessed of, political health; quietness in the shape of peace I do not reckon upon. Far indeed is such a prospect from us; but yet I hear from people of no mean capacity or sources of information, and I have heard it to-day, that a general congress is to be held, for settling the disputes between France on the one part, and the Northern Powers with Britain on the other. I cannot tell, but I persuade myself, that an *Imperial* Bourbon would follow the steps of an Imperial Buonaparte, and that we should not gain much by a change of monarchs. I verily think in my own mind, that let matters be as they will, or let them be accomodated as we wish to our own contrivances, that peace between this country and France will not, for 50 years to come, ever occupy a space of four years. Holland and Brabant give to our natural enemy such advantages, that, restless as she is, we shall know little or no rest from her, let her be governed by whomsoever she may. A change, a mutual exchange, of prisoners is decided and agreed on, between us and our belligerent neighbour.

I heard from Mr. Dawson some few days ago, on the score of Dick Holberton's progress, and I shall write him forthwith giving him further instructions. His commission will be given him soon I hope, and nothing shall be wanting on my part to procure it for him; but I must possess his drawings and plans to present them to General Morse, and he must not be disappointed in waiting the arrival of his hour. I shall desire Mr. Dawson to detain him at Liskeard after his drawings are sent up, and employ him in further matters of drawing, for I do not wish him to come up till he has his commission. It is but fair he should be rewarded for his diligence, yet it may be useful to tell Dick, that it is far more easy to get a company in the Guards than a commission in the Engineers.

At Woolwich all is bustle and confusion. To what place the troops composing the expedition will ultimately receive a destination, I know not, but I have a very shrewd guess, that I know where they are going to, in the first instance—Ferol;—but silence on this point.

Dick and his brothers, with Jane, are all bent on drinking a glass of sweet wine in aid of *his* cake, to the health, the happiness, and the prosperity of yourself and Jane in the year 1805. Farewell!

Yrs truly

W. MUDGE."

"Drawing-room, Tower, Nov. 11th, 1805.

My dear Rosdew,

The colours of victory are again waving on the battlements of the White Tower. The occasion by an extra Gazette tells us of four French ships, belonging to the ruined combined squadron, being taken by Sir Richard Strahan. Good news has so long been a stranger to the British Land, that I doubted whether our ensign, triumphantly floating at this time close to me, had not forgot it's way up the staff. Be that as it might, it has now refreshed its memory again, and God grant it may soon wear out the stick by its repeated use!

This intelligence of the capture of the four ships you may have heard perhaps, before this reaches you. But there is a chance, that you may first know it by this communication, provided you call, as you were wont to do, at the Post Office in Plympton for letters. If however the news be stale, my letter will serve the purpose of renewing my correspondence with you.

I cannot yet enter on any matter with you. I must first tell you, how sincerely I grieve for the loss of our country's Darling, the brave—no doubt the immortal, Nelson. The sure way to Heaven is dying in defence of that order which is necessary for our happiness, and the furthering the designs of its Architect. In Heaven then is poor Nelson! That man had indeed a soul, formed neither by

common materials, nor stamped in a common manner. It had been well for us, had he not been Cæsar; but Cæsar, and nothing else, would he be in the presence of his enemies. The star omitted on his coat perhaps rendering him less distinguished, he might have survived the Battle; had such been the case, it might have been well for us. But as to himself! could he have sealed his life in any other way so gloriously, as in the hour of that victory which saved his country? For the loss of this benefactor of the whole European race, we are all here internally mourning; and it is imagined a general wear of black will soon take place. Can any one be acceptable to you, who is insensible to the feelings of gratitude and justice on this occasion? I am sure not. I shall therefore offer no excuse for writing so much about this Man.

Tell Zach that I trust there are many men yet in store, to give perpetuity to the reputation of our Naval Flag, and tell him too, that I think he is one of them; convey with this message my earnest good wishes for his future welfare. Let him make a perfect Phœnix of his ship. Tell Zach that John is put, according to his desire, to a school proper for the purpose, not to his old one.

I am very well; much better than I have been for some years past. I may patch up into a strong vessel yet; so much the better. Thank God you are got into good order: but why ride that horse? I am very glad I did

not know your accident was a serious one, till I found you were out of danger. Keep yourself free from the chance of its recurrence.

Tell my sister I hold her in sincere love, and estimation, and believe me, that I am, your most affectionate friend,

W. MUDGE.

P.S.—You may expect to hear soon of something being done at Boulogne."

In January 1806, after referring to Lord Nelson's funeral, Colonel Mudge adds, "How retrograde seem to run the affairs of France from the channel in which we all wish them to steer. It is not for mortal man to unravel the intricacies of Providence; doubtless the changes making in the affairs of the civilized world are the work of God himself. I cannot but believe so. For what end, as we cannot unravel the web, we cannot see; the general welfare of future society may be the end, and I doubt not it is; but I am greatly mistaken, if you and I do not live to see such a game played on this side of the water, as shall put all to the hazard. I believe the great question, *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, must be tried on English ground. I shall have my share of it when the period arrives, and so will you; for no man would go further in the defence of his country than yourself."

In 1808, Col. Mudge purchased a house in Holles Street, No. 4, which became his residence for the remainder of his life.

While engaged in the work of the Survey, he was appointed unexpectedly in 1809, Lieutenant Governor of the Military Academy at Woolwich, which office he held for some years. This appointment was the last of Lord Chatham's official acts. He found the Academy, as he said, in ruins; to remedy the state of things he at once struck at the root of the evil, and set to work to bring about better discipline, and management, among the Cadets.

Of his success in the management of the Cadets, Lord Chatham speaks in the following terms. In a letter addressed by Lord Chatham to him in the year 1817, in which he thanks him for some maps, Colonel Mudge had sent him, and expresses his high satisfaction at the success with which the Survey continued to be prosecuted, Lord Chatham adds, that it is no less gratifying to him to learn that the Royal Military Academy has so fully answered all that was expected from it, and that it has attained that degree of perfection, the accomplishment of which was, he was confident, best insured, when it was placed under Colonel Mudge's auspices.

Since the year 1798, the Cadets of the East India Company, destined for the service of the Artillery and Engineers, had been sent to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where they continued to be educated until

the commencement of 1810, when they were removed to a similar institution at Addiscombe, established by the Company for the education of their own Cadets, but still to remain under the superintendence of General Mudge, who was appointed public examiner. In the discharge of this duty, General Mudge was ever anxious and assiduous to ascertain, by private and repeated examinations, the respective qualifications of the youths placed under his superintendence, and the efficacy of the mode adopted for their instruction. At public examinations, he was actuated by no petty view of displaying his own attainments; his efforts were directed to encourage and assist the modest and apprehensive candidate, and to obtain for merit, that prize, which in public displays is too frequently borne away by superior confidence. To render their education yet more complete, he availed himself of his situation, as superintendent of the General Survey of Great Britain, to give the Cadets that experience and information, which might qualify them to conduct similar operations, for military or commercial purposes, in the hitherto imperfectly described districts of India. He committed this branch of their education to Mr. Dawson, who had, early in life, been selected to instruct the officers intended for the Quarter Master General's staff, and had subsequently been employed under himself, in executing the General Survey, and instructing the Candidates for the Engineer Corps. Besides his other qualifications, Mr. Dawson had the merit of

bringing topographical drawing to a degree of perfection, that had given to his plans a beauty and accuracy of expression, which some of our eminent artists had previously supposed unattainable. The propriety of General Mudge's selection was evinced by the improvement of the pupils, which corresponded to the unwearied diligence of their master, and in countries so extensive, and in many parts so imperfectly known, as our Indian territories, such attainments have been found eminently useful and valuable. In such an Institution as Addiscombe, the merit due to the individual, who presided and watched over it, from its origin and in its infancy, can be best estimated by the conduct and qualifications of those, who there received their education, and it must have been peculiarly gratifying to learn the high rank and character which both the Corps of Artillery and Engineers, attained in India; they not only shewed themselves gallant and skilful officers, but many of their number became known as men of education and science. In the same year as his appointment to Addiscombe—1810—Colonel Mudge published his Map of Devon, over which he had taken special care, and for which he claimed the prize of originality.

During the early part of this year he was in much anxiety about the health of his son, Richard, "I trust however," he writes on one occasion, "in the Benevolence of that Being, without whose express permission not a sparrow falls to the ground, that my son will live to let me prove to him how

sensible I am of his value;" and throughout the year he constantly alludes to the same subject.

In May 1811, he says in a letter, "Lord Wellington writes, 'the Frenchmen say this is not a manœuvering army; for my part I desire no better sport than to meet their column with our line. Shrapnel's spherical case shot did wonders at Barrosa, several of the French were found with 3, 4, or 5 shots which had cut through their sides.'... My labors are great and I am without strength to carry my chains. I can assure you that I am a slave, and not wearing golden chains." In June speaking of the King being in danger, he says, "Thank God we have a *man* to succeed him, for it has been given us by Providence to know that it is not every Prince that can call himself a man. Buonaparte's Guards in Spain begin to discover the faculty of hanging their tails between their legs. General Beresford's letter is a capital one. Master Soult will be thanking him less for degrading his abilities, and speaking contemptibly of him, than for thrashing his troops; may he have another licking soon."

He further writes the same year. "I have more business on my hands than I have strength for, or if I had strength, even time to perform, and this has always been the case." He says in the same letter that he has been before the Board of Commissioners, and that the total expense of the Survey in the 21 years, during which it had been carried on, was £53,000. He doubts, he says, his con-

tinuance in both offices, that is, as Head of the Survey and Lt. Governor of Woolwich, but hopes to have his salary for life, and he adds, "I shall have shortly to look back on the long dream of 20 years, and at the time I exclaim, in truth how has it flown, with the mortification to know that I have toiled to every purpose but that of growing rich."

By Lord Mulgrave's order he sent him 12 copies of the Map of the Isle of Wight, which produced the following letter from Colonel Gordon.

"Horse Guards, Tuesday.

Sir,

In thanking you for the 12 copies of the map of the Isle of Wight, which accompanies your note of yesterday, I cannot with such beautiful specimens of Topography before me, refrain from expressing my sense of those exertions and talents, by which that art has in elegance and accuracy been brought in this country, to a degree of perfection surpassing that of any other country in Europe. I have the honor to be

Your most obedient Servant,

J. W. GORDON."

Immediately on receipt of this letter, an order came from the Master General to withhold every map from the public.

As a mark of want of confidence in him, he resented the restriction placed upon him against publishing maps, and the order that maps for correction were to be kept with the utmost privacy, and when corrected to be returned to the Tower.

Referring to the excellence of his maps, Colonel Mudge on one occasion mentions a conversation between Lord Mulgrave and Mr. Percival, in which the former said he was present when General Andreas told the Duke of York, that the Map of Kent was by much the finest piece of Topography in Europe.

Towards the end of 1811, Colonel Mudge was expecting the Report of the Military Enquiry into his work; and in a letter he alludes to the way in which he had been treated. "I certainly can fear nothing by the effects of anonymous information, by a set of worthless people whom I have hunted out of the service." "I believe I have built my house upon a rock; if I have, Hall and Mr. Glennie cannot prevail against it."

About this time the surveys of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were published, and also the 3rd vol. of the Trigonometrical Survey of England, and conjointly with Colonel Mudge's name appeared on the title-page, that of Capt. Colby, shewing how highly his services were appreciated by his chief.

In 1813, it was determined to extend the meridian line into Scotland, a task which called out in a special manner the energies of Colby, as Colonel Mudge was not able personally to superintend the whole of the work. The persevering labour and activity required for a season of observation on the hills, would appear incredible to one unacquainted with the nature of the work. Besides the

mental exercise of keeping all the subordinates to their duty, so as to produce harmony in the results, there was much personal fatigue to be endured, in long walks over the country, together with storms and wearisome delays on the mountain tops. Major Dawson in his account of 'A season on the hills,' gives a striking picture of the toils and hardships experienced.

"It was not an uncommon occurrence," he remarks, "for the camp to be enveloped in clouds for several weeks together, without affording even a glimpse of the sun, or the clear sky during the whole period. And then in a moment the clouds would break away, or subside into the valleys, leaving the tops of the mountains clear and bright above an ocean of mist, and the atmosphere calm and steady, so as to admit of the observations for which the party had waited days and weeks, to be taken in a few hours. At times the tents would be blown down by the storms, or the camps be whitened by a fall of hail or snow, in July: or the Captain taking two or three junior officers, and a few men with him, would start on a station hunt, steering a course direct by compass for the peaks that seemed most suitable, regardless of the nature of the intervening country. In these explorations they walked from thirty to forty miles a day, wading streams, crossing bogs, scaling cliffs, and sliding down into rocky valleys, (Captain Colby ever the foremost) and when they came to a summit, which his experience told him was suitable for a station, he

would help with his own hand in building up the great pile of stones, by which it was to be distinguished and observed from distant points."[1] Their resting places were often miserable hovels, and their only food the porridge of the country.

The following poem of Wordsworth, written in 1813 on Black Comb, gives a fine and graphic description of a scene, which no doubt more than once presented itself on the mountain tops to the explorers; it has reference to Colonel Mudge. Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland; its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view, than any other point in Britain.

"Written with a slate pencil on a stone, on the side of the Mountain of Black Comb.

Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs
On this commodious Seat! for much remains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,
And, to far travelled storms of sea and land,
A favourite spot of tournament and war!
But thee may no such boisterous visitants
Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,
From centre to circumference unveiled!
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,

[1] English Cyclopœdia, Biography, vol. ii, p. 311.

That on the summit whither thou art bound,
A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of art,
To measure height and distance; lonely task,
Week after week pursued!—To him was given
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report
That once while there he plied his studious work
Within that canvas Dwelling, colours, lines,
And the whole surface of the outspread map,
Became invisible: for all around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!"[1]

In the early part of the century the French Arc of the Meridian had been extended into Spain, and to the Island of Formentera; Jean Baptiste Biot took part in this work. The completion of the triangulation in the peninsula led to a wish for its extension to the North. The English Arc had been carried to the extremity of Scotland by Colonel Mudge; and the Bureau des Longitudes wished to have observations made along its line by Biot. "To desire a thing useful to science," he says, "was to anticipate the assent of the savants of England, and of the Government of that enlightened Country." It was decided that Biot should make his observations under the conduct of Colonel Mudge.

[1] Wordsworth, vol. iii, p. 280.

To prepare for the expedition gave Colonel Mudge much extra work.

In April 1817, he writes, "I am overwhelmed with business, going again to turn myself to the stars; 26 years ago I commenced my career with a strong constitution, and with a good supply of bodily health, but I am now perhaps going to close my campaigning service, with the performance of as arduous a task as can be given to the execution of any man. I mean to be present at the measurement of our Base at Aberdeen, and then go to the Orkney Islands, from which I shall return to Blackdown in Dorsetshire some time in August."

Early in May he was preparing for his start for the north, and on the 6th he writes "what may be in the womb of time, who can tell? but I think this will be the wind up of all my campaigns, as after it there will be nothing left to do but the matter of common surveying. It is a very great pleasure to me to think that the wind up will be respectable, and what could be wished. From Aberdeen we shall go to Sanda, one of the Orkney Islands, and from thence Southward passing through Edinburgh. I received a few days since notice from that place, that the University has granted me a Diploma of LL.D., so you see that if I choose to sink the Colonel, there will be another Doctor Mudge; joking however on this point out of the question, this mark of respect from such an University; is a matter extremely pleasing to my feelings.

On Biot's arrival in England he was received with abundant cordiality by Sir Joseph Banks, and other philosophers. His instruments were passed at Dover under seal of the customs without search or delay, and conveyed without charge to Banks' residence, and every facility was rendered to Biot towards the accomplishment of his task. Colonel Mudge accompanied him to Scotland; on the 20th he writes, "I have been travelling in a chaise with M. Biot, who speaks English as imperfectly as I do French." The first station being chosen at the fort of Leith, the commandant, Col. Elphinstone, had a portable observatory built, and a base of heavy blocks of stones laid for the support of the instruments. "If my observations were bad," said Biot, grateful for the ready aid, "I had no excuse; it was entirely my own fault." While these observations were in progress, the opportunity was thought to be favourable for an extension of the Arc to the Shetland Isles, 2 degrees more to the North, than it had yet been carried. Biot was ready to assist; and all the materials and instruments having been shipped on board the *Investigator*, brig of war, he sailed with Captain Richard Mudge, Col. Mudge's son, for Lerwick, on the 9th of July. Col. Mudge with much regret was obliged to return on account of illness, "I shall however soon get well, and then my vexation will not, like the moon, always have the same face directed to its centre." The little island of Unst was ultimately chosen as the station. By the beginning of August the pendulum

apparatus was set up within the solid projecting walls of a vacant sheepfold, and the observatory, with its repeating circle, in the garden of a resident proprietor, Mr. Edmonton, whose warm hospitalities made up for a chilly climate. What a change for the foreigner from the sunny islands of the Mediterranean! no trees, little vegetation besides grass and mosses, seldom free from fogs, hoarse winds, and angry seas. Captain Mudge had to leave in consequence of the ill effects of the climate on his health, and Biot remained to carry on the work. A young native carpenter was trained into a competent assistant, and for two months such a series of observations was made, as fully satisfied all requirements.[1]

On September 10th in the same year his son Richard was married.

In 1818, he found himself in bad health, and went abroad and travelled in France for two months for change of air, during his tour he was much pleased with the attention that was shewn him. On his return home he was appointed a commissioner of the new Board of Longitude, and in the end of the year he mentions that he had had his first reception by the Duke of Wellington, who had lately been appointed Master General of the Ordnance.

In 1819, the King of Denmark came to England and visited the Survey on Bagshot Heath. General Mudge had

[1] Eng. Cyclop. Bio., vol. i, 700.

the honor of shewing his Majesty the great Theodolite made by Ramsden. The King asked many questions about the several adjustments, and method of using that instrument, and so completely did his Majesty make himself master of the subject, that General Mudge was afterwards heard to say, that the instrument had been examined by many scientific men in various parts of the kingdom, but he never saw any person who learnt so much about it at a single view; and if he had been ignorant of who it was, and had been asked he would have replied, "one of Ramsden's own workmen," for he added "I should have thought no other person could have asked such questions or so well understood the instrument without a previous examination of it."

The King afterwards presented General Mudge with a gold Chronometer, as a mark of his esteem. And in the following year Professor Schumacher wrote to inform him, that the King of Denmark had made a second application to the British Ministry to permit the General to bear the title of Knight of Daneburg, which His Majesty was desirous of conferring on him. After the receipt of Schumacher's letter, he remarks, Macbeth says, "There had been a time for this," so say I with the same reason perhaps as weighed with the Thane.

His sister, Mrs. Richard Rosdew, died in the previous year, 1818; he refers to the fact in one of his letters, "My daughter (Jane) is especially dear to me; a more meritorious, sensible and affectionate woman does not live, dear to me

from this, but still more dear by the likeness and perfect resemblance in person, mind, and merit, to that woman who is gone for ever."

He had been anxious at his sister's death to have a copy of her portrait by Sir T. Lawrence, and he was much pleased in the autumn of 1819 to receive it from Mr. Rosdew.

In May of that year we find him busy in commencing the Survey of Scotland, which added greater responsibility to his work. He refers to the Comet that appeared that year, remarking, "The fire engine in the clouds, and the steam engine at Liverpool from America, are interesting objects of consideration."

In July he pays a visit to Mr. Richard Rosdew at Beechwood; soon after his return to London he is gazetted Major General, and as he says, there is an end to the Colonel. His Map of Plymouth being completed, he sent special copies of it to the Duke of Wellington fitted for carrying in the pocket.

He was anxious to go to the first Levee of the winter, and made up his mind to have a wen removed from his face previously. He accordingly put himself into the hands of Astley Cooper. The painful operation he made light of, and said he had found much relief from it. His brother Zachary said it had made him look ten years younger. In November accordingly he attended the Levee and kissed the Regent's hand. "I am quite glad" he says afterwards "to have tesified my loyalty, and shall go often now."

In December he writes, that he intends leaving town for the house at Croydon, which he had taken through the liberality of the East India Company. "Taxes are" he says to Mr. Rosdew, "extremely high, so I am in doubt about the prudence of my settling there, but as I intend to shew the Company that I am the man they take me for, I mean to possess it if the thing is practicable." On this Mr. Rosdew remarks, "This shews that he did not consider the £200 additional given for the purpose, but that he burdened himself with the house to repay their liberality; that ceased in 6 months, though the house continued an expense to his family for 3 years afterwards.

The Christmas of 1819 General Mudge had intended spending at Beechwood, but was disappointed in doing so by being detained on business by the Duke. It was well perhaps that he did not set out on his journey westward, for early in January he was laid up, while at Addiscombe, with a violent attack arising from internal inflammation. In February he became much worse, and Mrs. Baynes, his daughter, wrote an alarming account of him to Mr. Rosdew, telling him that he considered himself very ill, and was anxious to arrange all his accounts, and pressing Mr. Rosdew to come up to Town at once.

By the next month however he had rallied greatly, and his brother Zachary wrote that he was mending fast, and that he was anxious to write to several people informing them of his recovery. He felt so much better, that he

hoped to assume his duties again, and even to take the examination at Addiscombe the following week.

This recovery however was but for a short time, on the 29th he had a relapse, he rapidly became worse, and succumbed at last to the weakness that ensued, on the 17th of April.

Thus closes the life of William Mudge, who may certainly be said to have inherited largely the abilities, which distinguished his father and grandfather.

He left behind him a widow, Margaret Jane, third daughter of Major General Williamson, R.A., (who survived her husband four years,) and a daughter, two sons in the Engineers, one in the Artillery, and a fourth a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

The character of General Mudge is especially marked by a perfect amiability of disposition and evenness of temper. He was devoted to his family, as we have seen in the affectionate way in which he so constantly refers to his children, especially to his eldest son Richard, and his daughter. His subordinates in his office he always treated with uniform kindness and consideration. Integrity and straightforwardness marked the manner in which he carried out every matter connected with public business; and he was specially careful of all the public money, which passed through his hands. In 1799 the year after he had been appointed head of the Ordnance, he received a letter from the Board expressing their thanks to him for the zeal he had shewn in reducing the expense of the survey.

Previous to the introduction of official franks in the Government Offices, it was customary annually to make out a return of the postage of those letters which had been received in the several departments. So scrupulous was General Mudge in this matter, that he retained the cover of every letter charged for by him; and he could from them easily have proved, that from his entrance into office until the day of his decease, he had never placed the postage of a single private letter to the public account.

"The Annual Biography and Obituary" for the year 1820 contains a short memoir of Major General Mudge.

VICE ADMIRAL ZACHARIAH MUDGE.

ZACHARIAH MUDGE,

Vice-Admiral.

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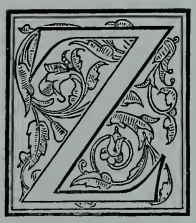

ACHARIAH MUDGE was the sixth surviving son of Dr. John Mudge, and the second child by his third wife Elizabeth. He was born at Plymouth, January 22nd, 1770, and was baptized at St. Andrew's, when the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe stood as his Godfather.

He entered the Royal Navy Nov. 1, 1780, as Captain's servant on board the *Foudroyant*, Captain John Jervis. The ratings of Captains' servants and Lieutenants' servants, &c., were often during the war nominally given to the sons of gentlemen on entering the service, owing to there not being at the time vacancies for them among volunteers and midshipmen. On April 21st, 1782, he assisted at the capture, after a gallant action of nearly an hour, attended however with no casualty of the British, of the French

ship *Pegase*, whole loss, besides being seriously damaged, amounted out of a crew of 700 men to 80 killed and wounded.

During the next seven years we find him serving on the Home and American Stations, chiefly in the capacity of a midshipman on board the *Pegase*. He was then promoted in 1789 to Lieutenant in the *Centurion*. As senior Lieutenant in 1790, he served on board the *Discovery*, and afterwards on the *Providence*, in which he was 6 years employed on voyages of discovery. When at Nootka Sound in the *Discovery*, Mr. Mudge was dispatched in an open vessel to India with a crew of 14 men.

In 1797, when still on board the *Discovery*, he considered that there was too great a delay in his promotion, which caused Mr. Richard Rosdew, his brother-in-law, to interest himself in his favour, and to write the following letter to Lady Camelford.[1]

"Weymouth, July 30th, 1797.

Madam, It is with much diffidence I take the liberty of addressing myself to your ladyship on behalf of my brother-in-law, Lieutenant Zachary Mudge. About Christmas last, I was informed that my Lord Camelford had withdrawn his friendship from him; the reason was concealed, but our concern was in some measure lessened by being assured that nothing was lain unbecoming an Officer and a Gentleman.

Mrs. Rosdew had meant to address your Ladyship on the subject, but her feelings would not permit her to doubt her brother acting as became the son of a man, whose virtues and talents gained him and for many years continued to him, the friendship and esteem of that great character, to whom her brother was indebted for his first promotion. She

[1] Anne, Lady Camelford, wife of first Lord Camelford, of Boconnoc.

knew her brother went out from England impressed with the strongest sense of your Ladyship's kindness to him, and anxious to evince his gratitude by endeavouring to be the happy instrument of bringing Lord Camelford home to your Ladyship. Had he been conscious of having offended Lord Camelford, would he have been eager to have undertaken this last voyage? or would he ever have desired me to write to your Ladyship, if he should miss the *Chatham*? Thus considering the matter, Mrs. Rosdew was certain there must have been some misconception or misrepresentation made to his Lordship, and therefore thought it better to wait her brother's return, which was then expected to have been before this time, that he might himself explain it. I am sorry however now to add that I have a letter from him dated Tyfer Harbour, off Macao, Jan. 3, 1797, wherein he mentions Captain Broughton having just informed him, that it was not his intention to return for two years; he found that he had been passed over, and that Mr. Paget, his junior Lieutenant on the first voyage, was made Captain before him, and that he had missed the *Chatham*, with all this, and being told the ship was not to return till 1799, your Ladyship will suppose his spirits were much depressed. He however again turns his thoughts to your Ladyship, and desires me to mention his situation.

Captain Broughton has been made to understand since they last sailed, that junior officers might not get rank of him; surely a Lieutenant, who has been now more than 2 years on a second voyage, and altogether has been five years employed as a first Lieutenant on voyages of discovery, has some claim on the Admiralty, that he should not have Captains over him, who were not even in the Navy when he was first Lieutenant of the *Discovery,* and I doubt not, if your Ladyship will have the goodness to mention his case to Lord Spencer, that your influence will immediately get him put on the list of Naval Commanders.

I could enumerate a long list of difficulties and dangers he has lately met with, added to a long and painful illness at Nootka Sound, which would interest your Ladyship, but I have already trespassed too much on your patience and I will therefore only request the honour of being favoured with your Ladyship's determination, as I mean to write to him at China, and to subscribe myself, &c., &c.,

RICHARD ROSDEW.

I take the liberty of enclosing it under cover to Lord Grenville."

Lady Camelford wrote in reply:

"Holywell House, 9th Aug. '97.

Sir,

I should not have neglected answering your letter the day I received it, if I had not thought it would be more satisfactory, that I should be able to assure you the business, you and Mrs. Rosdew have so much at heart, is put in the best train possible. I have received a letter from Mr. Mudge to the same purport with the one from you. Foreseeing my friendship might be of use to him, I have refused many solicitations to apply for favours to Lord Spencer, reserving any interest, I may flatter myself I have with his Lordship, that I might exert it in Mr. Mudge's favor. As soon as I shall know—which cannot be immediately—the success of my application to Lord Spencer, I will not fail to inform you of it; in the meantime I can give you the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Nepean is well disposed to Mr. Mudge, and I have engaged, if it should be necessary, his good offices with Lord Spencer. Without dwelling on subjects which too deeply wound my mind, I will simply say that I have a perfect recollection of past friendship, and of the virtues and talents on which that friendship was founded; if anything should have arisen to estrange the sons of such friends from each other, it will be my wish, as far as may depend upon me, to remove any obstacle in the way of reconciliation, without knowing or desiring to know any particulars. I can easily suppose that the unexampled species of tyranny and cruel oppression, exercised during several years by my son's wretched commander, might drive a temper naturally ardent into a state of irritability and suspicion that does not belong to it; but a temper, as generous as his, is not likely to entertain lasting resentments where high sense of honor can admit of forgiveness. I beg you to assure Mrs. Rosdew of my sincere wishes to serve her brother, and that you will believe me,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ANNE CAMELFORD."

A few months later Lady Camelford again writes, "Lady Camelford, with her compliments, has great pleasure in informing Mr. and Mrs. Rosdew that she has just received assurances from Lord Spencer, that he will immediately send out a Commission to Mr. Mudge; she begs to congratulate them on this intelligence, which she knows will give them much pleasure."

Mr. Mudge accordingly was awarded a second promotal commission, and obtained command of the *Fly* in 1798; and, while on that sloop, he effected the capture of the French privateers *Le Glaneur*, and *Le Trompeur*, and was all but lost on an immense island of ice during his passage home from Halifax with despatches from H.R.H. Duke of Kent. His subsequent appointments were April 1801 to *La Constance*, Sept. 1802 to *La Blanche*, Nov. 1805 to the *Phœnix*, and in 1810 to the *Valiant*.

In *La Constance* Captain Mudge, in the spring of 1801, received the thanks of the British Merchants and Consuls at Lisbon and Oporto, for the service he had rendered them in safely conveying a fleet from Falmouth to Portugal, and also for the activity he had exerted for them in collecting some vessels at Viana laden with brandy, which could not otherwise have been got ready to go home under his protection. About the same period he captured the Spanish national cutter *El Duides*, and a privateer, *Venture*. In July 1801, with the assistance of the *Stork* and the boats of the two ships, we find him making prize,

near Cape Ortegal, of two Spanish privateers. *La Constance* was subsequently engaged in conveying a number of disbanded foreign soldiers from Lymington to the Elbe. At the close of 1803 Captain Mudge, now in the *Blanche*, was employed in the blockade of St. Domingo, where in less than a month he captured and destroyed 24 of the enemy's vessels! A very gallant incident is connected with the capture of one ship. In November, when the *Blanche* was cruising off San Domingo, Lieutenant Edward Nicolls volunteered with thirteen men to cut off the *Albion*, armed cutter, which lay moored under the guns of Monte Christo, a town situated on a bay of that island, and having a good roadstead.

The attack was to be made in the night with only one boat. His offer was accepted; and in the evening of the 4th of November, the red cutter, with thirteen men and himself, pushed of from the *Blanche*. A doubt respecting the sufficiency of this force induced Captain Mudge to dispatch the barge with twenty-two men, under the orders of Lieutenant Lake, to follow the red cutter and supersede Nicolls in command of the little expedition. The second boat joined the first; and as soon as the two were abreast of the French Cutter, Lieut. Nicolls hailed Lieut. Lake, and pointed out to him the exact position of the *Albion*. The latter professed to disbelieve that the vessel, they saw so close under the lee of the land, was that of which they were in search. He asserted that she lay on the opposite or

north east side of the bay, and with the barge he proceeded in that direction, leaving the cutter to watch the motions of that vessel which Nicolls still maintained was the *Albion*, the object of their joint search. When the boats separated, it was half-past two in the morning of the 5th, and the Monte Christo mountains, a lofty range which runs along the coast, were towering darkly into the sky. The wind was blowing freshly out of the bay, which they overshadowed; and in an hour or two more day would be brightening their summits; and then probably the breeze would slacken, if not wholly subside, and render it impossible to make sail on the cutter if she was taken.

The men in the boat were few, but their hearts were stout; cautiously and silently they stretched upon their oars towards the French vessel, whose crew expecting an attack were quite prepared for it. As soon as the boat came within pistol-range the cutter hailed. The hail was replied to by three hearty British cheers, and the little boat swept on, receiving in succession two volleys of musketry. The first whistled harmlessly over their heads, and fell into the water; but the second severely wounded the coxswain, the man at the bow-oar, and a marine. Before the cutter could fire a third time, Lieut. Nicolls had sprung on board of her at the head of his little band. The French Captain was at his post, and flashed his pistol at Nicolls, just as the latter was within a yard of him. The ball passed round the Lieutenant's body under the skin, and escaping through

his side, lodged in the fleshy part of his sword arm. Almost at the same moment a shot, either from the pistol of Nicolls, or from the musket of a marine near him, killed the French Captain. After this some cutting and slashing with cutlasses, and stabbing with the bayonet and boarding-spike ensued; but the resistance was trifling, and the remaining officers and crew of the cutter, in the dark, being ignorant probably of the real strength of the attacking force, permitted themselves to be driven below, after five men were wounded, one mortally.

As yet not a shot had been fired from the battery on shore, though it was scarcely one hundred yards from the cutter, and the explosion of the musketry and pistols must have been distinctly seen and heard. Justly judging that the best way to keep the guns of the battery quiet, would be to make it appear that the *Albion* was still resisting, and in possession of the French, Nicolls ordered the marines of his slender party to keep blazing away their ammunition, while the seamen made sail on the cutter. A spring having been run out from her quarter to the cable, and the jib cleared, the cable was then cut, and the jib hoisted to cast her. At that moment just as she got underweigh, the barge came alongside, and Lieutenant Lake as superior officer took command of the prize. Scarcely had he done so, and the musketry had by his orders been discontinued, when the guns of Monte Christo opened fire with round and grape shot, and two seamen of the *Blanche* were

killed. However, the breeze was fair for the offing, and moderately strong; and the captured cutter, with the two boats towing ahead, soon ran out of range of gunshot, and joined the frigate.

"Cutting out a vessel," says James in his Naval History, "is usually a desperate service, and the prize seldom repays the loss which is sustained in capturing her. The spirit engendered by such acts is, however, of the noblest, and in a national point of view, of the most useful kind; its emulative influence spreads from man to man, and from ship to ship, until the ardour for engaging in services of danger—services the repeated success of which has stamped a lasting character upon the British Navy—requires more frequently to be checked than to be incited. An attack by boats on an armed sailing vessel, as respects the first foothold on her deck especially, may be likened to the forlorn hope of a besieging army; great is the peril, and great ought to be the reward."

In the course of 1804–5 Captain Mudge had the increased good fortune to take, independently of a large number of merchantmen, the *Glacieuse* and *Amitié*, French National vessels, the Dutch Schooner *Nimrod*, and the French privateer *La Hazard*. On the 19th of July of the latter year however, the *Blanche* was herself, after an action of 45 minutes and a loss out of 215 men of 8 killed and 15 wounded, and when on the verge of sinking, captured by a powerful French Squadron, consisting of *La Topaze*,

a frigate of 44 guns, a sloop of 22, a corvette of 18, and a brig of 16 guns. Under such circumstances Captain Mudge was honourably acquitted by Court-martial of all blame in the loss of his ship, and not only acquitted, but eulogized for his very able and gallant conduct.

The following letter addressed to W. Marsden, Esq. gives Captain Mudge's account of this brilliant engagement.

"French National Ship, Topaze, 29 July, 1805.

Sir,

"I am sorry to inform you of the loss of His Majesty's Ship *Blanche*, which was captured by a French Squadron; but thank God, she was not destined to bear French colours, or to assist the fleet of the enemy. On Friday morning July 19th, in lat. 20° 20° N., long. 66° 44° W., (weather hazy) at eight, four sail were seen off weather cat head, three Ships and a Brig on the opposite tack, under easy sail. I kept to the wind, until we were near enough to distinguish colours. I then made the necessary signals to ascertain whether they were enemies. At ten, when abreast about three miles distant, they all bore up, and hoisted English Ensigns; but, from the make of the Union, and colour of the bunting, with other circumstances, I concluded they were French, and therefore determined to sell the ship as dearly as possible (for sailing was out of the question, the *Blanche* having little or no copper on, these last nine months, and sailed very heavy.) Having brought to with the mainsail in the brails, at eleven the Commodore ranged up within two

cables' length, shifted his colours, and gave us broadside. When within pistol shot she received our's; the action became warm and steady, the ships never without hail of each other, running large and under easy sail; *le Departement des Landes* on the Starboard quarter, and the two Corvettes close astern.

At forty-five minutes past eleven the ship became ungovernable, and was reduced to a perfect wreck; the sails totally destroyed, ten shot in the foremast (expecting it to fall every minute), the mainmast and rigging cut to pieces, seven guns dismounted, and the crew reduced to one hundred and ninety, and the rest falling fast with no probability of escape. I called a council of officers for their opinion, who deemed it only sacrificing the lives of the remainder of as brave a crew as ever fought to hold out longer, as there was not the smallest prospect of success; I therefore at twelve ordered the colours to be struck, and was immediately hurried on board to the Commodore.

At six the officers who had charge of the *Blanche* returned, and reported the ship to be sinking fast, on which she was fired, and in about an hour after she sank, for the magazine had been some time under water.

Thus, Sir, fell the *Blanche*, and I trust the defence made by her officers and gallant crew will meet with their Lordship's approbation.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

ZACHARY MUDGE."

Captain Mudge also wrote an account of the loss of his ship to his brother-in-law, Major (afterwards Sir Richard) Fletcher, which appeared in the columns of the London Gazette, August 24th; and of which a contemporary remarks, "his letter breathes the true spirit of a British seaman, and the action he describes adds another bright star to the constellation of glory that emblazons the annals of the British Navy."

"French National Ship, *La Topaze*,

Aug. 10th, 1805.

On my way from Jamaica to Barbadoes, I fell in with Mons. Baudin's squadron, cruising for our homeward-bound convoy: I fought the ship till she was cut to pieces, and then sunk. I cannot say what our loss is, as there have been no returns, the crew being all divided between the two Frigates and two Corvettes which engaged us. Twenty-one fell nobly within my own knowledge—I am afraid many more. I thank God, the *Blanche never wore French Colours.* Lieutenant Thomas Peebles of the Marines was the only officer materially wounded; his legs were broken by a splinter. During the severe contest the squadron was never without hail. I have the consolation of knowing they were so much damaged as to spoil their cruise; they all stood to

the Northward as soon as repaired, leaving the passage open to the convoy under a 20 gun ship."

Captain Mudge was not detained prisoner by the French very long. In the month of September he was unconditionally released, and at the same time Napoleon handed back to him his sword, to mark his appreciation of the gallant defence of the British sailor against such overpowering odds.

The Court Martial consequent on the disaster took place at Plymouth, on board the *Salvador del Mundo*, and was concluded October 14th. Captain Sutton, President of the Court, on presenting his sword to Captain Mudge, addressed him in the following terms: "I feel the greatest satisfaction and pleasure in the discharge of this part of my duty, having to convey to you the first sentiments, which the members of this Court entertain of your able and gallant conduct, in the defence made by you of His Majesty's late ship *Blanche* against a very superior force of the enemy's ships; and likewise of the spirited support afforded you by the Officers of every description, as well as the Seamen and Royal Marines, under your command, in the discharge of their duty; and which reflects upon you and them, on that occasion, the highest degree of merit and approbation.

JOHN SUTTON,

President of the Court Martial."

The following lines appeared in the Royal Cornwall Gazette, Sep. 14, 1805.

"Impromptu

"Upon the *Blanche* sinking soon after she was compelled to strike to numbers.

"When honor met her fullest, brightest due,
"And numbers triumphed o'er the *Blanche's* crew,
"The gallant vessel could not bear her doom,
"But sunk indignant in the wat'ry tomb;
"And there beneath the blood-discoloured wave,
"In trophied ruins sought her Faulkner's grave,[1]
"When deep engulph'd her valiant Captain cries,
"The Hero's vessel with the Hero lies."

Captain Faulkner, here alluded to, was killed when the *Blanche* was taken from the French. Captain Mudge was in November of this same year appointed to the *Didon*, a French ship which had been captured by Captain Baker of the *Phœnix* in a brilliant encounter, and had been brought into Plymouth Sound September 3rd. Her name was to have been changed to the *Blanche*, but after a few commissions had been made, she was found not to be sea-worthy, and was condemned. Captain Mudge was then appointed to the *Phœnix* which command he held till 1810. During this command his seamanship and skill enabled him, on one occasion, to save his ship, which probably would otherwise

[1] Captain Faulkner who captured the *Blanche* from the French, was killed in the engagement.

have been lost; his officers, to commemorate the event, presented him with a cornelian slab on which is engraven a Phœnix rising out of the flames.

From 1810 to 1815 he was on board the *Valiant*. In 1830 he became Rear-Admiral, and Vice-Admiral in 1841. He was awarded also the Distinguished Service Pension.

Admiral Mudge died at Sydney, Plympton, in 1852, and was buried at Newton Ferrers.

In the South Aisle of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, is a remarkably fine and beautiful memorial window to Admiral Mudge, erected in 1855, bearing the following inscription—

"This window, dedicated to the honor of God and to the memories of Zachary Mudge, Esquire, Admiral of the White, and Jane Granger, his wife. Their bodies lie interred in the churchyard of Newton Ferrers." At the top are the arms of *Mudge*—"Argent, a chevron gules, between three cockatrices vert, wattled gules. Motto, 'All's well.'"

In the two side lights at the top are the words, "They that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters." "These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." In the four principal lights are figures of the four Evangelists; over the first are the arms of *Mudge* impaling *Granger*, "Az. a fess or, charged with two portcullis, side by side sable, between two pomegranates seeded or;" over the second *Rosdew*, "Az. a chevron sable between three hound's heads couped," impaling *Mudge;* over the third *Fletcher*, "Or, a cross engrailed ermine between four plates, each charged with a pheon az., on a canton or,

a wreath of laurel vert, impaling *Mudge;* and over the fourth *Mallac*, "Gules, a chevron argent, between three fleurs-de-lis or, impaling Mudge."

Beneath the figures of the Evangelists are respectively the arms of *Mudge* impaling *Dickson*, *Mudge* impaling *Yonge* and *Granger*; *Seaton* impaling *Yonge*; and *Burrel* impaling *Prowse.* The arms of *Dickson* are, "Az. three mullets argent, a chief paly of seven, or and gules."

Yonge 1. Quarterly: or., a fess of six roundels between three lions rampant, gules. 2. Sa., a cross moline ar. 3. Or, a cross engrailed sable. 4. Party per fess argent and az., three wreaths counterchanged.

Seaton. "Az., on a chevron sable between three bugle-horns, stringed sa., as many mullets of the first."

Burrell. "Barry of eleven, az., and argent, in chief gules, three leopards heads or."

Prowse. "Sable; three lions rampant argent."

ELIZABETH MUDGE, daughter of Dr. John Mudge, by his wife Elizabeth, was born Feb. 8th, 1771; she married in 1797, Lieut. Col. Richard Fletcher, Royal Engineers, who distinguished himself as Chief Engineer during the Peninsular war. He was created a Baronet in 1812, and the following year terminated his gallant career before San Sebastian.

She died in 1808 leaving three daughters and two sons.

MARY MUDGE, daughter of Dr. John Mudge, was born October 13th, 1772.

She married the Reverend Roger Mallock of Cockington, near Torquay.

She had a family of twelve children.

CHARLES PAUL MUDGE, youngest son of Dr. Mudge. He was born on Oct. 25th, 1775, and was evidently called Charles after his elder brother of that name who had died previously in the same year. He served as an Ensign under the East India Company, and was killed in an attack on the natives near Pellicherry in 1797. It may be interesting to insert the last letter that Charles Paul Mudge wrote; it is addressed to a friend who could not have received it till after his death.

"Dear Eastwick,

With hardly anything to tell you, I yet cannot resist the inclination I have to begin a correspondence with you as soon as possible, lest I should by mischance be cut off from doing it at all, if I neglect the opportunity my present leisure gives me. The 1st Battalion of the Regiment I am in marched to camp this morning, and will I believe penetrate the jungle as soon as they can; the 2nd, that's mine, will march to-morrow at gun fire, and by what I can make out of the plan on which the Regiment goes, it seems to be quite like ferreting rabbits from a furze brake; the 1st Battalion are to worry the Nairs if they can, and 2nd are

to invest the back of the Jungle, and dispatch them as they come out. The 1st will consequently have the shortest march, having to scour the wood in as straight a line as they can, while the 2nd will have to circumvent it in order to attain their situation at the base of the Ghauts. I am, though at present only on parade duty, so near the scene of action, that the firing of the field pieces and musquetry is very distinctly heard from hence. By the last account from the camp, which arrived yesterday, we hear that the advanced detachment had taken up new ground, and had driven the enemy from two posts of some consequence, that four Nairs fell and one Seapoy in the business of yesterday morning. I am at present very full of work, having to prepare for to-morrow's march, to adjust several matters, and write letters to my friends in England that call for more attention than I can well bestow upon them, as it is very possible they may be the last I shall ever write. The work we are about in this part of the world is, by Jove, no more or less than sniping, for we have to oppose an enemy that are secure in ambush, and pick us off one after another through their peepholes, like so many birds; if we drop, we leave no credit behind, as it is the common luck of men who do not run away only because they see no opposition, and of others who would face the devil.

I can tell you very little about Pellicherry, beside that it is full of wood, very picturesque, very expensive, very inconvenient, and without regular streets or regular houses,

the only tenements being bungaloes, and those scattered without order among the cocoa trees, like boys playing blind-man's buff among tables and chairs, or the huts at Dungorie.

I shall now take leave of you with a benedicite. If I should happen to fall this time, you will find I have been confident enough in our friendship to trouble you with the arrangement of the little matters I may die possessed of. I trust, should such accident befal me, you will not refuse what cannot give you much difficulty.

Once more God bless you and believe me,

Dear Eastwick, yours truly,

CHARLES P. MUDGE."

He was killed the next day.

On the news of his death reaching England, Lady Camelford wrote to Mr. Rosdew,

"SIR,

I have this day heard of the death of Ensign Mudge in the East Indies, I cannot help fearing he may be a son of the late Dr. Mudge and consequently a brother to Mr. Zachary Mudge. I wish it may be in your power to tell me my fears are groundless."

RICHARD Z. MUDGE,

Lieut.-Colonel R.E., F.R.S.

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RICHARD ZACHARIAH MUDGE, the eldest son of Major General Mudge, was born in 1789. He was educated first at Blackheath, and after having passed through the Academy at Woolwich, he entered the Royal Engineers in 1807, and served for some years in the Peninsula. Like his father he was employed as one of the directors of geodesical operations, connected with the Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain, and the production of the Ordnance maps, and for some years was entrusted with the important charge of the drawing department in the Tower of London. In 1818, then Captain Mudge, he visited Lincolnshire in order to superintend the survey in that part of the country, furnished with a letter of introduction from Sir Joseph Banks.

About 1830, the question of the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick came prominently to the front. The United States' claim of certain highlands, running from the heads of the Connecticut River to within 20 miles of the River St. Lawrence, thereby cutting off the direct routes from Quebec to New Brunswick, and occupying positions which commanded Quebec itself, was felt by Great Britain to be incompatible with the terms of the Treaty of 1783. The question was referred to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands; but the United States would not abide by the compromise he proposed, and the subject assumed a more serious aspect. The States declared that they would maintain their extreme claim, and the Government, wishing to bring the matter to a final and satisfactory issue, appointed two commissioners, Mr. Featherstonehaugh, who was well acquainted with America, and Colonel Mudge, to examine the physical character of the territory in dispute, and bring home such information as might enable the British Government to understand clearly, whether the boundary claimed by America was, or was not, in accordance with the language and intentions of the Treaty of 1783. In the spring of 1839 the commissioners prepared their expedition, and reached New York in July of that year. A letter written by Colonel Mudge from this place gives all the incidents of his journey from England, a few extracts from which will be sufficient. It is dated July 30th, 1839. "I intend this as a sort of journal of our pro-

ceedings after quitting London, or rather reaching England from Paris. Having to see to the embarkation of our men and instruments, which occupied me until late on Tuesday evening, I found it impossible to go to Highwood. I wrote to Sophia[1] in the evening to tell her how I was circumstanced.

Sir Robert Inglis had written me many letters, inviting me to breakfast, and appointing Sir Francis Head to meet me; some arrived while I was in Paris, and others when I could not accept them, but on the morning I left London I breakfasted there unexpectedly; as soon as I arrived Sir Robert sent off a servant to Sir Francis Head, but he was unluckily absent from home, and I missed seeing him. He had been very anxious of meeting me, and wrote some hints which he thought would be useful. After dinner I went in a coach with Thomas, and the three corporals attached to me, in another conveyance, and met Mr. Featherstonehaugh at the Southampton Railway, on which we went about 30 miles, and then took a coach to Portsmouth. I stopped at Guildford to sleep, and Mr. Featherstonehaugh at Petersfield a few miles further on, that he might go early in the morning to Up-Park, a fine place belonging to Sir H. Featherstonehaugh his relative. I called for him at Up-Park and we went on to Portsmouth. When we got there, no news of the *British Queen;* we had not been there many minutes before we met Mr. Edward

[1] Lady Raffles.

Ellice, the member who advised Lord Melbourne not to resign, and his brother Captain Ellice, Flag Captain, who invited us to dinner. The party was Lord Yarborough, the two Ellices, and the Flag Lieutenant, and the ladies. At six next morning I got up, and from the Point saw the *British Queen* just come in, and fire a gun as a signal for sailing; a small steamer took us on board in about half an hour, amidst all the discomfort of confusion and bad weather. The Port Admiral, and the party of the day before, came to see us off; and at one o'clock we were outside the Isle of Wight, not venturing by the needles on account of the heavy sea. Amongst the passengers I made some pleasant acquaintances. Mr. Ellice introduced me to Mr. Grattan, the author of "Highways and Byeways," going out as Consul to Boston, Mr. Tancred, M.P., and Mr. Kinnaird, who has contracted with the Government to build 4 great steamers, larger than the Great Western, to carry out the mails next year to Halifax. We formed a little party amongst ourselves; but in a cabin where 150 sat down to breakfast and dinner, you may suppose there was a good deal of mixture. We had in fact people from all parts of the world, Russians, the Neapolitan Consul to New York, Germans, Austrians and Prussians, French, English, many Americans and one Turk. Such a confusion as our cabin was at dinner nobody can conceive; the wine, champagne, claret, and ale, ad libitum; the champagne corks flying about were like a fusillade of light infantry. Imagine the

vast consumption on board, 400 dozen of soda water were expended before we had been ten days at sea!.....The incidents of the voyage were few, until the 20th, when in the morning of a tolerably fine day, we saw a vessel in the midst of the great Atlantic, without any sails set, as if at anchor; that being impossible, our speculations were great, until we came up to her; there she lay a beautiful brig the *Bethel* of Bideford, abandoned to the mercy of the waves. Our boat went on board, and found her completely stripped of everything, sails, cordage, furniture, papers, without a vestige of property of any sort, except some railroad iron on board and a little water in the hold; the hatches were off and with every prospect of foundering should a gale come on. After losing an hour in deliberation, it was determined to abandon her; we had no men to spare to put on board of her, and to have pumped out the water and got some rigging up would have taken six hours at least; so we had nothing else to do, but to leave the poor ship to her fate, uncertain whether she had been robbed by pirates, or abandoned purposely by the crew to defraud the underwriters; the latter supposition would hardly account for the plundered state of the ship; and the thing is a mystery, and will probably never be cleared up, as a gale came on that night, and no doubt she filled and went down. This circumstance threw a damp on the spirits of many of the party. The night following was that of the fire, of which I have already written; taken altogether, you may imagine

that my dislike to the sea has not diminished. We made the lights at the mouth of this harbour on Saturday or rather Sunday morning at 1.30; we kept on firing guns, letting off rockets, blue lights, &c., all night, and at 8 in the morning a Pilot came off; if it had blown hard, we should have been in an awkward situation; we ought to have had with us a pilot from Portsmouth. Everything in the *British Queen* betrayed overhaste, want of foresight and precaution, notwithstanding the obvious danger from fire by carrying about naked lights, there was but one lantern on board, and that broken!..... ..The entrance from the harbour to the city is beautifully dotted with green islands; it is a magnificent harbour, large enough for all the vessels in the world to lie in perfect safety. I know little of New York yet; it is evidently a commerciality, and inhabited solely by commercial people; the houses are good, not fine. The heat is intense, for which I was not prepared, night and day alike, all yesterday 88° in the shade. The people are always drinking some rubbish or other, Sling, Bang, or Sherry Cobbler, compounds suited to the heat. The hottest day I ever remember in England was nothing in comparison with the heat of to-day, all my wax fire lighters, warranted to keep in any climate, are no good here. We have arranged with Sir John Harvey to be at Frederickton on the 8th of August. I do not know whether we go to Boston or to Washington in the first instance."

From Frederickton commenced the journey, which was the object of the Expedition; the incidents of it are recorded in Colonel Mudge's Private Journal, which he kept separate and distinct from his scientific and official memoranda.

"Tuesday, 24th Sep., 1839. Still water at the head of the stream running into the lake at the head of the Manasagan River.

"Our voyage was commenced from Frederickton on the 24th of August, in a horse boat, in company with Mr. Featherstonehaugh and his son. The boat was drawn by two horses, one ridden by a mulatto, who seemed indifferent to danger and depth of water, as well as seasoned against cold. One boat was provided with a covered tent in the middle, and was comfortable enough. Our instruments were carefully suspended in it by hooks and nails.

"The first day, as we started late, we got but a few miles. The first ferry occurred in the St. John's, from whence we walked to a public house about a mile distant, where we got a tolerable supper. The next morning, starting at six, we got about 20 miles to another public house where we slept, and started again the next morning.

"The third day we reached Woodstock, an unpleasant town, full of lumberers, and slept at a house dignified by the name of the Woodstock Hotel, noisy and full of people, all engaged, or interested, in the lumbering trade. We started the next morning at five, in heavy rain, by a small

wagon, holding F. and myself, to the boat 2 miles up the river; and after two more days' voyage, arrived early in the morning of the 30th at a small house near the river, where we breakfasted, and afterwards ascended the neighbouring hill on horseback for about 2 miles, walking the remainder. The ascent was difficult over swamps, and then climbing to the summit, from whence we had an extensive view over the disputed territory. This hill is apparently unconnected with any of the highlands; but Featherstonehaugh is of opinion, that it belongs to the Ridge, extending from the head of the Chaudiere River, and forming part of the great chain of the Allegany Mountains. We returned to house from whence we started about 4; and after a hearty dinner embarked again, and arrived at a miserable house at the Riviere de la Chute after 6 in the evening. Our bedroom was a miserable loft, scarcely water-tight, and containing besides ourselves numerous children of the family. Pursuing our journey as usual next morning, we reached the Tobique River, where we hired two wagons, and after crossing the Roostook River in a horse boat, and stopping for an hour at a small town by the way in the woods, reached the Grand Falls at 6.30 in the evening, the distance, 20 miles, having been performed in 6 and a half hours. Our miserable, wagon in which I drove young Featherstonehaugh, broke down two or three times by the way, and we had great difficulty in reaching the end of our journey. We were received in the kindest manner by Sir John Saldwell,

who has an extensive saw-mill at the Falls, and remained with him under his hospitable roof for a fortnight. Featherstonehaugh made his arrangements for our further proceedings; and his expectations of proving the highlands being entirely geological, I have agreed to act entirely according to his views, supposing his knowledge of the geology of America to form the best guide for our further proceeding. He despatched persons from hence for the purpose of procuring the assistance of Canadians, and Indians, and a canoe. I also directed Mr. Wilkinson, the quartermaster of our expedition, to secure me an Indian and a canoe at the Tobique.

"The Falls of the St. John's are not so striking as I had expected. The river falls over rocks about 70 feet, and thence downward about 50 feet into a small basin. What interest or grandeur might have attached to the Falls has been injured or destroyed by the erection of Sir John's saw-mills and railroad. The view is quite confined, and limited to the banks on both sides, which are covered with wood, as are all the summits in this country. The only clearings are on the banks of the river. Sir John's cottage is very small, built entirely of wood, and comfortable enough. My bedroom was under the roof, pannelled with wood, as was also the ceiling. During our stay Colonel Ashburnham of the Guards arrived on his way to Quebec; and being unwell, remained two days at the Falls.

"Having started our party for the Allegash River, under Mr. Hansard, to form a deposit of provisions there, and to wait our arrival about the 23rd of September, we left the grand Falls on the 9th, Featherstonehaugh in his canoe with his Indian, young F., with Thomas, in a wagon of the roughest description drawn by two horses, while I rode on horseback, as there was not room for more than two in the wagon. We reached the Tobique Ferry at dark. The whole day it rained with great violence, but my coat and trowsers were waterproof. We found our party in camp at the mouth of the Roostook River, and proceeded to the Inn opposite to the Tobique, where we slept. An attack having been made on the American Fort, Fairfield, by a party of lumberers, two nights before, we were apprehensive that our voyage up the river might be interrupted in consequence. Featherstonehaugh therefore rode to the Fort on the following day to visit the Commandant; and we were glad to find that a complete discomfiture of the lumberers had put the Commandant in such good humour, that he made no objection to our going up the river.

"After breakfast on the 10th, young Featherstonehaugh and I walked by the portage road 6 miles to meet our party, to the spot intended for our camp. The weather was hot, and we arrived much fatigued at the River. Unfortunately I missed my footing in crossing a wooden bridge made of a tree, barked on the upper side to form a footing, and fell into the water, wetting myself thoroughly, and worst of all,

my chronometer given by the king of Denmark to my father. I had to remain for two hours in my wet clothes till the baggage came from the St. John's River. Happily I did not take cold in consequence, feeling more severely the want of good and wholesome food than anything else, our provisions being slices of very salt pork and biscuit, without bread or vegetables. Our tent, in which we slept for the first time, was comfortable enough, with a good fire in front, and plenty of spruce boughs to lay our beds upon. Our breakfast, like our dinner, consisted of the same fried pork and biscuit; and we remained waiting for Featherstonehaugh till past one o'clock. When he arrived, we went down the river to carry the barometers and other necessary articles to an elevation, which he considered belonged to the Ridge. This occupied us till 4 o'clock, when we started to proceed up the river. On an exploring expedition in the morning, I paid a visit to the Commandant at the Fort, to whom I had previously sent my card, and was received by him with much civility. His apartment was the upper story of his log house, forming the living and sleeping apartment of himself and several others. I remained half-an-hour talking on indifferent subjects, and carefully avoiding the Boundary question altogether. Shortly before leaving our camp, a young Indian arrived in this canoe for my use. Unfortunately I had left the selection to others, and regretted when too late, that I had not taken the advice of Sir John Harvey to send from Frederickton to secure a good and

experienced Indian, as Featherstonehaugh had done for himself. After passing the Fort, it began to rain violently, and we arrived at our second camp very wet and uncomfortable. Our tent was erected in the rain, we soon however had a good fire. I was glad to get under it, have some supper, and go to bed.

"The next morning we started at 6 without breakfast, to which the men had not been accustomed, and there was much grumbling in consequence. My Indian stopped, and took all my things out of the canoe, refusing to go any further, but after some time he came round, on the promise of a good breakfast and the assurance that another morning he should have his breakfast before starting. The following morning Featherstonehaugh and I went to a neighbouring eminence with the barometers, and returned to breakfast at 8 o'clock. The weather was fine, and during the day I killed three partridges on the trees, near the river, and, on the following day, one. Proceeding in this manner without much interest or variety, we arrived on the 19th instant at the Forks of the Aroostook, where we camped. The River here loses its name, and the two streams which form it are called the Millekenaak and the Minnesagan. On the 20th Featherstonehaugh and I started up the former river, he in his canoe, and I in a log one, to trace the river to its source. We took 4 other canoes with us to hold the Tent and baggage, and with great difficulty forced them up a rapid and shallow stream to a large lake, forming the head

of the river; from whence we had a view of a distant range of hills of some height. The following morning Featherstonehaugh went on the lake, and I went with a party down the stream to the commencement of a run of still water, where we fished for three or four hours. I caught a great many fine trout and some chub. One trout was about 3lbs., the finest and most beautiful I ever saw, spotted in the most lovely manner with gold and crimson, scarlet belly and fins, and most beautifully variegated, surpassing anything of the fish tribe I had ever seen. When Featherstonehaugh arrived, we proceeded down the river; and at the very first rapid we came to, my canoe was swamped, and we just contrived to get her to the shore without sinking quite, though full of water. All my kit was in her, bed, clothes, bag, fishing tackle; all my spare shoes and boots were full of water, but my clothes and bedding happily escaped, being well wrapped up in my mackintosh hammock, which is invaluable. The injury otherwise sustained was however considerable. We reached the camp in the evening at near six o'clock, instead of performing the voyage as Featherstonehaugh had calculated upon in an hour and a half; I found F. had arrived some time before me. My fish made a capital supper, which with the addition of Irish stew, made of pork, potatoes, and soaked biscuit and butter, enabled us to make a good meal. The Irish stew and soaked biscuit were introduced by myself, and are a very agreeable alteration of the usual fare of fried pork and biscuit.

"The next morning, Sunday, we started as usual and arrived at one o'clock at a chain of lakes, three in number, on the shore of the longest of which we dined. During the day we caught several large fish of the trout species, weighing from 2 to 6 lbs. and one or two much larger. They are rather dry and inferior to river trout, though very acceptable in our condition, not finding moose, deer or game of any kind, or birds either of any sort, with the exception of a few ducks and crows, which are the sum of all the birds we have seen since we left Frederickton. Featherstonehaugh's Indian Peter has been out looking for moose deer without success, though the traces and footmarks have been very frequent.

"Wednesday, 25th September. Yesterday we succeeded only in cutting through a portage of one mile and a half and camped at the end of it. Towards the afternoon two guns were heard and answered; they proved to be the signal of the arrival of Mr. Hansard and his party at the Fourth Lake, about ten miles distant, after ascending the St. John's River and the Allegash to meet us. The signal was fired by Louis, the Indian guide, who had conducted a party of eight men to meet us, leaving Mr. Hansard at the Fourth Lake with the remainder of the men of his party.

"Featherstonehaugh is dissatisfied with our progress.

"This day we started, F., I and his son, our birch canoes in advance of the party with four other canoes, and our tent and baggage. After cutting through the first

portage of half a mile, and passing through some still waters, we came to another small portage, and then a lake of a mile in length. The wind was high and the navigation unpleasant, but the weather was otherwise fine and dry. After exploring this lake, which did not appear to contain many fish, we came to another portage of two miles and a half, about a half of which we cut through, and camped near the cutting. The method of cutting and passing through these portages, which are all through woods, is to have from four to five axemen in front cutting down the trees and bushes, to make way for the people and canoes to pass. The woods are not only full of timber of the largest size, but are covered also with undergrowth of timber of all sizes, forming a complete obstacle to anything but wild animals.

"On our arrival at the termination of this day's labours, we were gratified by the arrival of Mr. Hansard with the intelligence of two moose[1] having been killed on the Fourth Lake by himself and his party. The moose were heard bellowing in the woods, and were surprised late at night, as they were feeding on the margin of the lake. The party fired three shots at the old moose bull, who fell into the lake and in its struggles nearly upset the canoe; the other, a small one, was easily killed, and the cow was wounded but escaped.

"The moose are expected to be plentiful; this addition

[1] Cervus alces, the elk.

to our stores is very acceptable, as great inroads have been already made into the depôt of provisions brought up by Mr. Hansard for the remainder of our journey.

"After completing as much of the portage as the time of day would allow, we formed our camp as usual, by selecting as dry a spot as could be found, cutting away the trees for room for our tent, and building a large fire in front with the trunks of large trees. The best trees to burn are the maple, birch, and beech. For all encampments the choice depends on the quantity and quality of the timber for fuel. What is called hard wood are best fit for the purpose, while cedars and pines, which are the wood of the country, are not suitable for burning. The bark of the cedar is however invaluable for some purposes; smouldering slowly away when set on fire, it keeps off the black flies most effectually; the frost has however completely dispersed them for the season, or nearly so, but the mosquitoes are still a little troublesome.

After pitching our tent, our dinner or supper was prepared as usual by our servants, of salt pork, soaked biscuit, a few potatoes, which latter are almost expended, and some tea. I slept comfortably during the night, hearing the rain pattering on the roof of our sleeping tent, and within a few inches of my head: but the tent is happily water-proof.

"Thursday 26th. Rain with a prospect of its continuance. Breakfasted as usual about 7. As for dressing I have not changed since leaving the St. John's, or had an

opportunity of drying my clothes, boots, and shoes; shaving is out of the question. I have now a beard, growing since we left the Falls on the 9th instant; my razors have been wetted so often that they will hardly perform their office when called upon. My watch I am glad to find goes tolerably, and has not stopped for some days.

"Friday 27th. Our camp is on the North side of the Fourth or Windy Lake. Yesterday was a terrible day indeed, but by the mercy of God we are none of us the worse for it. We started from our last camp soon after breakfast, the rain pouring down and continuing without intermission during the whole day. We crossed three lakes and five portages, before reaching the south shore of this lake in the evening, the rain blowing from the North East, very cold and stormy. I crossed the largest lake in a birch canoe with Mr. Hansard and Louis an Indian, leaving mine to follow; happily we all got over safe. Between this and the Fourth Lake we had portages of a mile and more, to carry the canoes and baggage. We were so wet in landing, that we were forced to build large fires to dry ourselves, a practice in this country indispensible to supply heat, proportionate to that carried off by wet, and cold, and exhaustion.

"We reached the last portage about 4, and arrived at our camping ground on the other side of the lake wet and cold, without a change of clothes, or a tent to cover us till long after dark, the bearers of the camp equipage and baggage not having been able to find their way through the

woods. We fortunately possessed a lantern which I had brought from London; this we despatched to their aid, and soon afterwards we had the comfort of "Queen Victoria" over our heads again, (Her Majesty's cypher and crown surmount the entrance of our tent), and with a large fire blazing in front we were soon comfortable and warm. Our supper was ready at 8 o'clock, which consisted of five partridges, three I killed, and the other two were knocked down by the men with a stone; they were stewed with a few potatoes, and a little pork, to make an Irish stew, the favourite dish of my invention. As soon as the men had finished their supper, we set to work to make our comfortable beds of spruce branches and mattresses laid on them; most thankful was I to lie down, and I slept soundly till daylight this morning.

"The opening of the day had an unpropitious aspect; but a happy termination of the rain enabled me after breakfast to spread out my clothes, baggage, and instruments in the wind and sun to dry, after having been wet and damp for a fortnight, swamped in canoes, tumbled into the river, and dragged in the rain through wet leaves and cedar swamps. Our camp was close to the lake, and we were soon on board, Featherstonehaugh, and I in our canoes, Thomas and F's servant following. We crossed the lake, which we had been unable to do yesterday on account of the wind, in half an hour. Shortly after reaching the beach where our depôt was placed by Mr. Hansard, we heard a

doleful cry from whence we had come; my glass was in a moment to my eye, and I saw that of two canoes containing our servants and the sappers, only one remained on the water. Soon after I perceived two men hanging on to the canoe that still preserved its position; and instantly one of our canoes was pushed off from the beach with men to render assistance; we remained in suspense and alarm for more than half an hour.

"When the boats, as they returned, approached near enough for me to distinguish who was in them with my telescope, I was gratified to perceive Thomas and Featherstonehaugh's servant, and the two sappers, and to find afterwards that nothing was lost by the upsetting of the canoe, but my fishing rod and umbrella, which are now deposited at the bottom of the lake. Another of our canoes was missing until within the last half hour, and we were apprehensive that the boatman, Michel Carran, one of our best men, was lost. I had long perceived with my glass what I thought to be a canoe with a man in it, on a bend of the lake opposite; and it turned out that I was right, though all the others declared it was only a piece of timber. The poor fellow had been driven by the force of the wind and swell, and was only rescued by our men, when at last perceived by them, attempting ineffectually to make his way to the shore. So end our day's disasters.

"We are encamped at our depôt with plenty of provisions, and waiting for Mr. Wilkinson's party, whom we

left the day before yesterday; they will probably not be here till to-morrow at least. We have however sent them provisions, which were nearly all expended when we left them. Featherstonehaugh proposes to discharge a number of men, so as to augment the means of supporting the remainder.

"There are plenty of fish in the lake, which are taken with a spear and by angling. Two are this instant brought to me to look at, weighing 8 pounds a piece. What a loss is my fishing rod! But I scarcely regret it, as no loss of life occurred. My umbrella, which I had taken out from the inside of my mosquito tent, and which was a comfort to me many a rainy day, will prove a more serious loss. I am so thankful however, under all circumstances, for unlooked for health and strength, after all the hardship and bad weather I have endured, that I have not a wish to repine at anything.

"Saturday 28th. A day's rest is a joyous thing after such long fatigue, and without an opportunity of changing anything, or even drying our wet clothes and shoes, which were effectually displayed yesterday to the sun's rays for 3 or 4 hours, while I employed my morning in cleaning my instruments, keeping a watchful eye, that the high wind did not disperse them over the beach. In the afternoon, we prepared our tent in a very superior manner, the usual covering of birch boughs being laid over the whole, and round the sides, to keep out the wind. Our dinner was

served in a much better style, and consisted entirely of hunter's fare. Fish from the lake, boiled, and fried in fat pork, moose meat fried in the same, and a brace of partridges with soaked biscuit for bread, and a couple of potatoes apiece. We were all in bed by eight. The wind blew very hard during the night, with rain; I rather apprehended that some of our neighbouring tall pines might fall upon us, like those at Beechwood some years ago under similar circumstances; our men however had cut down a good many for firewood. I enjoyed the rest much, listened for some time to the wind and rain, thought of my dear home, and of those who I trust are well there, and recommended us all to the protection of God, with the hope of a happy and early meeting.

"This morning we were rather later than usual, breakfasting at eight o'clock. After breakfast I walked to the beach to look after my line, which I set last night, but found nothing on it. On returning, I saw a small fleet of birch canoes on our little beach, which turned out to belong to a party of Indians on a hunting expedition from the Penobscot River, a wild set, but most of them speaking a little English; they had killed one moose two days since and two ducks; they were provided with good guns, and two dogs, one of which I tried ineffectually to purchase. They had been to our tent to give information as to our future route, which appears perfectly satisfactory.

"The winter is now evidently approaching, and I look

forward to get to the end of our journey with much anticipation of pleasure. This morning on rising, I found the thermometer below freezing point; and a little snow fell for the first time. The air seems to have had full effect on the appetites of our people, who have been stuffing on the heads of the two moose lately killed, stuck on a pole, roasting before the fire, cutting out the favourite bit with their knives, without ceasing, nearly the whole of yesterday and to-day.

"Sunday 29th. Yesterday was another delightful day of rest waiting for Mr. Wilkinson and his party, and this day we hope to enjoy another, with the comfort of prayers. Yesterday produced another incident, not less alarming than that of the day preceding. Hearing a moose bellowing on the opposite side of the lake, about a mile distant, Mr. Hansard went over with my Indian, John Michel, in his canoe, wanting me to accompany them, and proceeded with two muskets to shoot the unfortunate cow, supposed to be crying for her calf. I declined going in the canoe, and walked round the shore of the lake to meet them on the opposite side. Going through the wood by the lake, I was tempted to amuse myself with trying to catch a very young squirrel, smaller and more beautiful than the English species; and I had almost frightened the little thing into my hands, when I heard a gun fired; thinking it was the signal of the death of the unfortunate moose, I waited still to catch the squirrel for nearly half an hour more; then a loud crying

and shouting alarmed me, which I still thought announced the death of the animal, and walked to the shore to see what was going on. I put up my glass to my eye, and perceived to my surprise, and alarm, the canoe upset, and the men hanging on to it, at some distance from the shore. My first impulse was to fire both barrels of my gun to encourage them, and alarm the camp, and then to run as fast as I could to procure assistance. The gun brought out several men, and I shouted as loud as possible to tell them what was the matter. Shortly two canoes put off, but with little appearance of arriving in time to do any good. However we soon had the comfort of seeing Mr. Hansard and the Indian arrive at the shore, half dead with cold and exhaustion. The gun, I heard fired, was the cause of the accident, being overcharged; in firing at some ducks Mr. Hansard overturned the canoe. He could swim, but the Indian could not, and after swimming a little way towards the shore, the Indian cried so much for help, that Mr. Hansard returned and encouraged him to hold on, whilst he got on the top of the canoe and by slow degrees paddled to the shore, which they reached at last, rejoicing at their happy escape, which indeed was a most narrow one. From the time I heard the gun when the canoe upset, to seeing them holding on by its bottom, must have been at least half an hour, during the whole of which time, and for half an hour after, they were in the water. A little rum and water hot soon restored them. The Indian complained sadly of

Mr. Hansard upsetting the canoe. This has for a time put an end to our canoe shooting; but the Indians went out last night and saw a moose, to which they could not get near enough for a shot.

"The night air was very cold, and this morning the thermometer was 29°, we have therefore no expectation of any more fine weather. This morning we had the prayers after breakfast, Featherstonehaugh reading the prayers, and I the responses. No one attended but our servants and the sappers. About one o'clock I descried our party under Mr. Wilkinson approaching from the other side of the lake. They arrived in eleven canoes, an hour after, bringing the rest of our provisions, and some potatoes which we have missed much these last two days.

"Monday 30th. It rained much yesterday evening, and all night, but to-day is fine and tolerably mild for the season. We had a little snow on Saturday, but not enough to lie on the ground. The ice has been as much as two inches thick in the morning, after having been drawn in shore during the night. To-day our party has been numbered, and twenty men discharged. Featherstonehaugh has determined to go to the north with a small party, with the best men and all the birch canoes. I go down the Alegash River to the St. John's River with another party; then ascend the St. John's to Baker's Lake, where we meet again.

"My canoe unfortunately is the worst of the whole lot,

unfit for lakes; and my Indian boy again refused to proceed, fearing, as he said, to be upset; threats and promises from Featherstonehaugh, and a little additional coaxing from me, have at last induced him to proceed. The men thought it was unfair. I, however, made no remark and suffered the matter to be so arranged, though certainly the boy had cause for apprehension, as this canoe was the one which was upset two days ago, and nearly drowned Mr. Hansard and my Indian. We left our camp, which has been a home to us for some days, at one o'clock, Featherstonehaugh to the north, and I to the south, with the provisions and discharged men, who are bound for Frederickton and the Great Falls. The day has been uncommonly fine and calm, so that we have passed happily the Windy Lake, which I hope never to see again, in safety and comfort; but I had my swimming belt close at hand, and saw that Thomas had his on. If he had put it on before being upset on Friday, he would have been in comparatively little danger. I am now in my canoe, waiting for the signal to make the portage into the Allegash River.

"Thursday, October 3rd. After receiving the signal, we began to descend the river, and disembark the heavier baggage, to be carried through the portage by land. We encamped at the end of it. I amused myself with my fishing rod some time, and in the space of an hour or better I caught a quantity of trout and chub, the former most beautiful fish, especially two of about 2½ lbs. each, like

those I caught at the end of the lakes on the Aroostook River, scarlet fins and belly, speckled on the body with green, gold and carmine, black mouth and lips as a Blenheim spaniel, and the flesh as red as that of a salmon. The comfort of the quiet which we now have is indescribable; and everything is arranged quietly by Mr. Hansard to my entire satisfaction. The fire placed properly at half the usual distance makes the tent most comfortably warm, and avoids the necessity of our going so close to the fire to get warm, according to Featherstonehaugh's system and practice; thanks to which I have already destroyed both pairs of my waterproof shoes, and a pair of waterproof trowsers, so that unless our campaign draws to a close soon, I shall be without clothing to encounter the cold and wet. We passed a most comfortable night, and I enjoyed my breakfast as much next morning.

"We started about 9 o'clock, and ascended the river Allegash by several rapids. My Indian boy, who was imprudently selected for me, became alarmed, and was obliged to be removed to another and a larger canoe. His place was supplied by an old and experienced Indian, called Bernard, but rendered feeble by age and recent sickness, and unable to sustain much fatigue in crossing the portages. After ascending the rapids, we got into still water, and passed down a succession of lakes. In the first lake we were caught by a storm, but happily we got over in safety with a good deal of tossing though, and a heavy swell.

After passing through the chain of lakes, one of which was six miles long, we got again into the River Allegash, a fine broad stream, with a few rapids not dangerous, and landed on the left bank at 3 o'clock. Our supper was as comfortable and nicely arranged as that of yesterday. No incident of any interest occurred during the day, no game or birds were to be seen, except a baldheaded eagle, at which I fired, of course without effect, and should not have wasted powder and shot, but in the faint hope of getting some quills. The scenery is everywhere similar, and one description might serve for all. Cedars and pines grow to the edge of the water, and nothing is to be seen beyond them, either on the lakes or the rivers. Of course there is no want of good fuel, though the men are careful about that in the selection of a place for camping; they prefer the hard woods, as birch, or beech, to the pines and cedars. It is curious, and would be interesting to our friends at home, to see our preparations for camping. Immediately the word is given, my canoe pushes to the shore, and all the men jump out of their canoes with the greatest alacrity. The ground is so encumbered with growth, that many a noble tree measures its length on the earth in a few minutes, to afford room for our tent, and a fire beyond it. The first thing is a fire, which is soon made with birch bark, sticks and thin trunks of trees; and in half an hour we have fire enough to roast an ox, which is kept continually burning by additional fuel throughout the night.

"I amused myself till dinner time in fishing, and pulled

out the chub as fast as my line was put in. One of the Indians took my canoe in the evening, and caught a trout, and a grayling, the first I have seen.

"We arrived at the last of the lakes about 12. Beautiful water, gentle, still, and calm. Our party, who were dismissed from the North Lake, were here waiting for us, as desired by a special message sent in advance; and we took from them a canoe to replace one which was injured in the rapids yesterday. We left her alone in the midst of the waters to swim as long as she could; nearly full of water she was then. If I had known what we had to encounter immediately afterwards, I would certainly have taken her on, to see her go alone down the rapid. After crossing the lake, we came to a rapid about half a mile, and then to another stile on the water two miles long. The mode of navigating these rapids is by one or two boatmen standing up and guiding the canoe with their long poles, to prevent it from touching the rocks, which would demolish it in a moment. As soon as the boatmen come near the rapid, they lay aside the paddles, and lay hold of the long poles they have; which are about 20 feet long, and as thick as a man's wrist. We came down these hills in the water in a very fine manner, and the men stopped at the bottom to dine. Here comes another Fall, but I am now almost accustomed to it, and see without concern the huge rocks, rising on either side, with the water apparently ready to tumble into the canoe, knowing too that, in case of an upset,

it would roll over the occupants to the bottom, if nothing worse came of it.

"Saturday, Oct. 5th. We left our camp yesterday after breakfast, the morning was cold with snow and hail. The distance from the camp to the Falls was about five miles; at the Falls we overtook our party who had encamped there all night. After leaving the Falls it began to blow a heavy gale of wind, with some showers and hail; so intensely cold was it, that to write in a canoe was impossible. My corporal, an active able bodied man, complained of being colder than he ever was in his life. Added to this, the wind was north east, directly in our faces, making so much swell that we could not see the rocks; the consequence was we had a perilous time of it, especially as from the Falls to the junction of the Allegash and the St. John's River, it was one continued rapid, so bad in some places that the Indians and Frenchmen called out, "Bien mauvaise cette rapide là." This was about a mile long, full of rocks, and breaking water, and the velocity very great. The danger perhaps appeared greater than it really was, though at the bottom we found the party before us had lost one canoe, and upset others, the men belonging to which had made a fire on the bank to dry themselves. Our party were also suffering so much from the cold, that we were obliged to stop for half an hour to get warm by a fire also. After entering the St. John's River, we turned our heads up the stream, and encamped a little inside the woods, near the

river about half a mile above the Allegash, on the same side. Our fires were lighted in a few minutes, and we were all comfortably under shelter from the rain and wind in about half an hour. Our dinner consisted of the beautiful trout, and moose meat made into Irish stew.

"This morning my Indian, John Michel, was dismissed. We purchased his canoe, in which I am now writing, going up the St. John's with a cold north wind, but the sun shining bright. Last night was cold, the thermometer this morning was at 17° at seven o'clock. The walls of the tent were covered with snow, within a few inches of my head, yet, thank God, I have not yet suffered from the severe work of yesterday, which the Indians pronounced to be the first day of winter. I have made a different arrangement to-day: sitting with my back to the head of the canoe, the wind having also turned, and with the sun before me, I am enabled to hold a pencil.

"Saturday, Oct. 6th. Yesterday was a charming day, though a cold wind, the sun was shining bright all day. The snow afforded the means of walking the rapid, which I did, along the shore, where it was so warm as to heat me a good deal. I measured the height of the rapid, but it was nothing like that we descended on the Allegash the day before.

"We encamped as usual about 5 o'clock; we had a trout for dinner, the fellow to that of yesterday, and one which I caught before dinner, cleaned it myself, and actually

put it warm out of the river into the boiling water; it was delicious. This life is not unpleasant; its only drawback is it is the wrong side of the Atlantic, which separates me from those I never wish to leave again.

"This morning I arose fresh and hungry, and enjoyed my breakfast of soaked biscuit and moose meat. It froze very sharply in the night, the thermometer when I arose at half past 6 being under 22°. It was cold certainly, but much less than might have been imagined; we had however, it must be confessed, a fire large enough to roast a sheep. After despatching our breakfast, which was over by half past seven, Thomas came running to me with the intelligence that a herd of carriboos[1] were on the other side of river. I quickly got rid of the shot in my gun, and put in two balls, and ran down to the side of the river. The carriboos had taken alarm, I found, at some stupid Frenchmen, who instead of hiding themselves in the bushes, had crowded down to look at them; the animals however strode away, quietly feeding within 200 yards directly opposite our camp. Before I could get into the canoe to run over to them, they began to move off, and I was obliged to fire twice ineffectually at the bull, after which they started off, but not very fast. The herd consisted of a male, female, and a young one. The bull as big as a two year old heifer, with magnificent antlers, it was marked white on the side.

[1] Cervus farandus, the reindeer.

"I wrote this journal in my canoe, with the thermometer 32°, without gloves, and my fingers scarcely cold! My journal has been interrupted by a chase after wild ducks; I longed to have killed two, but the motion of the canoe shakes my hand dreadfully; as it was, I had one, but it saved itself by diving and sliding under the rocks. We stopped to dine just before 12, which gave me an opportunity of taking an observation to ascertain the time, as we have no watch, which goes even decently, including my chronometer which stops when exposed to the cold. I am obliged to put it under my head at night. We dined where old Louis encamped on a hunting expedition two years since; his wigwam was still standing, and the old fellow cooked his dinner before me in his former home. The wigwam was constructed by a forked stick in a leaning position, with others resting upon the fork, forming about three-fourths of a circle, with flat layers of birch bark covering all from top to bottom, just as he had lived in it with his squaw two years ago, by no means an uncomfortable dwelling. Louis told me it did not take more than half an hour to make! How easily are our actual wants supplied! I could have slept in the wigwam with comfort, and would much rather do so than in a tent.

We continue as pleasant a party as ever; there is but one Englishman besides myself; amongst the rest are Canadians, and my old Indian. The Canadians are a cheerful set, always singing French songs and laughing,

far better company than the blue-noses we have dismissed.

"Sunday, October 7th. Although the subsistence of the party, we expect to meet at the lake at the end of this river (Bathurst Lake), depends on our meeting them at the earliest possible time, I have not forgotten that this is a day which ought to be kept sacred, and trust that the urgency of the case will justify our proceeding as usual this day. It is a comfort to me, that having lost our lumbering friends, the Irish blue-noses of Frederickton, we are no longer annoyed with their swearing and noise, which continued without the slightest provocation or cessation from morning till night. My Indian, who left us yesterday, was sensible of the disregard paid to the Sabbath; he amused himself and pleased me, by singing a hymn in Indian, which he had learnt at the chapel, all the Mohawks being Catholics in this part of America. An Irishman began to abuse him one day for singing on Sunday; his reply was, "Indian sing song he learn in chapel; Englishman swear, swear, all day Sunday; this no good." This lad was only 18.

We encamped yesterday at the head of a rapid early, to allow the heavy canoes to come up before dark. I ventured, for the first time, to choose the camping place, which was approved of, as the most comfortable place we have met with during all our long journey. It was situated on the left bank of the river, looking down it, about 10 feet above the river on a level bank, covered with wood fit for

fuel and bedding. A beautiful clear brook ran close to it from the hills behind, and immediately beneath our feet a rising hill in the wood, covered with silver and spruce firs. As soon as the camp was fixed, I took my fishing rod, a very rough piece of work, manufactured to supply the place of the one now at the bottom of the Fourth Lake, and in an hour caught a number of beautiful trout, which came in very well for breakfast next morning; the servants had their share of them. Our Indians are lazy, having plenty to eat. It is a characteristic of the North American Indians to eat as long as anything is left, and only to hunt when hunger presses, or when everything eatable is gone, even to a lump of sugar.

"Accordingly, although the river is full of trout, I cannot get anybody to go and catch them, though an hour's fishing by torchlight would probably supply us with enough for some days. I must trust to my own rod, I believe, for so acceptable an addition to our dinner. Yesterday we opened a case of haricots, but which we found to be indifferent French beans, and a case of ox-tail soup, pretty good, which we deal out a spoonful at a time to put into the Irish stew.

"My scientific journal contains all matters of a scientific nature, not included here, but I cannot refrain from remarking that, from my own observation, I am more than ever convinced that my friend Featherstonehaugh's theory will never settle the question. Louis and I get on very

well together jabbering French; he speaks English a little, but prefers French. In talking to me, some of the Frenchmen speak a little English, but I have to act as general intrepreter; as Mr. Hansard, to whom I commit the entire management of the expedition, does not speak French. This day has been indifferent, but on the whole we have nothing to complain of, and everything to be thankful for. Good health beyond my most sanguine expectations, and plenty of good food, which I suspect however, may become scarce before we reach Quebec, so that I consider it necessary to fish as much as possible to save our moose, pork, and biscuit. If I had brought down the bull carriboo yesterday, we should have had a fine feast and abundance. But we are in a fine hunting country, and approaching a better both for moose meat and fish.

"I have had some pleasant exercise to day in walking up the rapids, it rained a little at times but not much, a little however, is nearly as bad as a good deal, on account of the long grass and trees by the side of the river, through which we have to pass. This part of the country is all under water in the spring; and the roads, such as they are, are then close to the river's edge, and I expect it would be a matter of great difficulty to get through them, as trees upon trees lie in every direction one upon another, which have fallen unnoted from the earliest ages. The cedar forms the great majority of these; it is a wood which takes many years to rot; it may be called the wood of the

country. The Indians use it much to make canoes, the one I am now writing in is made of it, except the outside covering which is of birch bark.

"Tuesday, October 8th. By a mistake in our reckoning, very possible in our present mode of life, I made yesterday Sunday, instead of the day before; but I shall keep my almanack now always at hand, and shall guard against a similar error in future. We proceeded, as usual, yesterday till five, when we camped in a pleasant spot in the woods near the river, but no beautiful brook to supply us with delicious cold water. The river water is not unwholesome, but it has a flavour. Our dinner, as usual, of beautiful trout, and a hotch potch of pork potatoes and part of the contents of a can of mock turtle; but we voted my old mixture, the Irish stew, more simple and preferable. The trout are certainly a great luxury, and far finer flavoured than any I have ever met with in Europe, except in Loch Leven, where they are as good. When caught I give them a blow on the head, saw them immediately into three or four pieces, afterwards clean them, and hang them on a forked stick ready for cooking.

"We have not seen any cariboos or game of any kind, yesterday or to-day; but moose abound, as is evident, on the banks of the river, and by the sides of the rapids.

"We stopped for the men to dine, and to get the latitude at half-past one. Notice was given of partridges drumming in the woods, and I went with Louis to look for

them, but without success. The drumming of the partridges is the noise made by the cock, who sits on a stone or the branch of a tree, something like the faint tapping of a muffled drum; he does it most probably to give warning to the brood of danger. The Canadians and the Indians consider the drumming of the partridges to be the prelude of a fine autumn. This country seems to be an exception to the general character of North America, as regards the animal creation. The aquatic and other migratory birds, which periodically visit all the rest of the continent in vast numbers, appear to avoid this district, either because it is out of the track towards their southern destination, or from the unfavourable nature of the climate. I do not believe we have even seen 20 pigeons altogether, and above half as many ducks. No rabbits we have met with, and but a few hares, which are white in the winter. There are a few squirrels also, which are shot, as well as the rats, for food. These rats are of a large species, as large nearly as a cat, which frequent the banks of the rivers and are distinguished from the common rat, not only by their size, but by the form of the tail, which is vertically flattened, like that of the beaver, but not so broad. The rats build themselves houses in the water, much in the same manner as the beaver, where rushes abound, as large (and not unlike also in appearance) as a large potato cave in Devonshire. Twenty or thirty are sometimes killed by the Indians in one of these houses. Almost the only bird which frequently disturbs the stillness

of the woods, is the large woodpecker, whose tap sounds like the blow of a large hammer. Whilst in the woods looking for the partridges, I observed frequent tracks of the moose and bear; the latter is very fond of the bark of the spruce fir, and from the number of trees barked it would appear to be a very favourite food.

"Our little fleet of canoes goes merrily up the river, all in good humour, good spirits, and good health. Some of the boats are heavily laden still, with barrels of pork and biscuit to last us during the remainder of the expedition. My canoe is the only one not laden with provisions, being the only birch one; I carry in it only my bag and bundle of clothes; my bag holds little more than a pair of shoes and the remnants of my burnt boots, which Thomas is now converting into a case for a hunting knife, to hang at my side, like Louis the Indian, and which I need much for many purposes, particularly for preparing my fish dinners. My bundle, containing all my clothes and a few silk handkerchiefs, is enclosed in a macintosh hammock, and covered with an oil cloth; my bedding is in another canoe, and consists of a buffalo skin, hair mattress, and blankets. Besides this my canoe contains my fishing rod, of native manufacture, my gun by my side in an india-rubber case, and a barometer fastened to the front of the canoe, that it may not be lost like the former by an upset. I sit with my face to the head, and Louis stands up behind me with a long pole, pushing it forward up the river, and paddling in

still water, sitting down. Louis' figure is very good, with an old red night cap on his head, his long black locks hanging below it, and a sort of Indian frock with leggings, made of deerskin; his costume and his marked expression of countenance, and skin of darkest yellow brown, give him a picturesque and striking appearance. All his baggage is likewise in the canoe; it consists of a small iron pot for cooking, a little flask holding gum for mending the canoe, and a blue bundle containing gunpowder, balls, tobacco, charms, in short the whole of his campaigning kit. I sit in considerable comfort at the bottom of the canoe, with thin planks spread under me on the bottom, then spruce boughs, then a tarpaulin, and on the top a cushion; pretty well taken care of, it might be said, yet I have had the water over all, more than once. It is a curious sensation going up hills in the water, though not such nervous work as going down. Pushing up against the hill, passing the huge rocks, which you may often touch with one finger, and which I have often done, to keep the canoe off, is startling enough; and though writing with considerable ease and security, I am often reminded that I am not in a mail coach in England. The most difficult thing to maintain in canoeing is the balance, to keep exactly in the centre, and happen what may, never to lay hold of the sides, which would infallibly upset it. I am as knowing as an Indian now in finding out a good camping place. The first thing is the choice of a place with plenty of wood, birch, maple

and beech, the next to select a level spot, shelter from the winds and near the river, and the last to have a brook or a spring near; which, though not so needful as the other requisites, is a pleasing luxury. With attention paid to these particulars, one is free from cold even in severe weather. Last night the tent was too warm, and this morning I sat at breakfast without my coat at 8 o'clock. Thomas has made an admirable job of my burnt boots; the hole is capitally cobbled up with a piece of the other.

"Nothing but rapids—up, up, up all day long; but to-morrow I am comforted with the promise of 'l'eau moste,' which means still water.

"Wednesday, October 9th. We stopped as usual at five o'clock; our camping ground is a tolerable place, but there is no spring water. The afternoon and night were very warm, the thermometer 58°, 30° degrees higher than it was three days ago. Breakfasted again with our coats off, on soaked biscuit and moose meat. The old bull moose, which was killed at the Fourth Lake, is now brought into consumption for the first time; as the calf of which we have hitherto eaten is nearly expended. The steak of the bull is like very coarse beef, that of the calf somewhat like veal, but both have a decided flavour.

"This morning we started about nine o'clock, and soon after arrived at an open expanse of the river, containing eight large islands. This is a favourite hunting ground of the Indians; and the fresh marks of moose and

other wild animals, were all along the banks. We found a party of Indians hunting amongst these islands, the same we met on the Fourth Lake. They had just caught a beaver, which we found scarcely dead in the canoe, and quite warm. I purchased the tail to take home, and also the tail of a musk-quash.[1] The bargain was made with a little maple sugar, and some gun-powder, with one of my flasks.

"Our Indian friends are again come up to us hunting for a beaver trap. One, lost when last we met, has since been found with a beaver in it. I am trying through my interpreter Louis to get a bit of the animal for dinner; but it seems that they have left it on shore as they came up, or we might have had some. While writing I am watching them hunting in the long grass and rushes by the side of river for the unfortunate beaver and trap. This is an incident which may not occur again in the journal of an European in these parts of North America. The distance of the beaver lakes from the settlements is so great that few persons are likely to undertake the journey; and the animal is also nearly exterminated, and will be entirely so before long, owing to the avidity with which it is pursued by the Indians, who do little besides hunting, not even taking the trouble to fish, although great quantities of fish might be taken in any of the rivers. In all the rivers of

[1] Mus zibethicus, the musk-rat.

this country there is not a single net, except at one or two places on the St. John's and the Aroostock.

"The tribes are diminishing rapidly without apparent reason; those at least of this part of the country are evidently well off, always able to maintain themselves, and universally trusted by the whites. My Indian has five children, an unusual number.

"No rapids to day up to half-past eleven, when we stopped for the men to dine, while I spent my time in catching a fine dish of trout for supper. My hunting knife came into great requisition for cleaning the fish. It would also serve to put an end to a poor moose, if we were to meet with one, and I should be glad to take a pair of horns home, of my own killing, they are great weight and size.

"Thursday, October 10th. We camped last night about half way up a long rapid, at least two miles long; no incident occurred beyond the usual routine.

"Friday, October 11th. The journey yesterday produced nothing interesting, except that we did not catch any trout and felt the loss of them at dinner. In the morning Louis pointed out a spot in the woods near the river, where a couple of years since he buried two of his children, who died of the small-pox. The weather cleared up in the afternoon and the sun shone out, but there was a cold wind, and this morning the thermometer was down again to 22° at 7 o'clock.

"We arrived at the forks of the St. John's, where the river divides into two branches, at 9 o'clock. The south-west branch leads directly to Quebec, a two days journey by portage and canoe. We are now penetrating the interior by the other branch, in order to reach the source of the Chaudière.

"Louis has just called out to the Canadian boatmen, "Si on vent manger du regnal (moose) il ne faut pas chanter pour le jour," so on we push. The wind is so cold, though the sun shines, that I can write no longer, and must put on my gloves. Our canoe leaks most abominably from the numerous thumps the fragile surface of the bark has sustained, against the sharp rocks. I have delighted my Indian, by producing my large sponge, which at this season, alas indeed any season in these parts, is of no use; for it's original purpose of cold water sponging from head to foot, is not practicable in the woods during the summer on account of the mosquitos and flies, which would soon make one blister from head to foot, and in the autumn and winter the cold renders it out of the question; my sponge is therefore applied to emptying the canoe to Louis' great delight, who never saw such a thing in his life before.

"I hear the partridges drumming again. What a bore it is to be without a dog; this comes of trusting to others. Instead of an old experienced Indian, and an active young dog, I found myself with an old dog half blind, and quite deaf, which was useless and soon lost, and

a young boy of eighteen. I had plenty of exercise yesterday by walking along the shore. If it was not for the numerous moose, it would be extremely difficult to make ones way. These animals have cleared a path everywhere through the bushes and long grass; and the tracks and foot marks by the side of the river on the sand are like those of so many oxen constantly passing and repassing.

"Saturday, October 12th. Here I am, thank God, in my canoe again, a result I had much reason to doubt two hours ago. We camped as usual last night, our progress during the day having been much impeded by bad rapids, which obliged us to walk through the woods, and the men to carry the canoes up the stream by going into the water. This morning we started early, anxious to reach the lake about five miles before us. I walked for some time, guided by Mr. Hansard, who having been accustomed to the business of exploring, I considered was a safe pioneer. After a time I fancied that we seemed to be going away from the river, and accordingly insisted on gaining the bank to ascertain the position of our party, who are always making noise enough to be heard a mile off. When we arrived at the river, we saw or heard nothing of them; I fired off my gun several times, and then we became alarmed, and uncertain whether we had not fallen on the course of some tributary stream, the least of the consequences of which would have been perhaps, a night or two in the woods, without food or shelter; and I confess, I never was

more seriously alarmed. In this dilemma I asked Mr. Hansard if there was no way of ascertaining by signs on the stream or rocks, whether the party had gone up or not. He shook his head, and I agreed to remain on the spot with my corporal, a capital fellow, whilst Hansard should return on our steps to where the party was last seen, and trace the river upwards, to ascertain whether we were on the right river or not. After he left us, I tried to light a cigar, to pass away the time till his return, with a piece of bark taken from a birch tree, not to use one of the five matches I had left, which might be needed for lighting a solitary fire at night. It then occurred to me, that as the river was remarkably still, without any ripple or current, that in passing up, if the canoes were before us, the agitation of the water must have wetted the rocks far above the water mark. On examination I found this to be the case; and the discovery, which I communicated to my companions, was a great relief to us, as we were now certain that the canoes were before us on the same river. Again I fired off my gun twice, and we all shouted as long and as loud as we could.

"In about half an hour, we thought we heard a shout coming down the stream, and to that answered by another gun and shouting; we soon became certain that we were heard, and shortly after one of the men joined us with the information that the rest of the party were about a mile ahead. I despatched him after Mr. Hansard, and waited

on the spot for the return of Hansard, who came back to us in about half an hour afterwards, without ascertaining further than that we were on the right stream. No one, who has never been under similar circumstances, can ever estimate the extent of mental distress we endured at the thought of being lost in a wilderness with the prospect of ultimate starvation. But thanks to God, who has preserved us hitherto, we overtook our party soon after, who received a severe rebuke for leaving us, though perhaps we only were in fault for losing sight of the river.

"Sunday, October 13th. Sunday again in the canoe, where to-day I must offer up my prayers, heartily, as I trust, thanking God for his past mercies, and praying for a continuance of them, and blessings on those I so dearly love at home.

"Yesterday our progress was so much impeded by the rapids, that we made but little way, and are now at least three miles from the lake, with a very bad rapid of a mile and a half before us. Yesterday I killed a beautiful partridge,[1] nearly as large as a pheasant, different from any I have ever seen. The back was like that of the Azores partridge, and altogether with the exception of the eyes very similar in appearance to it. The legs feathered like a grouse, with two black plumes on each side of the head. I mean to have it stuffed when we get to Quebec.

[1] Tetrao Canadensis.

"In the afternoon we observed a stick, stuck up on the side of the river, with a piece of burnt bark folded, and black on the inside. On examination I made out an Indian inscription, well written and perfectly legible, purporting that, André Thomas, an Indian chief, had there killed a moose, whose remains and bones we found lying on a frame and dried. Shortly afterwards a boat, which had advanced in front of mine, made a sign to approach, as the men had seen two moose just before the head of the boat; my gun, in which I keep neither shot or balls, both of which are kept in my waistcoat pocket, was ready with balls in both barrels in a moment, but Louis not being quite so quick, detained us for a minute or two, which gave them time to go off; this they did very quietly however, staring some time at the Indians.

"They were both cows, in fact the banks of the river are trodden by them, like cows in a farm yard, and if the Frenchmen can be made to hold their tongues, we cannot fail to get one. This morning Hansard whilst washing by the side of the river before breakfast, heard one lowing very near, Louis went after it, but unsuccessfully. We have already passed the carcases of three, hung up by the Indians, since we left the camp this morning. I had a great inclination to take the skins, but property in these wild regions is more respected by the Indians, than by us whites.

"Monday, October 14th. We toiled all yesterday till near one o'clock, pulling the canoes up the rapids by main force, my canoe being almost torn to pieces; we despaired almost of ever reaching the lake. About two or half past a party was descried on the river, which proved to be a party of Indians with Featherstonehaugh and his party. The Indians had killed a large moose the day before, and Featherstonehaugh's Indian one also, left about three miles off. This occurred very fortunately, and relieved them from the apprehension of being without food, they having nearly expended all their stock.

"This journey had taken them the same time to perform forty miles, that had taken us two hundred. In coming up the rapids this morning, in as short a time as possible with provisions for the maintenance of our new party, my canoe got so much injured that it would not swim; and my Indian was obliged to search for gum to patch it up. The consequence was that the party had two or three hours start of me; happily I detained the canoes containing my tent and provisions, and I had reason afterwards to rejoice at my determination to do so, for when the canoe was mended, it began in half an hour to leak again, and was completely swamped, so that Louis had to return to his patching. Featherstonehaugh is now four hours ahead, and we may not overtake him, till he reaches the lakes, where we meet to go to Quebec. The Indian hunters left us this morning and returned again this after-

noon; they overtook us as we came down the river bringing with them a fine pair of moose horns and head, which I intend to present to the Natural History Society of Plymouth.

"By a curious coincidence our camp is pitched on the very spot, where we were lost on Saturday; if Featherstonehaugh had carried off my tent and provisions, we should have had to camp on this spot with nothing but the sky over us.

"Tuesday, October 15th. The damaged state of my canoe which obliged us to leave the carcass of a moose, at the head of one of the rapids, prevented our moving to-day till near one o'clock. We were obliged to engage our Indian friends, who camped with us last night, to assist in putting on a sheathing to the birch canoes. We dined in comfort last night, with our usual allowance of trout caught by me, in about an hour, whilst the men stopped to get the canoes patched, and delicious moose meat, of the best flavour, and tender as a chicken. Our Indian friends supplied us with some game, amongst them six wild ducks very large and fine, (a drake and a duck of a rare species I intend for the Natural History Museum at Plymouth), in return I gave them a pound of gunpowder and some shot, for which they said, "Thank you," a very unusual thing for an Indian, who usually gives and receives without the least sign or expression of emotion or pleasure. This indifference, which is real and not affected, is the most striking

mark in their character. A friend told me he went to a wig-wam with a hunter after a long absence to witness his meeting with his family. He scarcely noticed his squaw; and the only notice she took of him was to cook sufficient meat for the food of both.

"We are now supplied with abundance of provisions, so that I would not kill a poor moose if it were to cross my path, which is very probable. The dogs have just put up some partridges, which are settling on the trees close to me; but I have no pleasure in killing, when we do not want for food, though I have a loaded gun by my side, and ammunition in abundance.

"We are now out of the rapids; for about six miles we have been going steadily down the stream; warm as summer it is, yet to-morrow may bring ice, so uncertain and variable is the climate. This is the only time of the year when the woods are endurable, the flies in the warm weather destroy all comfort. Cedar bark is the only protection.

"In the fly season those who enter the woods, carry a small switch, smouldering away like a slow match, giving a good deal of smoke and a most agreeable aromatic odour, which the flies cannot bear.

"I am now looking forward to reach Quebec in about a week, trusting that the most difficult part of our arduous undertaking is at an end, and perfectly satisfied that the British claim is founded upon truth and justice, but equally

certain that the Americans will never allow it. In fact the present generation of Americans have been led by their parents to think their cause a good one; and such impressions are not likely to be erased by the most indisputable arguments. A compromise is all that can be effected without going to war, which would be ruinous to all, and more especially to the people of New Brunswick, who would soon be overrun by swarms of vagabonds from all parts of the States, if even they were capable of coping with the population of Maine, the hardiest and best set of people in America.

"Wednesday, October 14th. Yesterday shortly after three we overtook Featherstonehaugh and his party; and are now encamped at the forks of the river, preparing to ascend the river Dougnen, being the nearest road to Quebec.

"Praise and thanks to God, that he has given me health and strength to arrive thus far, and to have succeeded in almost completing our expedition, which the most healthy and robust might occasionally have looked at with apprehension, not so much from personal fear on the score of health or strength, but from the certainty, that a failure in either must interrupt and impede the operations in which I have been engaged. I have had a most satisfactory conversation with Featherstonehaugh, and we are quite agreed as to the mode of proceeding, and of our report, which has given me more pleasure than anything

else. He is so heartily tired of the expedition, that he declares no temptations of any kind, shall induce him to undertake another; and if I can reasonably and honourably get off, I shall feel inclined the same way. Not that any future expedition would be attended with one half the hardship and expense that this has been. We have arranged that I go from Quebec to New York and meet him there on November 20th; he returns first of all to Fredericktон to settle some affairs. I propose to remain a day or two at Quebec to rest and go to Church, and then to proceed to Montreal and Niagara. We are now proceeding up the River Dougnen, I in my canoe as usual; some of the party are walking by the portage to meet the canoes at a fork, about five miles up. I have had much praise from my Indian Louis, for finding by the marks of the water on the rocks, that the canoes had passed up, when we were lost the other day. This morning it threatened to rain, but it cleared off, and the fine weather continues. The river is tolerably free from rocks and shoals. We stopped for the men's dinner at a point terminating a portage, it was the site of an Indian camp, the walls on two sides of which were left standing and complete. It is the most complete thing that could be imagined or contrived, composed of upright stakes driven into the ground, with rafters on them, tied with cedar thongs stripped from the bark, and covered, front, top, and sides with bark from the spruce fir, tied on neatly and firmly with cedar thongs. The whole had a

symmetrical and comfortable appearance. The door-way was cut in a semi-circular form. These wig-wams were 12 feet long, by 10 feet wide, and about 7 feet high in the middle, with a hole in the top to let out the smoke. The fire is placed in the centre, and a door at each end. A sort of rail-work was arranged in the roof over the fire, of sticks, and skins placed there to dry; many of which still remained, as those of the musk-rat and the moose; there were remains also of a deer and a moose, long strips of the flesh of each being hung up to the roof; in this way the Indians cure by smoke only, without salt, moose and other meat, which will keep a year or more. Two rough canoes also remained, one made of the light branches of cedar, covered with bark, and tied together with thongs, and the other hollowed out from the trunk of a large tree, both apparently made for mere secondary purposes to cross the river; from which it appears, according to Louis' inference, that these Indians came without canoes of their own, and made them somewhere up the river, that they came down the river in these canoes, and afterwards when they left the spot started off on their journey by land. There were some wooden stools in the building, and numerous contrivances for drying various skins of value, such as beaver and others, which showed that the hunt had been successful, and a small sieve, which, notwithstanding the prohibition, I took the liberty of carrying away as a relic of the camp. The prohibition alluded to was written on

a tree near, on a large piece of bark sliced off for the purpose; the crown above was well drawn, and the letters remarkably well formed, the matter used in writing was apparently red chalk. Here are two interesting proofs of a considerable advance of education amongst the Indians. The language has the appearance of some identity with that of the South Sea Islanders. It appears from Louis' account that the Indians were first taught to write by the French, and that subsequently this most useful acquirement has been carefully transmitted, amongst some of the tribes, from father to son. The Indians of this country are certainly a most respectable class, honest, always holding property in the utmost respect; the mere claim, as the inscription shews, being a sufficient security except from white thieves, such as myself; I believe, however, that my character stands sufficiently high amongst them, to make me welcome to what I may take away. A very remarkable instance of Indian honesty occurred the other day. One of our Indian hunters, André Thomas, the same who wrote and left the inscription over the remains of the moose, which we found when ascending the lakes last week, and who has subsequently been employed by us, had killed in a short time six fine ducks, which I purchased from him for about four shillings. During the negotiation he caught sight of a telescope which belonged to Hansard, of superior make, and was anxious to purchase it at any price; but I explained to him, as he very well knew, that it was one of

the most useful articles we had. On leaving the camp next morning Hansard left it behind, and did not miss it till the evening, when André Thomas brought it to him. André had remained in the camp after we had left, and found what he most coveted. I did not know this till afterwards, or he should have had at least another pound of gunpowder, which next to the telescope would have pleased him most.

"Old Louis will make quite a fortune by his journey with us; already he has amassed riches in abundance, empty bottles, jars full of oil, pots and pans, all of which he has placed in a cache by the side of the river, like our dog Pucksey hiding a bone! I intend to send him a present of blankets with some other little things, from Quebec.

"Although the weather is so fine, the Indians were right, that the cold we had so severely nearly a fortnight ago, was the first day of winter. It has frozen more or less every night since; and almost all the leaves are gone from the trees, the first change after this Indian summer, as it is termed, and ice and snow will soon be in abundance. Moose tracks still continue as frequent as ever, with those of the deer and the bear. Yesterday I am sure there was a bear concealed on an island, where I was, from the tracks and the freshness of the peeling of the bark from the trees. I did not have my gun in my hand, and did not care to examine the cover too closely. A man with presence of mind, and a knife, may almost always kill a bear, by suffer-

ing the animal to take him into his paws without struggling. It is their habit to convey off their prey to their haunt without injury, except in case of resistance. The young Indians are taught never to struggle in such cases, if a bear should surprise them, which is not an uncommon occurrence, but to use the knife, which they always carry about in a sheath by their side, firmly and vigorously on the first favourable moment, against the soft part of the belly, cutting up to the heart; they are also frequently killed by the tomahawk.

"I could have caught any quantity of trout to-day, if I had had proper tackle; all my hooks are gone, except some small ones, which would not hold the fish. I am only surprised that this country has never been visited by Englishmen—a party from Quebec or Frederickton, with their canoes, three officers for instance—with two servants, one for cooking, and another to look after the camping; provisions for two months, three Indians for the three birch canoes, and two Canadians for the two log ones. In about a fortnight such a party might reach the hunting grounds on the Allegash or the St. John's, where they could subsist entirely on game and fish. Any number of trout might be taken with the spear, used for the purpose in these parts; it is made of two pieces of wood, tied together so as to form a spring, and opening to admit the fish, and having a spike in the middle which goes through the back and gills of it immediately. The spear handle is usually about ten or

twelve feet long. This is a much better contrivance than anything we have in England. The size of the spear is regulated by the size of the fish intended to be taken, so that the body of the fish should be enclosed in the opening, and tightly compressed.

"We have again met with another production of André Thomas; three canoeing poles were left standing up, by the side of the river, with a birch bark letter stuck on a cleft stick as before, intimating that they were to be left alone. I am afraid our people have not respected his injunctions this time.

"Quebec, October 22nd. This journey concluded, as regards our voyage by boats. We proceeded up the river to its source nearly, and then twelve miles through the woods to the Lake Echemin, which was fifty miles from Quebec; from thence we walked a greater part of the way, and arrived here safe and well, through God's protecting Providence, yesterday at two o'clock."

Colonel Mudge did not continue his journey any further. From Quebec he went to Niagara, and thence to New York, where he met the remainder of the expedition, who returned together to England at the end of the year. The Commissioners possessed of the required geographical information, proceeded to examine the whole history of the boundary question, and reported to Her Majesty's government in 1840, that the line claimed by America was entirely inconsistent with the physical geography of the country, and the

intentions of the treaty of 1783, whilst they had discovered a line of highlands south of the one claimed, which was in accordance with the language of the treaty. The report was accepted by the government, and was laid before parliament in 1840. The result was a compromise, such as Colonel Mudge suggested in his journal, which was effected in the Treaty of Washington in 1842. In consequence of the feeling in the country against the concessions made to America, Mr. Featherstonehaugh took the opportunity of explaining the circumstances, which had led to the completion of the treaty, at a meeting of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society held at Falmouth in October of the same year. He pointed out that the Ministry had to choose between three lines of conduct, first, to adhere to the extreme right of Great Britain, at the certain risk of endangering the peace between the two countries; secondly, to enter upon a second negotiation with the United States, which would necessitate a considerable delay and extra expense; or lastly to attempt to settle the question by compromise. This was done by America withdrawing her claim, and Great Britain ceding that portion of the disputed territory south of the St. John's River.

The government approved of Mr. Featherstonehaugh's exposition of the principles of the treaty; and in a letter to Colonel Mudge, he refers to the good opinion they entertained of the work of the Commissioners.

Foreign Office,
October 17th, 1842.

My dear Mudge,

I deferred answering your letter of the 4th in the hope that some decision would be come to here, about ulterior measures; but although there has been a great deal of stir at the Foreign Office, I cannot yet speak positively. You may have seen a speech I delivered at Falmouth in vindication of the Treaty. It produced a salutary effect in Cornwall, for Sir Charles Lemon, and all the Whigs at the dinner, declared themselves satisfied, and that they would support the Government in the particular matter of the Treaty. Indeed I had a letter from Lemon yesterday, saying it was the general opinion and wish, that that course should be taken by Lord John Russell. I now regret I did not go to see Lord John, but really I was afraid of reaching London too late. This speech got into the Times, with commendations, and the Standard came out largely in praise of it. The Globe sneered at it, and on the 11th of October the Chronicle, that had been fighting the Times with our Report of 1840, came out with an exceedingly clever, but rather too long an Article, taking what I said to task, in a courteous manner however, although exceedingly unfair, drawing conclusions from arguments I had never used, and reproving me for not saying, what I had said, but which it had suppressed. The gist of the paper was, that I had greatly disappointed my friends, by consenting to go down to Cornwall at the instance of the Government, to vindicate them, and unsay my own opinions. Every line of this Article was written by Lord Palmerston, which is well known to everyone. I thought of answering that article; I could have smashed it, for it was very disingenious, and indeed I did draw up an answer, but I suppressed it for various reasons. I thought it was best to let well alone, and although the article would have told amazingly against Lord Palmerston, with those who were up in the subject, yet with the mass it would have appeared a contest between myself and the Chronicle, and I would not stoop to that. I had too many kind recollections of Lord Palmerston to wish to annoy him; I therefore preferred to let him have his shot at me, and to return it in a friendly manner, when we should meet again. But I was also governed by another reason, whilst all this newspaper work was going on, and everybody talking about it, Lord Aberdeen sent for me; and I went to the inter-

view not without some apprehension, that he might think I had transcended the precise line of my duty. He received me, with a most agreeable smile and a hearty shake of the hand, "I have read your speech, "said he," and if we really had, as the Chronicle says, sent anybody down to Cornwall to justify us, we never should have expected it to have been so well done, as you have done it. It would do an immense deal of good, coming from such an authority, as you are, in the case. You say in the speech, that you had the confidence of two Administrations; and I have great pleasure in telling you, that you enjoy *our* confidence perfectly." I remained an hour with him, during which time I had most interesting conversation with him. He desired me to prepare everything for the execution of the Treaty in the spring, still without saying anything about my going out as Commissioner. Nothing is more clear however, than that it will be left to me to do as I please, nor can I desire to be on better terms with the Government, for on Saturday evening, Lord Aberdeen told me he had just received a letter from Sir Robert Peel, saying he had read my speech; that he approved of every part of it, and that it deserved more praise than he could give it. Lord Ashburton, I am sorry to say, has rather suffered by the publication of the correspondence with Webster. He is not thought to have sustained a proper tone, and all see that he began by showing his hand too soon. Hugh Mildmay, his Secretary, has written me a very complimentary letter about my 'able and eloquent speech,' and I have answered it saying, that whilst I could sincerely congratulate the public on the termination of the Boundary dispute, I would not call upon them to be proud of the Treaty, after having seen the correspondence. Lord Ashburton has shown talent in his letters, but he appears to have sunk the Englishman as soon as he got into American waters. I am satisfied.

And now let me tell you with how much pleasure I remember my visit to Beechwood.

Very faithfully your's,

G. W. FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.

During his visit at Falmouth, Mr. Featherstonehaugh was the guest of Sir Charles Lemon; from Carclew he wrote

to Colonel Mudge, "I wish you had accompanied me. This is a magnificent place, very much in the style of Up-Park. The deer run about in every direction, and nothing can be more perfect in the way of a country residence on a grand scale. Everything too inside corresponds, ceilings eighteen feet high, and a most sumptuous table,—of rich, and good, and excellent things, the greatest profusion. You would have been made very welcome, and would have found agreeable people here, who laugh and talk, and are exceedingly obliged to you, if you talk nonsense to them, now and then, in an agreeable manner. Certainly there is no ceremony here; everyone does as he pleases, and Sir Charles Lemon, who is one of the best bred men, is full of kind and unobtrusive attentions. Amongst others Captain Ellis and his wife, and Mrs. Greville are here; we dined with them, you know, at Portsmouth; they made very kind enquiries after you. Delightful as all this is, yet society upon so bustling a scale rather oppresses me, and I feel a great want of the quiet enjoyment, and the, to me, all sufficient society I left at Beechwood, where the hours passed in so noiseless and satisfactory a manner, that I still feel as if I had awakened from a pleasant dream, not easily forgotten, and not easily renewed. Although everything is so inviting, I shall leave it without regret, so insufficient are the luxuries of Carclew to produce those true feelings which are akin to perfect content. I rejoice to have had a peep at your domestic happiness."

Mr. Richard Rosdew, of Beechwood, had died in September 1837, and Colonel Mudge, who had married in 1817 Alice Watson, daughter of J. W. Hull, Esq., took up his permanent residence there, previous to his joining the New Brunswick Expedition. On his return he resided continually at Beechwood, till he removed to Teignmouth, where he died September 25th, 1854, at the age of 66.

He was buried in the Churchyard at Denbury.

JOHN, the second son of Major General Mudge, was in the Royal Engineers; he was born in 1794, and died while in service at the Cape in 1825.

There is a tablet in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N.S., to the memory of Sarah Jessy Henrietta Mudge, wife of John Mudge, Esq., of H.M. Ordnance Department.

"It pleased God to remove her from this world, on the 26th of November, 1818, when she closed a virtuous life, in the 24th year of her age."

WILLIAM, the third son of Major General Mudge, born 1796, was a Captain in the Royal Navy, and lost his life in 1837, while surveying the coast of Ireland.

His eldest son William Tertius, who was also in the Navy, was likewise drowned at sea. He was lost in the wreck of H.M.S. Orpheus, of which ship he was Flag Lieutenant, on the Mainakan Bar, New Zealand, the 7th of February, 1863.

ZACHARIAH, the youngest son of Major General Mudge, was born in 1800. He followed in the steps of his father, and passed from Woolwich into the Royal Artillery. He served in Canada, where he was private Secretary to Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton, the Lieut.-Governor of the Province, and died at Toronto on June 10th, 1831, aged 31.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE

OF THE

MUDGE FAMILY.

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ZACHARIAH MUDGE b. 1694; d. April 3rd, 1769; Preb. Exon., Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth. Married 1st Mary Fox. Zachary b. 1714; d. 1753; a Surgeon. Mary b. 1715. Thomas b. 1717; d. 1794. Richard b. 1718; d. 1773. John b. 1721; d. 1793. Married 2ndly, Elizabeth Neell in 1762; she died 1782.

THOMAS, son of Rev. Zachariah and Mary Mudge, b. 1717; d. November 14th, 1794. Watchmaker. Married Abigail Hopkins in 1757, daughter of a gentleman in Oxford; she died in 1789. Thomas b. 1760; d. 1843. John b. January 7th, 1763; d. May 3rd, 1847.

THOMAS, son of Thomas and Abigail Mudge, b. December 6th, 1760; d. November 10th, 1843; married

Elizabeth Kingdon b. June 16th, 1761; d. December 15th, 1856, (her sister Sophia married Sir Mark Isambard Brunel, and was mother of Isambard Kingdon Brunel). Elizabeth b. January 29th, 1787; d. 1788. Sarah b. 1788; d. 1859. Thomas b. February 20th, 1789; d. 1839. Eliza b. March 6th, 1791; d. March 23rd, 1862. Robert b. September 14th, 1792; d. 1871. Anne b. 1794; d. 1812. William b. 1795; died an infant. William b. 1796. Mary Sophia b. 1798. Zachary b. 1799; d. 1852. John b. 1801; d. 1872.

SARAH, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1788; d. 1859; married William Marchant, residing near Chippenham.

THOMAS, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1789; d. 1839. In the Navy Office. m. Anna Robson, d. 1857; Charlotte b. 182–.

ROBERT, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Mudge, b. September 14th, 1792; d. 1871 at Dover. Captain R.N. m. 1824 Catherine Husband Jell, daughter of Richard Jell, Esq., of Dover; b. 1788; d. 1872. Elizabeth b. April 6th, 1825; d. February 14th, 1861. Robert Elias b. September 22nd, 1826; d. October 26th, 1876. Christian John b. May 8th, 1828; d. April, 1829. William Henry b. May 17th, 1829; d. July 7th, 1856. Maria b. April 15th, 1830.

ZACHARY, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Mudge. b. 1799; d. 1852; m. Sarah Rider, daughter of J. Rider of St. Heliers, Jersey. Sarah b. 1831.

CHARLOTTE, daughter of Thomas and Anna Mudge, b. 182–; m. 1866 John Walcott, Esq.

ELIZABETH, daughter of Robert and Catherine H. Mudge, b. April 6th, 1825; d. February 14th, 1861; m. 1847, Rev. P. H. Jennings, youngest son of Geo. Jennings Esq., of The Shubbery, Dover. b. October 1st, 1816. Harnett Ellison b. 1848. Katherine Bessie b. 1849. Ellen Dumergue b. 1850. Charles Pollexfen b. 1852; d. 1873. Ada b. 1854; d. 1879. William Henry Mudge b. 1856; d. 1881. Courtenay Balderston b. 1860.

ROBERT ELIAS, son of Robert and Catherine Mudge b. September 22nd, 1826; d. October 26th, 1876; m. 1852, Susan dau. of George Birch, M.D.; b. October 8th, 1826; m. January 8th, 1852. Charles Robert b. 1853. Frances Mary b. 1854. William Henry b. 1857. Frederick Ernest b. 1859. Arthur Brunel b. 1860. Edward Alexander b. 1862.

HARNETT ELLISON, son of Elizabeth and P. H. Jennings, b. 1848; m. Agnes M. Jeken. John Harnett b. 1872. Agnes Irene b. 1874. Catherine Mary b. 1876. Helen Elizabeth b. 1878; d. 1880. Charles b. 1881.

ELLEN DUMERGUE, daughter of Elizabeth and P. H. Jennings, b. 1850; m. 1881, Rev. J. H. Sedgwick.

CHARLES ROBERT, son of Robert and Susan Mudge, b. 1853; m. 1881, Susan Parry.

JOHN, son of Thomas and Abigail Mudge, b. Jany. 1763; d. May 3rd, 1847. Vicar of Brampford Speke, and Rector of Lustleigh in the County of Devon, for 56 years. m. Agnes Rosdew (sister of Richard and William Rosdew, who both married daughters of Dr. John Mudge), b. 1766; d. 1844. Charlotte b. 1790; d. 1836. John b. 1792; d. 1872. Richard Rosdew b. 1794. Maria Janetta b. 1801.

CHARLOTTE, daughter of John and Agnes Mudge, b. 1790; d. 1836; m. William Butterfield Colton; b. 1787; d. 1868. William Butterfield b. 1815; d. 1819. Agnes Charlotte b. 1816. Anna Caroline b. 1817; d. 1840. John Casper b. 1819; d. 1874. William Coupland b. 1820. Jessie Eleanor b. 1821. Richard Rosdew b. 1823; d. 1869. Mary Jane b. 1825; d. 1861. Edward Butterfield b. 1827. Thomas Mudge b. 1829; d. 1867. Emily b. 1832; d. 1832.

JOHN, son of John and Agnes Mudge, b. 1792; d. 1872; married 1st, Sarah Jessie Henrietta Colton b. 1796; d. 1818. John William b. 1817. Married 2nd, Jane Elizabeth Noyce b. 1804. Frederick Spicer b. 1827; d. 1857. Richard Rosdew b. 1828; d. 1870. Henry Colton b. 1829; d. 1873. Jessie b. 1831. Charles b. 1833; d. 1858. Ellen b. 1835. Charlotte b. 1837.

MARIA JANETTA, dau of John and Agnes Mudge, b. 1801; m. Sir John Mouatt, Bart., R.N.

AGNES CHARLOTTE, dau. of Charlotte and William B. Colton, b. 1816; m. J. G. Howard, d. 1865. Charlotte Martha b. 1840.

JOHN CASPER, son of Charlotte and William Colton, b. 1819; d. 1874; m. Mary Ingham. Edward Gardner b. 1856. William Butterfield b. 1859. Charles Herbert b. 1862. Edith Mary b. 1864; d. 1866. Henrietta Louise b. 1870.

WILLIAM COUPLAND, son of Charlotte and William B. Colton, b. 1820; m. Louise Sanderson. Charlotte b. 1852. Fanny Louise b. 1853.

RICHARD ROSDEW, son of Charlotte and William B. Colton, b. 1823; d. 1869; m. Sarah Hodgson. 12 children, 7 dead.

MARY JANE, daughter of Charlotte and William B. Colton, b. 1825; d. 1861; m. Peter Conrad Petrie. Charlotte Anne Mary b. 1851; d. 1869. Jessie Maria Butterfield b. 1858. Christian Agnes b. 1860; d. 1861.

THOMAS MUDGE, son of Charlotte and William B. Colton, b. 1829; d. 1867; m. Anne Hughes. William Mudge b. 1855. Charlotte b. 1857; d. 1874. Eleanor b. 1862.

JOHN WILLIAM, son of John and Sarah Jessie Henrietta Mudge, b. 1817; m. 1st, Emma Christian Daniell (widow of E. C. Johnstone, Esq.), b. 1826; d. 1858. Jessie Frances b. 1856. Alice Mary Emma b. 1857. m. 2nd, Julia Vallance b. 1831, (widow of Thomas Little, Capt. Hussars, whose grandmother Mrs. Holberton, was a sister of Richard Rosdew).

RICHARD ROSDEW, son of John and Jane Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1828; d. 1870; m. Ellen Eldridge. Rosie b. 1862.

HENRY COLTON, son of John and Jane Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1829; d. 1873; m. Frances Anne Denison.

JESSIE, dau. of John and Jane Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1831; m. James Pearson, b. 1820.

ELLEN, dau. of John and Jane Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1835; m. Charles Denison, d. 1874. Jessie Mary b. 1871.

CHARLOTTE MARTHA, dau. of Agnes Charlotte and J. G. Howard, b. 1840; m. Eddowes J. Wilson, d. 1864.

CHARLOTTE, dau. of William Coupland and Louise Colton, b. 1852; m. J. Mc. Hardy.

RICHARD, son of Zachariah and Mary Mudge, b. 1718; d. 1773. Rector of Bedworth. Descendants not known.

JOHN, son of Zachariah and Mary Mudge, b. 1721; d. 1793; m. 1st, Mary Bulteel, d. 1760. John b. 1742. Thomas b. 1743; d. 1782. Mary b. 1746. Charles —— d. 1775. Ann bap. 1748; d. 1783. Elizabeth bap. 1751. Kitty bap. 1758; d. 1789. m. 2nd, Jane d. 1766. Jane b. 1761; d. 1818. William b. 1762; d. 1820. m. 3rd, Elizabeth Garrett d. 1808. John b. 1768; d. 1793. Zachariah b. 1770;

d. 1852. Elizabeth b. 1771; d. 1808. Mary b. 1772. Charles Paul b. 1775; d. 1797.

ANN (Nancy) daughter of John and Mary Mudge, bap. 1748; d. 1783; m. 1782, Reverend James Yonge. Ann b. 1782; d. 1800.

KITTY, dau. of John and Mary Mudge, bap. 1758; d. 1789; m. 1782, William Rosdew. William.

JANE (Jenny) daughter of John and Jane Mudge, b. 1761; d. 1818; m. 1783, Richard Rosdew, b. 1758; d. 1837.

WILLIAM, son of John and Jane Mudge, b. 1762; d. 1820; m. Margaret Jane Williamson, b. 1758, d. 1824, daughter of Major General Williamson, R.A. (her eldest sister Anne Colden married General Neville, R.A.) Richard Zachariah b. 1789; d. 1854. Jane b. 1792; d. 1861. John b. 1794; d. 1825. William b. 1796; d. 1837. Zachariah b. 1800; d. 1831.

ZACHARIAH, son of John and Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1770; d. 1852; m. Jane Granger, d. 1834. Zachary b. 1813; d. 1866.

ELIZABETH, dau. of John and Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1771; d. 1808; m. General Sir Richard Fletcher, Bart., d. 1813. Elizabeth Mallock b. 1798; d. 1882. Harriett b. 1799. Jane Mudge b. 1803; d. 1879. Richard John b. 1805; d. 1877. Charles Orlando b. 1806.

MARY, dau. of John and Elizabeth Mudge, b. 1772; m. Reverend Roger Mallock, of Cockington. Roger b. 1796. Mary b. 1797; d. 1877. John Jervis b. 1798. Jane b. 1799. Rawlin b. 1800; d. 1883. Charles Herbert b. 1802; d. 1873. Augusta b. 1803. Samuel b. 1806. Zachary b. 1808. William b. 1810. Anna b. 1818; d. 186–. Emily b. 1814; d. 1883.

RICHARD ZACHARIAH, son of William and Margaret Jane Mudge, b. 1789; d. 1854; m. Alice Watson Hull, b. 1787; d. 1862 (She was dau. of J. W. Hull, Esq., of Co. Down, Ireland, and sister of Sophia Lady Raffles, 2nd wife of Sir T. Stamford Raffles, Lieut. Governor of Java). Jenny Rosdew b. May 21st, 1818; d. June 2nd, 1883. Sophia Elizabeth b. Aug. 21st, 1819.

JANE, dau. of William and Margaret Jane Mudge, b. 1792; d. 1861; m. O'Hara Baynes, R.A., b. 1789; d. 1859. Margaret b. 1816; d. 1839. Ann b. 1816; d. 1827. Katharine b. 1826. Mary b. 1829; d. 1861.

WILLIAM, son of William and Margaret Jane Mudge, b. 1796; d. 1837; Captain R.N., F.R.S.; m. Mary Marinda Rea, b. 1800; d. 1864. Rosdew Mary Marinda b. 1828. William Tertius Fitzwilliam b. 1831; d. 1863; Lieut. R.N. Jane Isabella b. 1832. Katharine Mary b. 1833; d. 1866. William b. 1834. Williamina Caroline b. 1837.

ZACHARY, son of Zachariah and Jane Mudge, b. 1813; d. 1866; m. Jane Dickson, d. 1853. Zachary b. 1842; d. 1856. Frederick b. 1843; d. 1856. Arthur Thomas b. 1846.

HARRIET, dau. of Elizabeth and Sir Richard Fletcher, Bart., b. 1799; d. 183–; m. Reverend W. Darwin Fox. Samuel William Darwin b.

JANE MUDGE, dau. of Elizabeth and Sir Richard Fletcher, b. 1803; d. 1879; m. George Broadrick, Esq., of Hamphall Stubbs. Jane b. ——. Harriet b. ——. Richard Fletcher d. 1879. Edward.

MARY, dau. of Mary and Roger Mallock, b. 1797; d. 1877; m. Belfield Louis. Jacquetta Elizabeth b. 1826. Jane Mary b. 1827. Clementina Augusta b. 1834. Ellen Anne Eleanor b. 1835.

JANE, dau. of Mary and Roger Mallock, b. 1799; m. 1st, Rev. James Yonge; m. 2nd, Rev. Robert Gee. Alathea b. 1834. Robert b. 1837. John b. 1840. Walter b. 1845.

RAWLIN, son of Mary and Roger Mallock, b. 1800; d. 1883; Magd. Coll., Cam., Rector of Barwick; m. 1st, Harriet Cocker. William b. ——. Jessie b. ——. m. 2nd, Fanny Dyke.

CHARLES HERBERT, son of Mary and Roger Mallock, b. 1802; d. 1873; of Cockington Court, Co. Devon;

m. Maria Champernowne, dau. of J. Champernowne, Esq., of Dartington. Mary b. 1836; d. 1857. Charlotte Sophia b. 1838. Charles Herbert b. 1839; d. 1871. Harriet b. 1842. Richard b. 1843. Fanny b. 1846. Elizabeth b. 1848. Gertrude b. 1850. Katharine b. 1853. John Jervis b. 1856.

AUGUSTA, dau. of Mary and Roger Mallock, b. 1803; m. George Rimington Harris.

ZACHARY, son of Mary and Roger Mallock, b. 1808; d. 1860; m. Laura Lynn. Lucy b. 1844. Mary b. 1845. Cecilia b. 1847. Constance b. 1849. Arthur b. 1855.

WILLIAM, son of Mary and Roger Mallock, b. 1810; B.D. Balliol Coll., Oxon., Rector of Cheriton Bishop, of Brampford Speke; m. Margaret Froude, dau. of Rev. Hurrell Froude, Archdeacon of Totness, b. 1808; d. 1883. Mary Margaret b. 1846. William b. 1848. Arnulph b. 1851.

JENNY ROSDEW, dau. of Richard Zachariah and Alice Watson Mudge, b. 1818; d. 1883; m. 1845, Rev. William Charles Raffles Flint, M.A. Trinity Coll., Cam., b. 1819, son of William Flint, Capt. R.N., Nephew of Sir T. Stamford Raffles. Alice Jane b. 1845; d. 1847. Stamford Raffles b. Feb. 6th, 1847. Ella Sophia b. Apr. 8th, 1848; d. Jan. 29th, 1863. Gertrude Elizabeth b. July 9th, 1849. Edward Montagu b. December 18th, 1850. Bertha Mary b. December 5th, 1852. Constance b. May 24th, 1854.

Jane b. December 9th, 1855; d. 1855. William Raffles b. December 9th, 1855. Charles Walter b. December 9th, 1855. Annette Beatrice b. June 9th, 1859.

SOPHIA ELIZABETH, dau. of Richard Zachariah and Alice Watson Mudge, b. 1819; m. Rev. John Richard Bogue, M.A., Vicar of Denbury, b. 1808; d. 1857 (he married previously Mary, dau. of Rev. Hurrell Froude, Archdeacon of Totness). Alice Sophia b. 1841. Richard b. 1843; d. 1846. Charles Barter b. 1844. Mary Isabella b. 1845. Margaret b. 1847. Richard b. 1849; d. 1867. Frances Jane b. 1851. Helen b. 1852. Francis Reginald b. 1855; d. 1863. Edith Elizabeth b. 1857; d. 1863.

KATHARINE, dau. of Jane and O'Hara Baynes, b. 1826; m. York Steward, d. 1867.

MARY, dau. of Jane and O'Hara Baynes, b. 1829; d. 1874; m. J. Tobin, d. 1874.

JANE ISABELLA, dau. of William and Mary Marinda Mudge, b. 1832; m. Robert Martin, b. 1822; d. 1871. Robert Campbell Mudge b. 1867. Jane Marinda Philippina Oscara b. 1868.

WILLIAMINA CAROLINE, dau. of William and Mary M. Mudge, b. 1837; m. Edwin Selby, b. 1824; d. 1879.

ARTHUR THOMAS, son of Zachary and Jane Mudge, b. 1846, of Sydney, Plympton; m. Jane Elizabeth

Dickson (her sister Mary married Richard Mallock, of Cockington Court). Arthur b. 1871. John Granger b. 1872. Jenny b. 1874. Henry Burrell b. 1877. b. 1881.

SAMUEL WILLIAM DARWIN, son of Harriet and W. Darwin Fox, M.A. Wadham Coll., Oxon.

HARRIET, dau. of Jane and George Broadrick, m. Viscount Mountmorres, b. 1832; d. 1880; assassinated during the agitation in Ireland. Harvey Raymond b. 1865; d. 1865. Victoria De Montmorency. Harriet Evelyn. William Geoffery Bouchard b. 1872. Arthur Alberic b. 1874.

JACQUETTA ELIZABETH, dau. of Mary and Belfield Louis, b. 1826; m. Rev. Henry Woollcombe, M.A. Ch. Ch., Oxon., of Ashbury near Oakhampton, Canon of Exeter, Archdeacon of Barnstaple. Mary b. 1847. Henry b. 1848; d. 1883. Charles Belfield b. 1851. Walter George b. 1856. Herbert Louis b. 1862. Thomas Clement b. 1865. Jacquetta Frances b. 1868.

CLEMENTINA AUGUSTA, dau. of Mary and Belfield Louis, b. 1834; m. Rev. George Lambe. Henry Edward b. 1858. Mary Beatrice b. 1859. Clementina Maude b. 1861. Jacquetta Edith b. 1862. Charlotte Louisa b. 1864. Alice Mabel b. 1865; d. 1870. George Belfield Louis b. 1868. Roger Francis b. 1872.

ELLEN ANNE ELEANOR, dau. of Mary and Belfield Louis, b. 1835; m. Rev. N. T. Every, B.A. Clare Coll., Cam., Vicar of St. Kew, Cornwall.

ALETHEA, dau. of Jane and Robert Gee, b. 1834; m. 1st, Charles Collins; m. 2nd, C. Lightfoot.

JOHN, son of Jane and Robert Gee, b. 1840; m. Lucy Mallock.

WALTER, son of Jane and Robert Gee, b. 1845; m. 1st, Fanny ——; m. 2nd, Gertrude ——.

RICHARD, son of Charles Herbert and Maria Mallock, b. 1843; of Cockington Court; m. 1st, Mary Dickson, d. 1878. Helen Mary b. 1877; Charles Herbert b. 1878; m. 2nd, Emily Maconchy.

FANNY, dau. of Charles Herbert and Maria Mallock, b. 1846; m. Rev. Josiah Newman, M.A. Magd. Coll., Cam., Rector of West Buckland.

LUCY, dau. of Zachary and Laura Mallock, b. 1844; m. John Gee. Muriel.

MARY, dau. of Zachary and Laura Mallock, b. 1845; m. I. de Saumarez.

EDWARD MONTAGU, son of Jenny Rosdew and W. C. Raffles Flint, b. 1850; m. 1883, Mildred Salome daughter of Trehawke Kekewich, Esq., of Peamore.

CHARLES BARTER, son of Sophia Elizabeth and John Richard Bogue, b. 1844; Captain 49th Regiment; m. Sarah Jane Luttrell Bailey. Edith Mary Sophia b. 1872. Arthur Charles b. 1875.

MARY ISABELLA, dau. of Sophia Elizabeth and John Richard Bogue, b. 1845; m. Walter Barrington, son of the Hon Percy Barrington. Maude Louisa b. 1871. Violet Mary b. 1872. William Reginald Shute b. 1873. Hilda Margaret b. 1874. Bernard Louis Walter b. 1876. Rupert Edward b. 1878.

MARGARET, dau. of Sophia Elizabeth and John Richard Bogue, b. 1847; m. Augustus Booth, Commander R.N.

HENRY, son of Jacquetta and Henry Woollcombe, b. 1848; d. 1883; m. Mary Jordan. Henry Morth. Jacquetta Radegunde. Marcella Josaphine. Louis Douglas.

MARY BEATRICE, dau. of Clementina A. and George Lambe, b. 1859; m. Thomas Graham.

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NAME.	PAINTER.	DATE.	ENGRAVER.	OWNER.	REMARKS.
Zachariah Mudge	Thomas Hudson	..	....	....	
	Robert Edge Pine	..	....	Miss Drury	.....
					.....
Zachariah Mudge	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.	1761	....	Mrs. Walcott	Formerly in possession of Mr. Herring, and Mr. Thomas Mudge.
Zachariah Mudge	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.	1762	....	Richard R. Mudge, Esq.	Formerly in possession of Mr. Veale, and Reverend John Mudge.
Zachariah Mudge	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.	1766	T. Watson	Rev. W. C. Raffles Flint	Formerly in possession of Mr. Rosdew, and Colonel Mudge. Exhibited at the exhibition of Old Masters, Burlington House 1878. *Copies of this Picture—* 1—by Jackson, painted for Sir Francis Chantrey, which has been engraved by S. W. Reynolds. 2—in possession of Richard Mallock, Esq.
Zachariah Mudge	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.	..	....	Mrs. J. R. Gwatkin	A sketch exhibited at Leeds, 1868.
Thomas Mudge	Nathaniel Dance, R.A.	1772	Charles Townley . Luigi Schiavonetti	Mrs. Robert Mudge	Painted for His Excellency Count Bruhl.
John Mudge, M.D.	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.	1753	J. Grozer... .... W. Dickinson.... S. W. Reynolds ..	Arthur Mudge, Esq.....	Formerly in possession of Admiral Zachariah Mudge. *Copies of this Picture—* 1—by James Northcote, in possession of Rev. W. C. R. Flint. 2—in possession of Richard Mallock, Esq.
John Mudge, M.D.	James Northcote, R.A.	1787	S. W. Reynolds .. H. Dawe	Mrs. Duke Yonge	*Copy* in possession of Rev. P. H. Jennings. Dawe ascribes the picture to Sir J. Reynolds.
Mrs. Mudge	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.	..	....	Rev. W. C. Raffles Flint	Formerly in possession of Mr. Rosdew, and Lieut. Colonel Mudge.
Mrs. Mudge	James Northcote, R.A.	..	....	Arthur Mudge, Esq. ..	Miss Elizabeth Garrett, 3rd wife of Dr. John Mudge.
John Mudge	Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.	1758	S. W. Reynolds .	Rev. S. Darwin Fox....	Son of Dr. John Mudge. Formerly in possession of Mr. Rosdew. Picture known as Master John Mudge.
Thomas Mudge	James Northcote, R.A.	1758	....	Rev. W. C. Raffles Flint	Formerly in possession of Mr. Rosdew, and Lieut. Colonel Mudge. This picture is a copy from one by Sir J. Reynolds, painted in 1758, which was burnt. Son of Dr. John Mudge.
Kitty Mudge	James Nixon	1780	....	Rev. W. C. Raffles Flint	Daughter of Dr. John Mudge. She married W. Rosdew, Esq. A miniature.
Kitty Mudge	James Nixon	1782	....	Rev. W. C. Raffles Flint	A miniature representing her as Ophelia.
Jenney Mudge	Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A.	..	....	Mrs. Bogue	Daughter of Dr. John Mudge. She married R. Rosdew, Esq. *Copy* by James Northcote.
Ann Mudge	James Northcote, R.A	1781	....	Mrs. Duke Yonge	Daughter of Dr. John Mudge. She married Rev. James Yonge.
William Mudge	James Northcote, R.A.	1804	....	Mrs. Bogue	Major General, R.A. Son of Dr. John Mudge. Formerly in possession of Lieut. Colonel Mudge.
Zachariah Mudge	John Opie, R.A.	1800	.. .	Arthur Mudge, Esq. ..	Vice-Admiral. Son of Dr. John Mudge.
Charles Paul Mudge	James Northcote, R.A.	..	....	George Broadrick, Esq.	Ensign East India Company. Son of Dr. John Mudge. Formerly in possession of Mr. Rosdew, and Rev. Roger Mallock.
Richard Zachariah Mudge .	James Northcote, R.A.	1807	....	Mrs. Bogue	Lieut. Col. R.E. Son of Major General Mudge.

PEDIGREE OF THE MUDGE FAMILY.

Rev. ZACHARIAH MUDGE = 1st, Mary Fox = 2nd, Elizabeth Neell, 1762, d. 1782.
Prebendary of Exeter and Vicar of St. Andrew's, of Plymouth; b. 1691; d. April 3, 1769.

Zachary, b. 1714; d. 1793, without issue.

Mary, b. Sept. 15, 1715.

Thomas = Abigail Hopkins, d. 1789.
b. 1717; d. Nov. 14, 1794.

Richard, Rev., M.A, b. 1718; d. 1773.

John, M.D., F.R.S., b. 1721; d. 1793.

Thomas = Elizabeth Kingdon, b. June 10, 1761; d. Dec 15, 1856.
b. Dec. 6, 1760; d. Nov. 10, 1843.

John = Agnes Rosiew, b. 1766; d. 1844.
(Vicar of Brampford Speke, Rector of Lustleigh), b. Jan. 7, 1763; d. May 3, 1847.

Elizabeth, b. Jan. 29, 1787; d. March, 1788.

Sarah = W. Marchant, b. 1788; d. 1859.

Thomas = Anna Robson, b. Feb. 20, 1789; d. 1833.

Eliza, b. March 6, 1791; d. March 23, 1862.

Robert = Catherine Husband Dell, b. Sept. 14, 1792; d. 1871. h. 1788; d. 1872.

Anne, b. 1794; d. 1842.

William, b. 1795; d. 1795.

William, b. 1796; d. 1796.

Mary Sophia, b. 1798; d. 1798.

Zachary = Sarah Ruler, b. 1799; d. 1852.

John, b. 1801; d. 1872.

Sarah, b. 18 1.

Charlotte = William Butterfield Colton, b. 1787; d. 1868.
b. 1790; d. 1836.

John, b. 1792; d. 1872.

Richard Rosiew, b. 1794.

Maria Jannetta, b. 1801.
Sir J. Mount, Bart.

Charlotte = John Walcott, 1866. b. 182 .

Elizabeth = Rev. P. H. Jennings, b. April 6, 1825; d. Feb. 14, 1861.
b. Oct 1, 1816; m Oct. 2, 1847.

Robert Elias = Susan Birch, b. Sept. 22, 1820; d. Oct. 26, 1876.
b. Oct 8, 1826; m. Jun. 8, 1852.

Christian John, b. May 8, 1828; d. April, 1829.

William Henry, b. May 17, 1829 d. July 7, 1850.

Marin, b. April 15, 1830.

William Butterfield, b. 1815; d. 1889.

Agnes = J. R. Howard, Charlotte, b. 1816. d. 1865.

Charlotte = Ebbowes J. Wilson, Martha, h. 1840. d. 1893.

Anna Caroline, b. 1817; d. 1840.

John = Mary Dogham, b. 1819; d. 1874.

William Copeland, b. 1820.

Louise Sanderson

Jessie Eleanor, b. 1824.

Richard = Sarah Rosiew, b. 1824; d. 1869. Hodgson.

Mary = Peter Jane, b. 1825; d. 1891. Conrad Petrie.

Edward Butterfield, b. 1827

Thomas Mudge, b. 1829; d. 1857.

Anne Hughes.

Emily, b. 1832; d. 1892.

12 children, 7 lived.

Harriett Ellison, b. 1818. = A. M. Jeken.

Katherine Bessie, b. 1819.

Ellen Dunnerque, b. 1850. = Rev. J. B. Sedgwick.

Charles Polloxfen, b. 1852; d. 1873.

Ada, b. 1854; d. 1879.

William Henry Mudge, b. 1856; d. 1881.

Courtenay Balderston, b. 1860.

Charles Robert, b. 1833. = Susan Parry.

Frances Mary, b. 1854.

William Henry, b. 1857.

Frederick Ernest, b. 1859.

Arthur Bennet, b. 1860.

Edward Alexander, b. 1862.

Charlotte Anne Mary, b. 1851; d. 1860.

Jessie Martin Butterfield, b. 1858.

Christian Agnes b. 1808; d. 1891.

William Mudge, b. 1835.

Charlotte, b. 1837; d. 1874.

Eleanor, b. 1862.

John Harnett, b. 1872.

Agnes Irene, b. 1874.

Catharine Mary, b. 1876.

Helen Elizabeth, b. 1878; d. 1880.

Charles b. 1881.

Edward Gardner, b. 1850.

William Butterfield, b. 1859.

Charles Herbert, b. 1862.

Edith Mary b. 1864; d. 1866.

Henrietta Louise, b. 1870.

Charlotte = J. McHardy, b. 1852. b.

Fanny Louise, b. 1853.

= 1st, Sarah Jessie Henrietta Colton, b. 1826; d. 1848.

= 2nd, Jane Elizabeth Novce, h. 1804.

= 1st, Mary Bulteel, d. 1760.

= 2nd, June d. 1756.

John, b. 1742; d.

Thomas, b. 1743; d. 1782.

Mary, b. 1746.

Charles, R.N., b. d. 1775.

Ann b. 1748; d. 1783. = Rev. James Yonge (Pusluch).

Ann, b. 1782; d. 1809.

Elizabeth, b. 1751.

Kitty = William Rosiew, b. 1758. d. 1789.

William,

Jenny = Richard Rosiew (Beechwood), b. 1758; d. 1837. b. 1761; d. 1818.

William, Maj.-Gen., R.A. b. 1762; d. 1820.

Margaret Jane Williamson, b. 1768; d. 1824.

John Williams, M.D., b. 1817. = 1st, Emma Christina Daniell, b. 1829; d. 1858. = 2nd, Julia Vallance, b. 1831.

Jessie Frances, b. 1856.

Alice Mary Emma, b. 1857.

Frederick Spicer, b. 1827; d. 1857.

Richard Rosiew, b. 1828 d. 1879.

Eden Eldridge.

Rosie, b. 1862.

Henry Colton, b. 1829; d. 1874.

= Frances Anne Denison.

Jessie = James Pearson, b. 1831. h. 1820.

Charles, b. 1833; d. 1898.

Ellen b. 1845.

Charles Denison, d. 1874.

Charlotte. b. 1851.

Jessie Mary, b. 1871.

Richard Zachariah = Alice Watson Hull, b. 1787; d. 1862.
F.R.S., Col. R.E., b. 1780; d. 1854.

Jane = O'Hara Baynes, R.A. b. 1792; d. 1861. b. 1789; d. 1859.

John, R.E., b. 1794; d. 1825.

William, Capt., F.R.S., R.N., b. 1796; d. 1837.

= Mary Mariuda Rea. b. 1800; d. 1864.

Zachariah, R.A., b. 1800 b. 1881.

Margaret, b. 1816; d. 1839.

Ann, b. 1816; d. 1827.

Katharine = Yorke Steward, b. 1826; d. 1867.

Mary = J. Tobin, b. 1829; d. 1861. d. 1874.

Rosiew Mary Mariuda, b. 1828.

William Tertius Farquharson, R.N. b. 1831; d. 1863.

Jane = Robert Martin, Isabella, b. 1832. b. 1822; d. 1871.

Katharine Mary, b. 1833; d. 1866.

William, b. 1834

Williamina = Edwin Selby, Caroline, b. 1837. b. 1824; d. 1879.

Robert Campbell Mudge, b. 1867.

Jane Marinda Philippina Deacon, b. 1868.

Jenny Rosdew = Rev. William Charles Raffles Flint, b. 1818; d. 1883. b. 1812.

Sophia Elizabeth = Rev. John Richard Bogue, b. 1809; d. 1857. b. 1819.

Alice Jane, b. 1845; d. 1847.

Stamford Raffles b. 1847.

Ella Sophia, b. 1848; d. 1863.

Gertrude Elizabeth, b. 1849.

Edward Montagu, Capt. R.N., b. 1850. = Mildred Salome Kekewich.

Bertha Mary, b. 1852.

Constance, b. 1854.

Jane, b. 1855; d. 1855.

William Raffles, b. 1856.

Charles Walter, b. 1858.

Annette Beatrice, b. 1859.

Alice Sophia, b. 1841.

Richard, b. 1843; d. 1846.

Charles = Sarah Barter, Capt. h. 1844. Jane Luttrell Bailey

Mary = Walter B. Isabella, b. 1845. Barrington.

Margaret b. 1847.

= Augustin Beath, Gen. R.N.

Richard, b. 1849; d. 1867

Frances, Jane, b. 1851.

Helen, b. 1852.

Francis, Reginald, b. 1855; d. 1903.

Edith Elizabeth, b. 1857; d. 1863.

Edith Mary Sophia, b. 1872.

Arthur Charles, b. 1875.

Maud Louise, b. 1871.

Violet Mary, b. 1872.

William Reginald, Shute, b. 1873.

Hilda Margaret, b. 1874.

Bernard Louis Walter, b. 1876.

Rupert Edmund, b. 1878.

2nd, Elizabeth Garrett, d. 1868.

John, b. 1768; d. 1793.

Zachariah, Admiral = Jane Granger, b. 1770; d. 1852. d. 1834

Elizabeth = Sir Richard Fletcher, Bart., b. 1771, d. 1808. b. ; d. 1813.

Mary = Rev. Roger Mallock (Cockington Court), h. 1772.

Charles Paul, b. 1773; d. 1797.

Zachary = Jane Dickson, b. 1815; d. 1866.

Elizabeth Mallock, b. 1798; d. 1882.

Harriet = Rev. W. Darwin Fox, b. 1799; d. 1838

Jane Mudge = George Broadrick, b. 1803, d. 1879.

Richard John, b. 1805; d. 1877.

Charles Orlando, b. 1806; d. 188 .

Zachary, b. 1842; d. 1846.

Frederick, b. 1843; d. 1856.

Arthur T. = Jane E. Dickson.

Samuel William Darwin = h.

Jane, b.

Harriet = Lord Mountmorres, b. 1882; d. 1880.

Richard Fletcher, b. ; d. 1879.

Edward, b.

Arthur, b. 1871.

John Granger, h. 1872.

Jenny, h. 1874.

Henry Burrell, b. 1877.

Harvey Raymond, b. 1865; d. 1905.

Victoria De Montmorency.

Harriet Evelyn.

William Geoffrey Bouchard b. 1872.

Arthur Alberic, b. 1873.

Roger, b. 1796; d.

Mary = Bethell Louis. b. 1797; d. 1877.

John Jervis, R.N., b. 1798.

Jane = 1st, Rev. J. Yonge. b. 1799. = 2d. Rev. F. Gee.

Rawlin = 1st, Harriet Cooke b. 1809; d. 1883. = 2d, Fanny Dyke

Charles = Maria Herbert, b. 1802; d. 1873. Chamberlayne.

Augustus, b. 1803. = George Rimington Harris.

Samuel, b. 1806.

Zachary, b. 1808; d. 1850. Laura Lane.

William, b. 1810 Margaret Fiquilo, b. 1808, d. 1885.

Anna b. 1811; d. 1895.

Emily, b. 1814, d. 1883.

Mary Margaret, b. 1846.

William Horrell, b. 1848.

Arnulph, b. 1851.

Jacquetta Elizabeth, b. 1826. = Rev. H. Woolcombe, Archd.

Jane Mary, b. 1827.

Clementina Augusta, b. 1834. = Rev. G. Lambe

Ellen Anne = Rev. N. Eleanor, T. Every. b. 1835.

Alethea = 1st, C. Collins, b. 1834. h. =2d. C. Lightfoot.

Robert, b. 1837.

John, b. 1840. = Lucy Mallock.

Walter = 1st, Fanny b. 1845. = 2d. Gertrude.

Muriel.

William.

Jessie.

Lucy, b. 1844. John Gee.

Mary, b. 1845. = L. de Saumarez.

Cecilia, b. 1847.

Constance b. 1849.

Arthur, b. 1855.

Mary, b. 1847.

Henry, b. 1848; d. 1883. = Mary Jordan

Charles Belfield, b. 1851.

Walter George, b. 1856.

Herbert, Louis, b. 1862.

Thomas Clement, b. 1865.

Jacquetta Frances, b. 1868.

Henry Edmund, b. 1858.

Mary Beatrice, b. 1859. = Thomas Graham.

Clementina Maude, b. 1861.

Jacquetta Edith, b. 1862.

Charlotte Louisa, b. 1841.

Alice Maud, b. 1865; d. 1870.

George Relfield Louis, b. 1868.

Roger Francis, b. 1872.

Henry Meath.

Jacquetta Rudegunde.

Marcella Josephine.

Louis Douglas.

Mary, b. 1836; d. 1857.

Charlotte Sophia, b. 1838

Charles Herbert, b. 1839 d. 1871.

Harriet, b. 1842.

Richard = Mary Dickson. b. 1843; d. 1878.

Fanny b. 1846. = Rev. Josiah Strahan.

Elizabeth, b. 1848.

Gertrude, b. 1849.

Katharine b. 1852.

John Jervis, d. 1895.

Helen Mary, b. 1877.

Charles Herbert, b. 1878. = 2d, Emily Mucmichy

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